E. B. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc.

North Hastings Review.

E. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 328. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 2, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The enterprise of the wide-awake publishers of the Belleville daily papers are entitled to more than a passing notice in the way their subscribers in Madoc receive those papers. As near as I can make out it is about twenty hours after they are issued. It is a well known fact that the papers are sold on the streets of Belleville three hours before the train leaves for Madoc. Such enterprise should not go unrewarded. I propose we take up a subscription to purchase two leather medals and have them presented to Messrs. Jamieson and Carman.

J. W.

Madoc, Aug. 1, '83.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

In your last issue you copy a letter from the Belleville *Intelligencer*, written by Billa Flint. We hope back here that the efforts to get a railroad are not going to be left in the hands of that gentleman. In the first place, he has never made anything a success no matter what it is; in the second place, he is a dead weight to any enterprise. The letter you have copied shows the man—revengeful, spiteful, selfish, short-sighted, conceited, bigoted and untruthful. We have known him in all these phases here in this back country, and are heartily sick and tired of him. He has meddled with everything and has the confidence of no one. We look to the representatives we have elected to see to our interests in this railway matter. We are very anxious about it and hope and trust there will be honest efforts made to secure what we need so much.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

L'Amable, July 30, 1883.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—By looking through your paper, I find that private lodges of District No. 2, North Hastings, are passing resolutions that they will not support any member who is afraid to show his colors and work and support the Orange Incorporation Bill, and I feel to share my hand and heart with them. I feel as though the member for North Hastings has not done the duty that was devolving upon him. He is also a member of the Orange body, and I must say that I am sorry he is getting so near sighted—I think he will have to follow his leaders and fear no danger. I would like to know from our member why he did not work harder for the Bill. Some say he was afraid of the Lower Canadians; but it strikes me very forcibly that he was afraid of his pocket. Of course I am aware that he is getting his $8,000, and I do think that he was afraid that if he agitated the Orange Bill that there might be a summersault in the House, and that the result would be a new election, and the Reformers might be the leading party and he would lose a part of his $8,000, as well as his situation as Minister. The way the Orangemen are used as voting tools is this: A man can give his dog a whipping and then pat him on the back, and he has forgotten it; but allow me to let it be known that that game has been played to long, and I believe that not only the Orangemen, but the Conservative party as well, are getting their eyes open. Those great long speeches on nomination day will never be taken as a cloak to cover up this (allow me to say) oversight. Some of the leading men in North Hastings go on to say that a Minister in the House is deprived of debating a question. Well, if this is so, we as ratepayers want no Ministers. When a man employs another to do a certain piece of work, he expects that he will do it, no matter what any person may say to him; and it is just so with our member, he gets his pay and we want value for our money.

I remain,

A CONSERVATIVE.

Madoc, July 24, 1883.

Mr. A. McClatchie, of Wallbridge, says he raised 1,200 quarts of strawberries off 7 acres of land. Those in his employ picked 430 quarts in 2 days.

—Madder, Alum, Madder Compound, Indigo and Indigo Compound, sold at cheaper rates by the single pound than anywhere in the County, at Deans' Drug Store.

DECLINE OF MAN.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

CONFLICTING AUTHORITY.

An Encounter Between The Manitoba And Ontario Police.

MANITOBA POLICE ARRESTED WHILE DISCHARGING THEIR DUTY.

RAT PORTAGE, Man., July 27.—A large Ontario police force has been here for some time idle, while the Manitoba constables have been busy preserving order. Last evening while the Manitoba constables were quelling a disturbance and taking prisoners to gaol, the Ontario police, in superior numbers, arrested the Manitoba constables while in the discharge of their duty, for disturbing the peace, allowing the culprits to escape.

ANOTHER REPORT.

RAT PORTAGE, July 27.—There is a great deal of excitement here over a conflict of authority between the Manitoba and Ontario Police. Dominion Commissioner McCabe, with two policemen, Ontario Magistrate Burden with 25 policemen, and Stipendiary Magistrate Brereton with 15 policemen, acting on behalf of Manitoba, have been arresting each other all day, and the people are siding some with one party and some with another, to the imminent danger of the peace and of loss of life.

EXCITEMENT IN WINNIPEG.

WINNIPEG, Man., July 27.—A delegation from Rat Portage waited on Mr. Norquay this morning in reference to the trouble at Rat Portage. Bloodshed is feared. Mr. Mowat's men are selling liquor freely and arresting Manitoba officials. Last night they tried to pull down the Manitoba lock-up to liberate Ontario officials. The lock-up was defended by Manitoba men. Mr. Norquay goes by special train to Rat Portage to-night with twenty extra constables. The Ontario men say if more constables arrive from Winnipeg there will be a big fight. The Winnipeg field battery is ready to move if wanted. Serious trouble is expected.

A Great Destructive Storm.

ST. PAUL, July 23.—Saturday's storm extended from near the bend of the Minnesota river to the Missippi, one to two miles wide. It crossed Blue Earth, Steele, Dodge, Olmstead and Wanasha counties At Kosota, Wm. Crosby's new and old residences were swept away. At Owatama a train was blown from the track. Twenty-five persons were hurt, some fatally. At Merrien much damage was done and houses blown down containing three children. One was blown into a distant field. In Engin Mrs. Thayer was killed and two or three persons injured. The area of the crop damaged seems to be limited. Mortonville was struck by an awful cyclone yesterday afternoon. Mr. Duntley's house and barn were demolished, Duntley killed and Mrs. Duntley fatally wounded. Miss Fay Smith was killed and two of Harden's children severely hurt. Middleton's mill and residence Byron, were blown to pieces and Middleton killed. H. Deeds' house was blown to atoms and Deeds carried several rods. The schoolhouse was carried to parts unknown. The damage in Dodge county amounts to from one hundred to one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

Forgery of Dominion Notes.

An Ottawa telegram says:—A rumor is current here that the Finance Department is investigating an extensive forgery of Dominion notes of large denomination. Two detectives, one from Chicago and another from Toronto, have been in the city several days, but they are silent about the matter. It is said that Chicago and Montreal sharpers executed the work in Montreal, where the plates were made, and that an Ottawa woman had something to do with the case.

—The Season's Dye Stuffs of fine quality and cheap have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

FLIES AND BUGS.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

More than $72,000 was found lately in the room man in Paris who had for 25 years lived miserly, and who died in a charity hospital.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P. O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Aug. 13th,

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE old residence of Walter Lackey, lot 7 in 1st. concession of Elzevir, containing 200 acres, about 75 acres cleared on the west hundred, and 30 acres on the east hundred. A good house and barn with a good fruit bearing orchard, and a spring creek running through the land, also a good well on the premises. Under good state of cultivation and well fenced. The farm will be sold in part or whole. For futher particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD
MADOC.

April, 10th 1883. 6. mos.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

I WILL sell or lease 400 acres of deeded property, in the Township of Tudor, on the line of the C. O. R'y. There is pasture for 100 head of cattle on said property; 20 or 30 tons of hay can be cut yearly. There are 18 bushels of fall grain sown and is in good condition. All the cleared land is well fenced and watered. There is a large quantity of valuable timber, cedar, &c., and also good frame buildings on it. I would sell all or part to suit purchaser. Terms, part cash and balance in yearly instalments. Immediate possession given. Title indisputable. For further information apply to E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc, Richard Farrell, Esq., Madoc, or to myself on the premises. All mineral rights go with the property.

MARY ANN NEWELLS.

Millbridge, May 18, '83. 318-6m

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and

HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, - ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1882

NORTH HASTINGS!

WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 24, 1882. 281.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

PONY

Flouring Mills,

MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

Splendid Opportunity

Is now offered to the citizens of Madoc and surrounding Townships, to purchase a complete stock of Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Rice, Soda, Starch, Blueing, Oatmeal, Currants, Raisins, Dried Apples, all kinds of Canned Goods and Groceries, Pure Wines, Brandies, Gins, direct from the manufacturers, for Medicinal Purposes; Gooderham & Wort's Proof Rye, Malt and 5 year old Rye Whiskies always in stock, wholesale or retail; Crockery and Glassware. Before purchasing elsewhere call and see my stock.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, June, 5, 1883.

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 98

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL - SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Salesmen Wanted.

TO begin work at once on sales for Fall 1883, for the Fonthill Nurseries. The largest in Canada,

Messrs. Stone & Wellington, Prop's

We can start in addition to our already large force

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing Photo, if possible) to

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

April 12th, 1883. 312

W. C. REID,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, &c., &c.

CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO,

DESIRES to return thanks to his numerous customers for their continued and liberal patronage, and hopes, by a system of fair and liberal dealing, to merit a share of the patronage of the fruit-loving and tree-buying public generally. The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for spring planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

A sample of the Prentiss Grape can be seen at the Windsor House, Madoc.

Madoc, Dec. 14, 1882. 295

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.

July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

FURNITURE!

ALL new from the manufacturer and of first-class quality. Hard-wood Bedroom Sets, Bedsteads, from $2.50 to $10; Parlor Sets, spring bottom Sofas and Chairs, and different kinds of Sideboards; Couches; Lounges, covered or plain; Bureaus; enclosed or open Washstands; kitchen Chairs from $2 per half dozen up to any price and quality. See our variety of Rocking Chairs, Picture Frames and Mouldings. Mark! as we PAY CASH DOWN, we guarantee quality as good and prices as low as any dealer in the Dominion

AT SCOTT'S,

adjoining the Grist Mill.

N.B.—Cash paid for eggs, hides, pelts and fur. Sales and valuations made throughout the County.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES.

A Model Housewife.—A Girl's Romance.—A Hint to the Damsels.—Fine for the Girls.

A French-Canadian Housewife.

A word about this French-Canadian housewife (writes a correspondent)—though she deserves chapters: I have drifted of late into some of the most desolate and poverty-stricken collections of wretched huts which the mind can conceive,—which, indeed, it is next to impossible for an American to conceive at all,—hamlets where the men, with gaunt, burnt faces, long matted hair, forms twisted in middle age as with us at 80, by reason of privation, exposure, and unsettled hopelessness, and clothes altogether indescribable in their meanness, appear to the visions like some spectres from some raft of a "Medusa." But even here I saw no woman, young or old, who was not neat in her personal appearance, painfully clean as to the care of her house, and apparently in the habit of doing three-fourths of all the work that was done. The amount of labor that this poor but contented creature performs is nothing less than marvelous. Premising that before the age of 35 she is usually the mother of from six to twelve children—most French-Canadian girls are married before they are 18—let us consider her work for a moment; she has first of all the care of her children, which is not a slight thing, even though they are the most careful and self-reliant of all the world's urchins; then she does all the cooking, baking her bread out in the sun in a stone oven built near the house; she does all the washing and mending of clothes; she does all her own sewing and knitting, and, in some parts, spinning; she keeps all the money of the household, and makes all the purchases; she scrubs the front steps and all the floors of the living rooms in her house every day, and she whitewashes the outside of her house once a fortnight or so; if they have a cow she milks and cares for it; and then (we have dealt thus far only with the incidental occupations by which spare moments are filled up) she works all day in the field with the spade, hoe, or rake. If she is near salt-water she also salts down barrels of tom-cod and flounders for the family's winter use. If she lives near a town she also goes in with the horse and chaurette to the market, and knits while she is not selling produce, on two days of the week. The race does not anywhere afford a more superb spectacle of industry than this woman presents. And with it all she manages to keep, if not a fresh, at least a bright and cheery look upon her face; she dresses herself for church well and tastefully, and carries her good clothes as if she was accustomed to nothing else; and her children, particularly the girls, are models of cleanliness and good order. This, bear in mind, is as true of the poorest and most isolated hamlets as it is of the well-to-do suburban villages.

An American Girl's Romance.

There is a romance attached to the history of the Countess Potkamer, whose death in Germany was announced a few days since, which interests a circle of acquaintances extending over a large territory. The countess was Miss Josephine Parsons, and went in her childhood from New York to Seneca Falls with her parents perhaps, fifteen years ago. She early developed a critical taste for music, and about seven years ago was sent to the university at Leipzig, Germany, to perfect her musical education. This accomplished, she returned to her home in Seneca Falls. It was learned then by those who were nearest to her that she had "left her heart behind," and there was a conditional engagement of marriage between her and the young Count Von Potkamer, military secretary of the department of Prussia. There was gossip at the time regarding the terms of the "settlement" demanded by the parents of the count before they would consent to the nuptials. The father of Miss Parsons, it may not be indelicate to say, was a man of considerable wealth, and was difficult to manage in the transaction. Affairs seemed to be so far arranged that the date for the marriage was appointed, when it was found that the count could not obtain a leave of absence to come to America. Miss Josie, therefore, proceeded to Germany but a few months ago and joined her lover. Her wedded life ended with the birth of a child. The friends of the countess in this country had every reason to believe that her wedded life had been one of happiness. The cable dispatches containing her death reached friends in New York city who were anxiously awaiting intelligence, knowing her critical condition. The mother and sisters, who are in Michigan at present, have this affliction added to that of the distressing death of the father by his own act only a few months ago.

A Word to the Damsels.

Damsels who have the intention of making themselves conspicuous through grief should never fail to study the becomingness of the toilet. A nice-looking girl in a Jersey and black skirt, a neat little linen collar, trim boots, and ample tan colored gloves falling on the wrists in folds, may weep a little behind her fluttering handkerchief and be the more attractive, especially when her hair and hat are becomingly arranged. Fine ladyism, in the incipiency of steamer voyages, decided that good taste demanded entire seclusion from the damaging contact of mixed society during the days to be passed at sea. But whatever pretentions may be made to the contrary, exclusiveness is apt to be something of a bore to Americans of both sexes. Men never attempt it, and women on whom the motto of noblesse oblige has been carefully impressed, oftentimes look with longing eyes from behind their narrow prison bars at the kaleidoscopic view of the world beyond, and inwardly decide that the play is not worth the candle—especially as there is no one present to admire and applaud.

Fun for the Girls.

Ladies, a piece of advice—never send your letters by male.

Burlesque actresses are not always drinking people, but they have to get on their tights every night.

Seeing a carriage full of belles and beaux drive by, Aminadab remarked that that reminded him of a load of wooed.

Paradoxical as it may seem, a married man in the theatrical world is often compelled to support another man's wife.

Now that black stockings for females are in fashion, married men find it difficult to keep filled the inkstands that they have at home.

Mme. Minck, a leader of the Paris communists, has named her son Lucifer Satan Minck. The madame evidently intends to raise the devil.

We have frequently heard of "an elephant on a man's hands," but fashion decrees that Jumbo should not appear on a woman's head. J. is a bonnet.

Notice in a Hoboken ferry-boat: "The seats in this cabin are reserved for ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to occupy them until the ladies are seated."

"My dear," said a fond wife, "when we were engaged I always slept with your last letter under my pillow." "And I," murmured her husband, "I often went to sleep over your letters."

A solution: Visitor (frequent, scientific young man, who was now trying to explain the philosophy of positivism)—"I admit the question is abstruse and complic—" She—"Why not 'pop' it?"

"Where is the girl of long ago?" sings Joaquin Miller. We saw her the other day, Joaq. But she isn't a girl any more. She had gray hair and a wart on her nose, had no teeth and wore specs.

A young lady, on leaving a concert recently, expressed her delight with the excellent music, and said she was particularly pleased with "that piece from the Twelfth Massachussetts," meaning Mozart's "Twelfth Mass."

A fashion paper says: "Nothing but coral necklaces can be seen upon society belles this season." Is there not some mistake about this? Why, such a scanty costume would—oh, heavens! There must be an error in the report.

The child, after the manner of its kind, having misbehaved at table, his father administers a severe rap on the knuckles. "I say," said the youngster to his mother, "you might tell your husband there to take his hands off me."

"Is Mr. Samuelson in?" asked Mrs. Beezumbee of the servant of the house of the former on Austin avenue. "No, mum; she tole me herself to tole you she wasn't in." "That's very kind in her. Please tell Mrs. Samuelson that I didn't call this afternoon."

AMERICAN FABLES.

A Lion who had long reigned with supreme power over the forest, one day called a convention of all the beasts and announced his intention of abdicating.

"I am growing old and feeble, and I must soon pass away," he argued. "All things considered it is better that my successor be nominated and installed while I am living to give him the benefits of my experience and advice."

There was general joy among the Beasts, for the Lion had lorded it after his own fashion. The Elephant was squinting around, the Rhinoceros was pushing his nose into the crowd, and the Giraffe was doing a heap of thinking way down his throat, when the Lion continued:

"After serious reflection and solemn consideration I have decided that my own son shall succeed me. The office will not only be kept in the family, but the family will be kept in office. There being no further business before the meeting we will adjourn."

"But why the need of this convention?" protested the Rhinosceros.

"Well, there wasn't any particular need of it," replied the Lion, "but it is customary to call one in order to collect the expenses of nomination. Brother Giraffe, pass the hat!"

MORAL:

"Attend the primaries!"

A Wolf had the misfortune to break his leg, and being unable to hunt for his food, was soon reduced to the verge of starvation. One day as he was uttering lamentation a Hare came along and enquired the trouble.

"I am almost at the point of death," was the reply. "I haven't had a morsel to eat for days."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Hare. "I'll go at once to the Hyena about it."

When the Hyena was consulted he stroked his chin reflectively and finally said:

"Are you certain that he is a Wolf of good morals?"

"No.

"Well, then, I'd better see the Lion about it before we do anything."

The Lion heard the story, winked in a wise way, and remarked:

"There ought to be a committee appointed to investigate his character. "I'll see the Stork and mention the matter."

The Stork was informed that a Wolf lay dying of starvation, and she replied:

"Well, well, but that's bad. I'll see the Ox this very afternoon, and have him decide whether we ought to send in tracts or chicken broth."

The Ox was duly informed and next day he walked over to see what should be done in the case. Arriving at the lair he found the Wolf dead, and the Owl had already been there and written on the rocks the

MORAL:

"Philanthropy is a thin tonic for an empty stomach."

American pork can not go into Germany, for Bismarck still keeps up his "watch on the rind."

Mr. Benjamin, the great Southerner, who has been such a success at the London bar, was lately offered a fee of two thousand guineas in a Canadian appeal case, and had to refuse it on the ground of poor health. Let no one say that all this is simply good luck. Good luck has had very little to do with Benjamin's success. It has been indomitable energy, brilliant abilities, and untiring perseverance. We do not like to depreciate any kind of success by attributing it to luck. Individual circumstances may be favorable, but the commanding will and the unquestionable ability have to be there also before such a man as Benjamin can achieve what he has done.

Robinson Crusoe's Island To-Day.

The sun was bathing the beautiful island with a flood of golden light as we neared its picturesque harbor. In little boats we went ashore, and landed in the primitive manner of running the boat aground and pulling the boat up on the shore. It was difficult to realize that we were, indeed, on the historical, mysterious island that imagination had pictured from childhood's early hours in so many fanciful forms. The books tell you that it was on this lovely island that in 1704, the celebrated English navigator, Dampier, landed his coxswain, Alexander Selkirk, with whom he had quarreled, and left him alone on this uninhabited spot with a small quantity of provisions and tools. Here he lived four years, till he was picked up by a passing ship, and brought back to Europe. It was from the notes he made during his solitary residence that Daniel Defoe composed his incomparable work of "Robinson Crusoe." No book, doubtless, ever held the childish interest with greater fascination than that which describes his wanderings on this mysterious and enchanted island. That which had always seemed but a dreamy romance was now before you. The scenes where all the wild and wondrous experiences were described are just at hand, and you wander on, as it were, but just aroused from a fanciful dream. Perchance it was on this sandy beach along which you wander that Crusoe first discovered the footsteps of his good man Friday.

The island is about seven Spanish leagues in circumference, or a trifle over twenty English miles. It belongs to Chili, and for a number of years the government used it as a place for transporting convicts, till one night all the prisoners arose in their power, killed their keepers, and taking the only boats on the island sailed away and were never heard of more. Of late years the government has leased the island to one man who pays something like $2,000 a year for its use. This man has a small colony of workmen whom he employs in cutting timber, drying fish and goat skins and sending them every few months to the market at Valparaiso.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Sea Bathing at Monterey, Mexico.

The surf rolls in invitingly along the shining sands along the blue, blue bay of Monterey, but no one accustomed to the torrid shore and the tepid waves of the New Jersey coast would dream of a dip in the Pacific at any season. The air and the water are decidedly too cool for comfortable surf bathing, and the trade winds are rather more than the noonday sun can subdue. To overcome this a large bath-house has been built on the beach, in which there are four large tanks filled with sea water, heated to different temperatures. The tanks each measured thirty-six feet in width by fifty feet in length, and the depth ranges from three to six feet. Beginning with the cold water as it is pumped from the ocean, each tank holds water of a different temperature, ranging from tepid to warm. The ladies have a separate tank, but the fun and interest of the bathing house centers around the three great tanks in the main hall. The pools are surrounded with tropical plants and trees, vines creep up the wall, and with a glass roof and many windows the place is bright and sunny. The amphibious folk parade up and down the sides of the tanks in their bathing suits and dip themselves first into one pool and then into another. The children scurry and plunge about like so many frogs, and faint screams are heard from over the partition, where the modest women are taking their warm swim.—*Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Sabbath Desecration.

The leading ministers of Toronto nearly all took occasion recently to denounce from their respective pulpits the new departure of the Government in regard to Sunday mails, and the increased Sunday service by the railroads. It is to be hoped they may be successful in bringing enough moral influence to bear to stop the practice again, but it is sceptical on that point. Governments the world over seem more easily influenced by monetary than by moral considerations, and it may turn out so in this case. It is to be hoped that opposition to the new state of things will not die out after the first vigorous protests have been made. A good deal of perseverance of the saints would be commendable here, and if the present outcry of opposition should prove successful, a similar attempt may not be made again in a long time. Where or when the pressure was brought to bear on the Government to order the new state of things has not yet been made public. It must have been well known that the moral sense of the religious part of the community would be a good deal shocked, and the authorities, no doubt, resolved to count the cost before the important step was decided on.

One thing is quite certain, the amount of postal business to be transacted will not be much increased; it will be more generally spread over the entire seven days of the week than in the six actual business days as before; and possibly the demands will not be quite as great on the telegraph wires as formerly, in consequence. Already we notice there is a protest on the part of the Hamilton Post Office employees against increased days of service without increased pay, and probably a great many other employees will be heard from soon.

The laboring men, both on railways and in Government offices, may well guard jealously any innovation on their Sunday rest, for they may depend, in the end there will be but the ordinary six days pay for ordinary seven days work.

Canada is now one of the best Sunday observing countries in the world, and it is evident that if our Day of Rest is to be kept sacred to all classes eternal vigilance will be necessary on the part of the ministers and the whole religious portion of the community.

Dr. C. I. Wills says, in his "Modern Persia": "A peculiarity of the Shirazi is his fondness for repeating words, changing the initial of the second. Use is second nature, and a curious instance of the habit is narrated of the late Kawam-u-Dowiet. When in the presence of the shah, the Kawam-u-Dowiet was asked by his majesty: 'Why is it, Kawam, that you Shirazis always talk of kabob-*mabob*, and so on? You always add a nonsense word; is it for euphony?' 'O, asylum of the universe, may I be your sacrifice; no respectable person in Shiraz does so; only the luti-*puti* says it.' Luti, as here used, means a blackguard, and puti is, of course, a 'nonsense' (or meaningless) word."

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of *Consumption*, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and *purifies the blood*. By druggists.

"What kind of fruit is that over there?" asked a man as he saw a crowd of boys planting a dead canine. "Nothing but a dog-bury," was the reply.

Truth Is Mighty.

When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his "Favorite Prescription" would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies employed the "Favorite Prescription" and were speedily cured. By druggists.

A bore, meeting Douglass Jerrold, said: "Well, what's going on to-day?" "I am," exclaimed Jerrold, darting past the inquirer.

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption, is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpassed cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

Rural Scenery—Gent from city: "But where the duce is the scenery? What in thunder is there to look at?" Farmer (indignantly): "Why, the new barn. What more do you want for $5 a week? It's a perfect beauty."

Nothing known to medical science can surpass the healing properties of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Colic and all Bowel Complaints. (8)

Blobson calls accompaniments "bald-headed music"—because they haven't got any air.

If you would escape the ravages of that scourge of the Summer season, Cholera Morbus, keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for use. In that and all other forms of Bowel Complaint, it is infallible. (9)

Now comes from the far West another illustration of the eternal fitness of things. Calico, a town on the Pacific coast, has a newspaper called *The Print*.

Reader, if you suffer from any disorder of the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidney, Skin or Blood, try Burdock Blood Bitters, Nature's specific medicine for acting on those organs for the outlet of disease. 25,000 bottles sold in the last three months. (10)

The coalman's cart broke down as he was going to weigh the coal. "You needn't fuss to weigh that coal," said the man who had purchased it. "If it's heavy enough to break down the cart it weighs more than any ton of coal I ever got before. I'm satisfied."

"Leaves have their time to fall," says the poet, but Wild Strawberry leaves are on the rise just now, being utilized in such enormous quantities in making Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa and other Summer Complaints. (11)

A young carpenter wants to know "what is a joggle-piece?" Why don't you read your dictionary? Webster says a joggle-piece "is a truss post whose shoulders and sockets receive the lower ends of the struts. Good gracious, we thought everybody knew what a joggle-piece is.

Do not delay, if suffering any form of Bowel Complaint, however mild apparently may be the attack, but use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the old reliable cure for all forms of Summer Complaints that require prompt treatment. Ask your druggist and all dealers in patent medicines. (12)

The feeling of indignation against the French for their conduct in Madagascar is rapidly rising in England. Indeed, it is said never to have been so keen since the battle of Waterloo. Stranger things have happened than its issuing, some of these days, in blows.

Nobody Cares.

Why grumble at every little thing? Nobody cares to know anything about it. If you have toothache get the dentist to remove it. Don't increase your misery and try to make others unhappy by talking about it. How stupid a subject of conversation is an aching corn or two. Can you expect sympathy? Every person knows that PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR removes them without pain in a few days. Then the proper thing is to invest in a bottle, get it at the corns, and the thing is done. Be sure you get Putnam's, for there are others offered as substitutes for the genuine.

The cent or halfpenny daily paper is bound to be the journal of the future. The London *Times*, true to its antecedents, feels this and is out with a halpenny edition every morning. This will take, and that very speedily. People want short, crisp, and easily read intelligence about what is going forward.

A.P. 135

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"Stop the press," yelled the country editor to the consolidated devil, compositor, and pressman, who had just started in on his pile of three hundred blank sheets, "here's a man who's come a mile and a quarter to subscribe for the paper and brung his turnips in advance, and a want to give him a personal."

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

Up in Chautauqua county one day last week a politician was watching a severe storm from his doorsteps, when a farmer acquaintance turned in hastily from the road and drove under a shed. "What's the matter, Bob?" asked the politician. "Well," said the farmer, "I believe that's one of them slycoons coming."

Copy of a letter received from Dr. R. Maitland Coffin, F.R.C.P., &c. To H. Sutherland Esq. Having taken Sutherland's "Rheumatine" myself, I can bear testimony that it will prove a great boon to persons who suffer from rheumatism. R. MAITLAND COFFIN, F.R.C.P., &c. Barton Court, S.W., May 17th 1882.

PAINT! PAINT!

To Painters and those Painting!

Ramsay's Concentrated Zinc

has three times the body of lead and wears for years. One pound will cover more work than three pounds of best English Lead. Guaranteed and manufactured by

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WEEKLY BETWEEN QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND LIVERPOOL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST.

For lowest rates and all particulars apply to Sam. Osborne & Co., 40 Yonge street, Toronto.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—

Toronto, 21st July. | Dominion, 11th Aug.
*Sarnia, 28th July. | *Oregon, 18th "
Ontario, 4th August. | Montreal, 25th "

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool, $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $26. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to

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GOLD CHAINS!

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CHAS. STARK,

52 Church-st, Near King,

TORONTO.

Agent for the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

FIVE MINUTES' SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy, and Pointed.

DOMESTIC.

The citizens of Moncton, N.B., are agitated over the discovery of oil in a large stone found in the city.

Ferdinand Verronean, of St. Hubert, near Montreal, has been arrested for criminal assault on a 5-year-old girl.

The Subsidiary High Court, the governing body of the Ancient Order of Foresters in Canada, will meet in Hamilton next month.

A man named Holmes appeared in the Ottawa Police Court, recently, charged with ill-treating a horse, and was fined $20 and costs.

Henry Smith was struck by a G.T.R. cow-catcher at Montreal and carried three blocks on it. He escaped with a few scratches.

A young man named Rolph, residing in Hamilton, had his hand badly hurt at the Mary street cotton mills recently.

Wesley Smith, 18, a sewing machine employee in Hamilton, has discovered his mother in New York after believing her dead for fifteen years.

A second route for the London junction has been completed by the C. V. R. surveyors, and both routes will be submitted to the officials of the road at Toronto for approval.

Recently the Chief of Police, Ottawa, received a telegram from Rockland to the effect that the body of a boy about fifteen years old was picked up there floating down the river.

A once captain in the British service is on trial at Montreal for beating his own son on the street. The son and two brothers live alone in a garret and the ex-captain lives in style with a step-mother.

In the Hamilton Police Court a young girl aged 11, named Lily Dilmer, testified that she had been outraged by her father. The offence was committed in Toronto. Dilmer was committed for trial.

Application will be made to Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney for letters patent for incorporating the Brandon Masonic Company, for the purpose of erecting a Masonic lodge room. The capital stock of the company is $20,000.

The Provincial Government has notified the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways that if the erection of freight warehouses in the east end of Montreal is not commenced on the 1st proximo actions will be entered against both companies.

UNITED STATES.

Lima has again been visited by an earthquake.

The President's trip to Yellowstone Valley will not cause expense to the Government.

Wilkinson, a farmer at Elsbury, Mo., was assassinated while asleep by an unknown man.

The ships Buteshire and Merchant, from Vera Cruz, have arrived at New Orleans quarantine with yellow fever.

The steel mill and two furnaces of the Bethlehem Iron Company were put in operation recently in a limited way.

Charles Seitz, paperhanger, of Alleghany City, fatally shot Dr. Langfelt at the latter's home, Bellevue, Pittsburg.

A spark from an engine caused a fire at Brooklyn, N.Y., which destroyed three vessels and property to the extent of $600,000.

The Buffalo Seangerfest has resulted in a deficit. The sales of seats amounted to $22,274, but the expenses exceeded that amount by about $3,000.

John Hechmer, ex-supreme treasurer of the catholic knights of America is short thirty to sixty thousand dollars in his accounts. He has fled to Europe.

W. W. Miller, bucket-shop Flemming's partner in the firm of Flemming & Merriam, is in trouble at Chicago. He is charged with using the United States mails for the purpose of carrying on a fraud and a swindle.

The Mexican consul at Tuscon has been notified that near the place where Crook left the Apaches in Montezuma they attacked a Mexican settlement, killed five persons, and subsequently repulsed the Mexican soldiers, killing seven.

On the New York Stock Exchange recently the leading feature was the drop of 4¼ in Canada Pacific stock, making a total fall of eight per cent. in two days. This decline was caused by rumours, which however are denied by the officials, that the directors will rescind the resolution recently passed authorizing payment of two and a half per cent. dividend.

GENERAL.

The harvest in Prussia promises well.

The Spanish Senate has voted the budget.

Tricon, French Ambassador to China, has arrived at Pekin.

France is building railways through the swamps and jungles of Senegal.

In London it is rumoured that a case of cholera has appeared at Trieste, Austria.

The French consul at Zanzibar has gone to Madagascar. His departure is kept quiet.

King Alfonso has informed the Cabinet that he will start for Germany on September 1st.

The Canadian lacrosse team will leave Belfast for Canada on 3rd August, and disband in Toronto.

An amicable agreement between England and France upon the Tamatave question is upon the tapis.

The Egyptian Government has accepted the offer of England to send twelve doctors to the infected districts.

The 58th Regiment of Maritzburg has been ordered to Durban to protect British interests in that locality.

The deaths from cholera one day were 68, at Damietta 21, Mansurah 32, Samanoud 24, Ghizeh 30, and Cheben 22.

The British gunboat Slaney has been ordered to be put into commission, it is believed to be sent to Mauritius.

Chan Hai Shing has been appointed Governor of the Province of Canton because of his prominent services heretofore in important State matters.

Admiral Pegron will succeed to the command of the French in Madagascar if Admiral Pierre should be removed for his action at Tamatave.

Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice admitted in the Commons the other day that the Sultan claimed the right to sanction any change in the character of the Suez Canal.

For having kissed a young lady against her will, Samuel Potter, a gentleman, has been committed to gaol for twenty-one days, without the option of a fine, at Margate.

A credit of 1,000,000 pesetas, to defray the cost of preventing the introduction of cholera into Spain, was unanimously granted by the Cortes at Madrid.

The cholera has ceased at Port Said. At other cities in Egypt, however, it continues to rage. The Local Government Board has enjoined measures of precaution against cholera in cities of Great Britain.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons reported to that body that Bradlaugh had brought suit for an injunction against him to restrain him from preventing Bradlaugh from entering the House.

At a meeting of the Committee of the International Literary Association the draft of the International Copyright Convention was read, which will be presented to the conference meeting in September.

Love in the Depot.

A woman arrived here the other forenoon from the east with seven children in tow, and at almost the same hour a man reached the same depot from the North with five offspring of various ages and sizes. She was a widow and he a widower, and the children had not been whipped more than once around before there was a sort of mutual sympathy that begot admiration and then friendship. One of the widow's boys offered one of the widower's girls a bit of fried cake, which was accepted in the spirit tendered, and a 10-year old girl belonging to the man made up to the 2-year old belonging to the woman and soon secured the privilege of wiping its nose and combing its hair. Presently the widower made bold to inquire:

"Madam, am I wrong in believing that you are a widow."

"I have been a widow fourteen months today," she answered.

"Great Scots! but it's just fourteen months to-day since my Hanner died! Which way be you going?"

"To Illanoy."

"That's just where I am going, too. Did you promise your husband never to marry again?"

"No."

"And I didn't promise my wife, either. Fact is, I believe I shall unite as soon as I find some good woman."

"And my children need a father's care," she sighed as she pulled little John Henry off the window sill and bumped him into a seat.

The man got up and walked around the waiting-room and took a closer look at the children. Then he returned and said:

"I suppose you've got a few hundred dollars, belong to some church, can wash and bake and mend, and are of a mild and forgiving disposition?"

"Yes, that's me."

"Well, I'm kinder religious, even-tempered and am worth about $2,000. I'm sort o' struck on you. There's something about your eyes that reminds me of Hanner."

"And you look like Alonzo around the mouth," she sighed.

Then he bent over and whispered something about Chicago and getting married, and she nodded her head. He gathered his children under his wing, took them into a corner, and solemnly and impressively observed:

"Children, I'm going to get married to that woman over there and give you a new mother,. If any of you is going to kick and boo-hoo about it, begin now, so that I can tune ye down before the train goes. Henry, you are the oldest. Are you going to declare you'll run away or commit suicide? Let me know right now, for this is a good cool place to prance ye around with a shingle."

Henry said he guessed it would be all right, and the rest of the crowd seemed to agree, and ten minutes later the widower and widow sat holding hands and trying to eat peanuts, and the twelve children were biting and pulling hair and kicking to see who would have a seat on the steamheater.

"This is kinder the work of heaven!" chuckled the widower as he hitched a little nearer.

"You bet, love!" she replied, as she shucked another peanut with her teeth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Won.

A lot of old chaps were sitting around the other evening telling stories and one bet the treats he could tell the biggest lie. The crowd got ready and the first man led off.

"It happened this way boys," said he, "away out West. In those days I was a gentleman, and—"

"Hold on," interrupted the entire gang, "that's enough. We'll pay for the drinks. What'll you take?"

And it was so.—Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.

A lady in California used to take walks with a very handsome girl at the Sacramento Insane Asylum. Suddenly the girl would leavd her companion with the remark: "I must go now; my spell is coming on." She was really two beings, now sensible, modecr, amable; suddenly, by some wonderful process, she was transformed to a writhing, contorted lunatic. She always knew when the change was approaching, and retired to her room until the paroxysm had passed. When the lady was taking leave of the asylum, this little friend shook hands with tears in her eyes. "If you think of me at all," she said, "only remember me as we walked together—friends and happy. Please don't, *don't* think of me as that other girl, raving and crazy."

PETER'S LUCK.

The Reminiscences of Unvarying Good Fortune Narrated by an Old Marketman.

"He won thirty pounds on naming thirteen for the pilot boat that met the Arizona, did he?" said an old Washington Market butcher, meditatively dropping the edge of his cleaver on the block. "Win it on thirteen! the onluckiest of all born numbers! Then there's little doubt in my mind that that H. C. Peters is the same Peters that used to be around the market a few years ago. Not the same Peters that Poucher bought out, over in West Washington. He was George. No, not that Peters, but another Peters. I don't know rightly what he did; sort of a silent partner of somebody, I guess. He was hanging about most of the time, and all the the boys used to say he had more luck 'n a mule could draw. It was his luck that saved him the time the Westfield blew up. He was going aboard of her, and a man stopped him to pay him some money; a mighty good reason for stopping that was, too, and he let the boat go. Just Peter's luck. When the rest of them that would have been his fellow passengers were sailing around in the air he was taking his beer quite comfortably ashore. A man without any luck would have run to catch that boat; a man of reasonably good luck might have been stopped of going aboard by somebody striking him for a V just at the last minute, but it was all-fired big luck to be stopped by a man who wanted to pay money to him.

"Oh, yes. This must be the same Peters. There isn't enough of that sort of luck to stock two in the same family. One slushy spring day he was going down through Central Row in a hurry, when his feet shot out from under him and he came down with a flop, and went kiting along a step or two, clutching handsful of sawdust as he went. His hat flew off, of course, among the feet of a crowd, but his luck protected it and nobody stepped on it. More yet. He felt a bit of paper among the sawdust in his hand and sort of shook it out. It was a five-dollar note. That was worth sitting down in a hurry for.

"Lucky! Why I mind his telling me one time of his leasing a house up town, or going to lease it, which was the same thing, for he was going in the morning to the agent to sign the lease, when he learned that it was burned down the night before. Within two weeks after a friend told him that he had lived in that house, and it had some kind of a disease in it, from bad sewer pipes or something of the sort, that had killed one of his children. Peters wouldn't loose any children by anything of the sort. He had too much luck. How his luck was in business I don't know, for, as I told yon, I didn't know much about his business, but it must have been good, for he was always flush, and he never appeared to worry or take on about anything. I remember the answer he gave once to a chap that was trying to get him to insure his life. 'No, says he, 'it might confuse my luck.' He meant, you know, that it would be luck for him to get the insurance money by dying, and luck too to live, even if he had to go on paying premiums, and as there was a chance for a split he wouldn't play on that turn for fear it might go the wrong way. He would bet to back an opinion, and when he did he'd win. He seemed content without pressing his luck. It seems to me that if I'd had Peters's luck I'd have had more money than Vanderbilt in a year, but he didn't aspire to be a high roller."

WHEN TELEGRAPHY WAS NEW.

How the Emperor of Austria Looked at the Thing and Waltzed Away.

A Washington letter says: Soon after the patents were issued to Morse, and their adoption and use settled as a certainty, a scheme was got up to send over persons to introduce the system in Europe. Among the diplomatic corps representing the empire of Austria in Washington, a young man named L. C. Fleshman was selected, and an outfit of instruments, wires, and batteries paepared and given to him. In due time Fleshman turned up in the court of Ferdinand I., emperor of Austria, and arranged for a time when royalty would condescend to look at the American invention. The day was set. Dukes, counts, and barons were assembled. The master of ceremonies was to give the word when the experiments should begin. No signal was given, and the telegraph man began to be uneasy. They were waiting for the emperor. At last a stir was noticed, room made, and to the surprise of the operator there danced into the room a slight figure clad in a loose-fitting short gray coat. His hair stood straight up. He wore some kind of low slippers, and with his hands behind his back skipped into the room humming something like a fisher's horn-pipe, to which he was stepping time. This was the emperor of Austria. As he approached the stand upon which the telegraph instrument was placed, his idiotic looks were revealed. He skipped up to the table, bent over until his nose nearly touched the instrument, said: "Ah, very fine, very fine," and turning quickly waltzed out without giving Fleshman time to say one word in reference to the matter.

The royal gathering looked at one another with knowing glances, and many of them seemed quite confused. After this mockery of power had left, Prince Metternich, the soldier and statesman, who was considered to be the shrewdest politician in Europe from the beginning of the present century up to the time of his death in 1848, approached the young electrician, in company with the Archduke John, and asked many questions as to its utility and practice. The Archduke John was at that time "intermistic ruler" of Germany (that is, a referee in disputes between the different German states during a period when there was no emperor). The Archduke John cared very little for the claims of royalty. They were nothing to him, unless coupled with deserving. He had married the daughter of a postmaster in Tyrol, and brought his mountain beauty home in the face of the protests of all his royal relations. This experience, as may well be guessed with a man so self-willed, rather increased his natural desire to advance real merit, and Prince Metternish and himself that evening assembled the general staff of the Austrian army at the Academy of Sciences in Vienna, and had the young electrician lecture on and explain the Morse system of telegraphing before them. The result was an experimental line erected for army signals, and its general use speedily following.

CHINESE AT CHURCH.

The Curious Company of Little and Big Pig-Tails, Male and Female, Singing Moody's Hymns.

A San Francisco letter says: One other experience among the Chinese must close this letter. "Would you like to come with us to one of the Chinese mission schools, Sunday, afternoon, and hear the scholars sing?" asked some friends with missionary proclivities. We answered eagerly that we should. The appointed time found us entering a good-looking church, a tablet on the front of which informed the stranger that this was the "First Chinese Presbyterian Church." We were taken into a large Sunday-school room, where sat a crowd of almond-eyed fellow-creatures, varying in age from the boy to the elderly man. We had expected only to "assist" in the French sense of the word, by being present at the exercises. But there were not teachers enough to go round, and we were at once pounced upon by the missionary and installed each of us over a class, manger our remonstrances, "All you have to do," he said, "is to hear them read and correct them when they mispronounce." We entered upon our unaccustomed task with fear and trembling, but soon grew interested in our gentle, attentive pupils. They read from premiers full of easy sentences: "Shoes are made of leather," "I took a drink to quench my thirst," etc. Now and then there was a sentence containing a sly moral lesson: "A boy drank some whiskey and it made him sick," and occasionally one a distinctly theological turn was sandwiched in. Very patiently the scholars struggled to pronounce the unfamiliar words. The Chinese language is made up of a few simple sounds. That is why the Chinese find it so hard to learn English. They not only have to memorize new words, but have to learn to make wholly new sounds as well. On the other hand, the Russian language includes almost all the sounds which the human voice is capable of producing. Therefore, the Russians are excellent linguists. Whatever language they study, they do not need to practice any new sounds, but only to combine the old ones into new words. At least, so we are told.

When the lesson was over, all stood up and recited the Lord's prayer, and we adjourned to the church. Here we were joined by the feminine members of the Sunday school, demure, modest-looking Chinese girls, marching two by two. They wore loose trousers any bright-colored tunics. Their hair was brushed back "slick" over the tops of their heads, and banged behind; that is, a row of bangs ran across the backs of their necks from one ear to the other, under their heavy, magnificent pig-tails. These poor little daughters of China had hair that many a belle might envy. They had fine eyes, too, and looked docile and intelligent. The Chinese women are said to be very inferior mentally to the women of other eastern countries. Perhaps it is not due to the lack of natural capacity, but rather to the fact that the obstinate conservative of their nation gives them no chance.

The religious service which followed was the most extraordinary we had ever witnessed. The scholars sang in Chinese, and the missionary preached and prayed in the same language. It was ludicrous in one aspect to see a gray-haired man stand up in a pulpit and utter a series of fiendish noises like those to which riotous children sometimes give vent—barking, mewing, and cackling, interspersed with an occasional long melancholy howl. It was something between the intoning of a high-church service and the vocal efforts of a herd of pigs. The responsive reading of a psalm was even funnier. First the minister barked; then the congregation, wild and shrill, yelped in chorus. When a hymn was to be sung, a chart on which it was printed in Chinese characters was unrolled before the congregation, and each word was pointed off as it was sung. The boys sang "Sweet Hour of Prayer," in Chinese, keeping good time and tune. Then the girls and women sang a plaintive Moody and Sankey air very prettily. The organist was a plump, moon-faced Chinaman, who fanned himself placidly with a silver fan while he stood up reciting the Apostles' creed in English with the rest of the congregation. Their English was so peculiar that I thought they were talking Chinese till the unmistakable words, "Virgin Mary," put me on the track.

How Ideas Come.

A certain lawyer justified his pet hobby, which is carpenter work, not merely by the healthy relaxation of nervous tensions and exercise of muscle it brings him, but chiefly because he works out his legal problems, plane in hand. Old law reading comes back to him then, out of the way precedents recur to mind, the very text of the law book is never so clearly before him as then. He has the glimpse of the volume and the page, and the very part of the page on which is some needed citation which he would otherwise have longed to seek.

Nor is it only memory which works when he is half engrossed with the affairs of his handicarft. Original thoughts arise and ingenious devices; clever combinations take shape of themselves. The case works itself out, and mental labor is only pleasurable exertion, just as his amateur handwork is. Hawthorne composed walking. Musicians are seized with ideas, and modern playwrights seize upon others' ideas, at the most unexpected moments. Business men have been known to depend upon their meditation at dead of night for sound review of the present, and forecast on which they base their plans. When we are hurried, we long for rest, to "think over things" and decide rationally; but, relived from pressure, we "think of nothing at all." Comes the moment for action, we settle in three seconds the confusion of day, and, for good or ill results, our plans are at least clear. What is needed is not time nor will, but rather the favorable moment when there is harmony. Then, like the electric message, thought is swift and sure. The idea which we have long waited for arrives, not as the certain result of earnest thought, but as the reward of thought, just as honorable fame is the reward of noble deeds, but not the certain result of them.—*Boston Courier.*

John Barnett, the first railroad conductor ever employed in passenger traffic, died lately in England. He accompanied the old No. 1 engine in its trial trip with George Stephenson.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The Tendency of Scientific Inquiry.

Sir Henry Barkly G. C. M. G., F. R. S., took the chair at the annual meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute, at 7 Adelphi Terrace, London, in the last week in June. Honorary Secretary, Captain F. Petrie, F. R. S. L., read the report, by which it appeared that the Institute,—founded to investigate all questions of Philosophy and Science, and more especially any alleged to militate against the truth of Revelation,—had now risen to 1,020 members, of whom about one-third were Foreign Colonial, and American, and new applications to join were constantly coming in. An increasing number of leading men of Science had joined its ranks, and men of Science, whether in its ranks or not, co-operated in its work. During the session a careful analysis had been undertaken by Professor Stokes, F. R. S., Sir J. R. Bennett, Vice-Pres. R. S., Professor Beale, F. R. S., and others, of the various theories of Evolution, and it was reported that, as yet, no scientific evidence had been met with giving countenance to the theory that man had been evolved from a lower order in animals; and Professor Virchow had declared that there was a couple absence of any fossil type of a lower stage in the development of man; and that any positive advance in the province of prehistoric anthropology has actually removed us further from proofs of such connection,—namely, with the rest of the Animal kingdom. In this, Professor Barrande, the great palæontologist, had concurred, declaring that in none of his investigations had he found any one fossil species develop into another. In fact, it would seem that no scientific man had yet discovered a link between man and the ape, between fish and frog, or between the vertebrate and invertebrate animals; further, there was no evidence of any one species, fossil or other, losing its peculiar characteristics to acquire new ones belonging to other species; for instance, however similar the dog to the wolf, there was no connecting link, and among extinct species the same was the case; there was no gradual passage from one to another. Moreover, the first animals that existed on the earth were by no means to be considered as inferior or degraded. Among other investigations, one into the truth of the argument from Design in Nature had been carried on, and had hitherto tended to fully confirm that doctrine. The question of the Assyrian inscriptions and the recent Babylonian researches had been under the leadership of Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who, on his arrival from Nineveh, had given a full report of the extent of his new excavations, which were of the highest interest. His discovery at Sepharvaim, one of the first cities mentioned in Holy Writ, was most important. Professor Delitsch and others aided in the consideration of the discoveries and the inscriptions found. Two meetings had been held to consider the questions raised in Mr. Herbert Spencer's Philosophy, and Lord O'Neill and others had shown, by a careful analysis of his arguments, that a greater attention to accuracy in statement would have kept Mr. Spencer from arriving at those hasty conclusions which had made his philosophy remarkable. It was announced that the results of explorations now being carried on in Egypt would be laid before the Institute early in the winter. The discoveries were very important, especially that of the city of Succoth, which, like the results of the survey of Palestine, was confirmatory of the Sacred Record. The quarterly Journal, which had been published for sixteen years, was now issued free to all Members and Associates, whether at home or abroad. Several interesting speeches having been made, the Members and their friends adjourned to the Museum, where refreshments were served.

A SABBATH DAY ROMANCE.

Strange Meeting of a Divorced Wife with Her Husband and the Lover of Her Youth.

The Atlantic City Review relates as an actual occurrence at that bathing resort the meeting of three persons who had been intimately connected in their former lives, ending in the marriage of two long-parted lovers. The heroine, Mary B. Donoghue, ten years ago, when only 16 years of age, was the belle of Virginia village. While at the White Sulpher Springs, five years ago, she was persuaded by her mother to marry a young Austrian, named Frascati, whose debts and dissipations had driven him from home to America. Two years ago her only child died, and a divorce procured her a release from the cruelty of a brutal husband. Since then she had seen neither her husband whom she never loved, nor the lover who had fled the country on her ill-fated marriage. Among the throng on Sunday gazing out upon the ocean from the porch of the New Inlet house, by a strange irony, were the two men—Frascati, the Austrian drunkard, the divorced husband, on one side of his former wife; John Saunders, the lover who had grown sick with longing for a face now not twenty feet away—yet each unconscious of the others presence. Driven, no doubt, to despair by remorse and penury, Frascati wandered away along the shore. When he plunged in he did not know whether he could swim out, or whether he would drown his sorrows once for all, and find a grave beneath the waves. But a woman's startled shriek rang shrilly out over the evening air; his own wife had seen his wild leap, all ignorant that this was the man who had wrecked a young life Her accents touched a chord no other voice had ever waked in Saunder's heart. He rushed toward the spot from which it seemed to come, and dragged Frascati dripping from the water. A mutual and triangular recognition followed, and there, in the presence of the man who had always loved her, Mary Donoghue's divorced husband knelt and prayed her forgiveness. At the quiet marriage which took place the same evening in the house of an Atlantic City clergyman, Saunders was joined for life to the woman he had always loved. Frascati witnessed the ceremony, but how was the minister to know that the divorced and erring husband thus ratified the marriage of his own former wife to the man who had saved his life? How stranger after all is truth than fiction; how true it is that all things come to those who wait.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 2, 1883.

"Free Lance" Notes.

——THERE is evidently to be a "row" in the "disputed territory," judging from a report which we publish elsewhere. The police of Ontario and Manitoba are coming in contact at Rat Portage in consequence of the late decision of Hon. Mr. Mowat to take forcible possession, and "the end is not yet." There can be but one solution of this difficulty—appeal to the Privy Council. We fail to see how this last act of the Ontario Government can strengthen their position. To have submitted to and waited for the "highest judicial decision" would not have weakened it, and been infinitely more dignified. A "free fight" between government officials, and the encouragement of law-breaking by law-makers over civil questions, is not a very edifying spectacle in this free and enlightened country.

——WE HAVE received a copy of Mr. R. W. Phipps' report "on the necessity of preserving and replanting forests," "compiled at the instance of the Government of Ontario." It is highly creditable to Mr. Phipps, and equally so to the Government of Ontario. It is unquestionably a step in the right direction. The scientific and practical aspects are fully and ably gone into, and the deductions are startling. If we could fully realize that the cutting away entirely of the forests of a country changes its climate, destroys the purificators of the atmosphere, and lessens its rainfalls, we should likely be more considerate and endeavor to supply the loss by an organized system of tree planting, such as has been adopted in some European countries. We earnestly commend this report to those who seek to lead public opinion, either from the pulpit or farm.

——IN OUR last we copied Hon. Billa Flint's letter to the *Intelligencer* with reference to the railway north. It is difficult even to discuss the question with any degree of equanimity with this letter before us. The thorough selfishness of the communication, with its conceited assertions and illogical conclusions, are enough to make us throw it aside as a simple burlesque on common sense. That the hon. gentleman has a feeling against Madoc there can be no doubt. That this arises because with all his efforts to the contrary it has grown and prospered is generally believed. That his letters and efforts will have about as much effect in preventing the extension of the railway and in injuring the prosperity of Madoc as his legislative ability has in shaping the Statutes of the Dominion is fully conceded by all who have watched his course in parliament. What he was "50 years ago" we don't know; what he is known to be now has the effect of quieting our anxiety as to his influence upon Madoc's future. The hollow scheme he proposes for connecting Belleville and the northern townships under existing circumstances has not a single redeeming feature of either sense or prospect of its becoming a reality.

——THE Jenkins and Chambers iron mine in Wollaston has again been brought under public notice. On Wednesday of last week the arbitrators—G. W. Ostrom, of Trenton, appointed by the R. R. Co., A. F. Wood, of Madoc, appointed by the owners, and Judge Dean, of Lindsay, the third party chosen—left this village to view the locality in accordance with the law, prior to hearing evidence. They returned Thursday evening. We understand that the arbitrators have asked for the evidence of tests and experts in mining engineering, and for this purpose have given the owners of the mine reasonable time to furnish what is required. We are also informed that, acting on this, Messrs. Jenkins and Chambers have commenced opening up the mine and intend pushing the work as rapidly as possible. It will probably be some weeks before the arbitrators will be in a position to give an award. In the meantime the question of right to take the mine at all is before the Court of Appeal of Ontario, and the owners are very sanguine that they will succeed in putting the Railway Company off their property. If they do not there is a strong feeling that Legislative power should invoked for that purpose.

CAREY'S ASSASSINATION.

HE IS SHOT DOWN LIKE A DOG BY A COUNTRYMAN ON BOARD A SHIP.

LONDON, July 30.—Intelligence has just been received that James Carey, the informer, was shot dead yesterday on the steamship Melrose, between Cape Town and Port Elixabeth, by a fellow passenger named O'Donnell. O'Donnell took passage here by the steamship Kinfauns Castle, which left Dartmouth on the 6th inst., for Cape Town, where she transferred her passengers destined for Port Elizabeth, Natal, and other coast ports.

DUBLIN, July 30.—The news of Carey's death caused many to make an exhibition of delight on the streets here.

CAREY DOGGED FROM DUBLIN.

O'Donnell dogged Carey from London. Both sailed on the steamer Kinfauns Castle. The Government has little doubt but Carey was followed from Dublin. They believe the fenians took the most elebor8te measures to prevent his escape. According to the latest accounts the murder occurred at sea. Carey was not killed outright, but died shortly after the shot. O'Donnell surrendered quietly, and was put in irons, and surrendered to the police when the Melrose arrived at Port Elizabeth.—*Mail.*

WEBB'S FATAL SWIM.

There have been before now rash, foolhardy and gallant deeds done by men, but never since history began has there been a deed of daring, done in cold blood, like to that which Captain Webb lost his life. The man who can but stand and look upon that mass of torn, raging, seething water, called the Whirlwool rapids, think but for a moment of battling with them hand to hand, without fear, is indeed a brave man, but what can be said of the man who dare actually attempt the battle? Throughout his entire life again and again Capt. Webb has proved, that fear was to him unknown. When a simple sailor he risked his life again and again to save others, and more than once both his own life and another depended on nothing but his strong arm and strong will for hours. When he swam the English Channel in the face of frightful odds he again proved what manner of man he was, like to the Nottaman of old, strong to do and strong to dare, never drawing back. Since that time he has kept up the honor of his name. He became a professional swimmer, and men began to forget when they heard of his six days' swims in a tank, of the strength of the simple sailor who did what man never did before. But this spirit which marked him out from other men became his death warrant. He must have become crazed by the desire to do more than other men could, and so he died battling to the end. Had he died for his country, if his plunge had been made in a mad attempt either to save a human life or lose his own, all men would have said he died a hero, but now he will be called mad.

QUEENSTOWN, July 28.—The body of Captain Webb was found floating in the Niagara river, a short distance from Lewiston. An inquest was held on the body in the afternoon, and a verdict of found drowned was rendered. During the examination of the body a ragged cut was discovered on the top of the head, about three inches in length, opened sufficiently to expose the skull. It had the appearance of being cut by a hard, rough substance, and was supposed by those present to have been done at the entrance of the whirlpool. where the rocks in places project above the surface of the water, and where the current is the wildest. This wound was considered sufficient in itself to cause death, and it is thought that he sank immediately after receiving the blow. The body was placed in a coffin and removed in a hearse to Suspension Bridge, N. Y., where it will be prepared for shipment to Boston, Mass., where Mrs. Webb is residing at present.

Four thousand lives were lost last week by earthquake on the Island of Ischia.

Thirty-seven thousand one hundred and thirty-five women of the United Kingdom signed a petition to Parliament against the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

Mr. Alexander Henry, of Napanee, President of the road, said on Saturday that the Napanee and Tamworth R. R. was bound to go ahead. The Directors had received offers from Mr. Cox, of Peterboro, and the Rathbuns, to build the road, with a margin, but he didn't know which would be accepted. Mr. Henry said he was hopeful that both firms would at any rate take stock in the enterprize. Those who have made careful calculations say that the prospective traffic of the line is very profitable, and they believe with the freight business, is capable of development.

Died.

SHILDRICK.—In the township of Madoc, on the 14th ult., Robert Shildrick, aged 59 years.

—The "Tontine Investment" Assurance Fedral Life Assurance Co., Fred. Davis, Agent, Madoc.

—The Diamond Dyes and all Aniline Dyes cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

The great Brooklyn bridge is a financial failure. The interest on the bridge bonds and the working expenses reach $2,169,000 a year, and the income is only coming in at the rate of $405,000 per annum. As the receipts do not amount to so much as one-half of the interest, the chances of paying off the principal, which falls due from 1899 to 1924, are slim. It is proposed now in order to overcome the difficulty, not that the tolls be increased, but that the twin cities, which the bridge joins, shall assume the responsibility of maintaining it and of paying the interest and the debt upon it, at the same time making the concern free to all pedestrians, just as any other public highway is free. The proposal means the addition of $11,500,000 to the joint debts of New York and Brooklyn, and of $1,169,000 to the annual expenses. This is a rather hign fine to pay for the privilege of owning a bridge which is so lofty that it is too hot for public use in summer and too cold for use in winter.

On Monday last, as Mr. Jas. Rainie, living near Wellman's Corners, was in the mow of his barn, packing down hay, to make room for more, he detected a small fire. Descending hurriedly, he saw flames issuing from the side of the barn. He gave the alarm, but so fast did they spread through the combustible place that the whole was in flames before anyone could get near or anything in particular be saved, and the building was consumed with its contents. The origin of the fire was and remains a mystery. There was a rumor that John Nappin, an old pauper, was around the building at the time, and that human remains, probably those of Nappin, were found in the debris; but we were unable to verify any part of this rumor, and it is probably untrue. Oply a week or so before that Mr. Rainie's house was stuck by lightning and damaged to the extent of $50, covered by insurance in the Sovereign. The barn was insured for $200 in the same company, and contents for $150. The company sent an inspector at once, and the claim was promptly adjusted. —*News-Argus.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Teacher Wanted.

FEMALE Teacher wanted, for School Section No. 9, Madoc township, holding a third class certificate. Address applications to

HUGH KETCHESON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Madoc, July 30, 1882. 228-tf

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

THE Examination for District Third Class Certificates which was to have been held in Madoc, on August 16th and 17th, has been postponed to August 23rd and 24th, at 9 o'clock a. m.

WM. MACKINTOSH,
P. S. Inspector.

July 28th, 1883.

Royal Scarlet Meeting.

A MEETING of the Royal Scarlet Lodge will be held on Tuesday evening, August 14th, at the hour of 7 o'clock p. m., in the lodge room at Hazzard's corners. Anyone wishing to take degrees will please apply to the undersigned, enclosing the fee, $1.00, before that date.

HUGH KETCHESON,
Worshipful Companion in Command.

Madoc, July 31, 1883. 328

RECEIVING NOW:

Watermelons, Harvest Apples, Pears and Peaches,

Fresh Tomatoes, Peanuts and Lemons,

Hair Oils, Perfumerey, Combs, &c., &c.

We have a full stock of COMMON CANDIES; and our Fancy Candies are altogether of the CITY STYLES.

—OUR—
—ICE CREAM—
needs no puffing.

Luncheons as usual.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, Aug. 1, 1883.

STRAYED.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, lot 8, 5th concession of Madoc, a Springs Calf. Owner requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

J. A. McKINNON.

Madoc, July 20, 1883. 327-3w

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of
AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES
of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine
COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!
for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of
SOLID GOLD RINGS,
from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Rixford's Celebrated

SCYTHES

just to hand at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, July. 1st, 1883.

Farmers!

—x—

IF YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS

Reaper or Mower,

—GO TO THE—

MADOC

Agricultural Works!

AND SEE WHITE'S IMPROVED

HARVEST QUEEN!

Price $80.00,

equal to any in the market. The

NEW | MODEL | MOWER

HAS NO SUPERIOR.

HORSE RAKES, CULTIVATORS, AND DRAGS,

and all kinds of PLOUGHS.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

Madoc, June 14th, 1883. .103-6m

Latest Local News.

Large Potatoes.

Mr. Chas. W. Nix has left with us two samples of large new potatoes, both of which measure over 13 inches in circumference.

Railway Strike.

We understand that the entire force at work on the Central Ontario railway "struck" work yesterday. The reason, it appears, was that the company had not paid up for two months past.

Harvest Apples.

The first harvest apples of the season made their appearance at Davis' this week. They are much better in size and quality to those usually offered so early in the season. Davis warrants them not to "double up" even the most voracious small boy.

Postponed.

By reference to the Inspector's notice in our advertising columns, it will be seen that the examinations for District Third Class Certificates, which were announced to be held in Madoc on August 16th and 17th, have been postponed to August 23rd and 24th at 9 a. m.

Fishing.

Rev. Messrs. McAmmond and Baker and Mr. B. A. S. Wilson, report having had a good time fishing in the lake one day this week. They each caught a *very large* fish, but are willing to admit they may have left larger in the lake. As our reporter did not see their catch, however, we will not go into particulars regarding the matter.

More Luxuries.

Mr. Charles Gream has our thanks for a basket of fine garden peas and beans, and we are also indebted to Mr. Stephen Reed for a pail of delicious cherries, received last week. Both gentlemen will please accept our thanks. Mr. Gream has also shown us samples of peas from his garden, one of which measures 1⅞ x 1½ inches in circumference. We would like to see a larger one.

Challenge.

Section No. 1 of the Alert Fire Co., being dissatisfied with Nos. 2 and 3 in the contest for long distance throwing on 25th ult., challenge those two sections in a similar contest on Wednesday evening, the 8th inst. A full attendance of the members of the company is earnestly requested.

In regard to the above we are requested to state that Mr. R. J. McNeill accepts the challenge on behalf of No. 3.

Somewhat Mixed.

The number of passenger trains leaving the Grand Trunk depot at Belleville, since the new arrangement of the Midland went into force, have had the effect of "mixing up" some of the travellers. The *Intelligencer* says a man who was going to Madoc took the fast express west to accomplish his purpose. Soon after the train had left the depot, and while it was moving rapidly, he discovered his mistake and jumped. He sustained some injuries and is "laid up" at the Willard House.

Danger in "Tea Dust."

We are informed to-day by a reliable person that members of three families in the village of Frankford are seriously ill, caused from drinking what is known as "Dust Tea." The medical gentlemen in attendance, Dr. Day, of Trenton, and Dr. Stephenson, of Frankford, fully express the opinion, as we are informed, that the alarming condition of their patients is attributable to the fact that this kind of tea was used in the families. The report has created great excitement in the village, as usual families have been buying this kind of tea on the belief that it was free from any deleterious substances. One of the young men and a young lady are dangerously ill, and the doctors have grave fears of their recovery.—*Ontario.*

Encouraging.

The village of Stirling is veritably "rising from its ashes," judging from the following which we clip from the last issue of the *News Argus*. The enterprise and vigor of the sufferers by the late fire in that village deserves commendation :—

"The masons are now under full headway on Mr. Milne's block. The walls of Dr. Parker's block are going up as if by magic. Robt. Jones' brick front looks imposing. Thos. McKee is pushing matters in his newly acquired property. Mrs. Wheeler's residence is nearly ready for the plasterers. Mr. Green's building is not likely to be restored at present. The Boldrick block is now as perfect as though there had never been a fire. The foundation of Mr. Martin's new building is completed, and the super-structure is commenced. THE NEWS-ARGUS will be back on its old site by next fall, in a building erected for its special purposes. The exchange hotel site was knocked down on Saturday last to C. Armstrong for $1,225. Front and North streets present a lively appearance indeed, and those who prophesied that our villages "would not recover for years from the terrible conflagration" should now take a back seat with Wiggins and the other false prophets. It takes an experience such as Stirling has passed through this summer to develope the vigor and enterprise that really exists in a people.

CHEESE MARKET.

UTICA N.Y.,

July 31.—Sales of cheese to-day, 10,500 boxes, at 9½ to 10c.; the bulk, at 9¾c. Commission, 2,100 boxes. At Little Falls, 11,270 were sold, and 1,100 consigned, the bulk at 9⅞c.

Liverpool, July 31.—Cheese, 52s.

Kind Mention.

We thoroughly appreciate the following kindly reference from the Stirling *News-Argus* :—

"While busy fixing up our disarranged type and presses, we are cheered with the intelligence that Bro. Orr, of the Madoc REVIEW, has been so prospered as to be able to put up a building of his own for printing purposes. He will be found on the ground floor, north of Mrs. Wright's block. Mr. Orr is one of those young men with whom it is a pleasure to do business, and we heartily wish him all the prosperity that he can hold."

Thieves Captured.

On Tuesday morning a couple of those thieving gentry that periodically infest a locality, stole a suit of clothes from Mr. Jacob Huff's hotel in this village. They were captured an hour or so afterwards, and promptly taken before E. D. O'Flynn, J. P., who committed them for trial. They gave their names as Wm. Smithy and Wm. Doyle. Chief Sills landed them safe in Belleville jail during the afternoon.

An Old Relic.

We have before us an old copy of the *Madoc Mercury*, dated July 31st, 1869, handed to us by Mr. George Broad. It contains one editorial, two locals, one of the latter being an account of a pig-stealing affair in which three or four of our present residents figured, two items of mining news, and one letter, in addition to general news and advertisements. The paper is 13x18 inches, and contains not a single business advertisement—an index of what the village was like at that time.

Church Parade.

No. 4 company had a parade on Sunday morning last, to the Church of St. John the Baptist in this village, headed by White's Agricultural Band. There was a much better attendance than on the previous occasion, and the company consequently made a correspondingly better appearance. Members of the company from Allen Settlement and beyond Queensboro were present, to their credit be it said. With such members No. 4 will make a creditable turn out when the Battalion goes into camp in September.

The Benefit of a Bicycle.

Last week Mr. E. A. Buckler, son of Mr. Eli Buckler, at one time a resident of this part of the county, made his appearance here on a bicycle, on which he had ridden almost the entire distance from London to Madoc. Young Mr. Buckler, who is well known to many in this village, is a member of the Springfield Bicycle Club, and left that place for London a couple of weeks ago on a visiting tour to friends in Canada. Leaving London on his wheel he made the distance to Brantford the first day, 45 miles; he reached Hamilton the next day at 3 o'clock, 40 miles; from Hamilton he took the boat to Toronto on account of bad roads; the next day he made Port Hope at 6 o'clock, 65 miles; the next afternoon he made Brighton, 23 miles; then from Brighton to Holloway, by way of Belleville, 35 miles; arriving in Madoc the next morning after about 1½ hours ride, 16 miles. He was visiting at his uncle's Mr. James Roberts, and left on Tuesday for his home in Springfield, Mass., intending to ride his machine from Belleville to Kingston, and from Kingston to Rome, N. Y., a distance of about 100 miles. He rode an elegant 53 inch "British Challenge" Bicycle, worth, with lantern, $168.

Bancroft Police Court.

The following cases have lately been tried by Mr. Cleak, Police Magistrate at Bancroft :

SWITZER V. VARDY, for wages, ordered to be paid in 21 days with costs.

PIGOT V. PAGE.—Assault and battery. This was a serious case of riot in one of the shanties belonging to Messrs. Conroy. The defendant Page, a French employee, assaulted the clerk of the concern by knocking him down with some instrument, and whilst thus rendered insensible kicking him on the face and neck with his calked boots. The lumbering firm thought it best to discharge the rascal and his associates from their employment and not press the case. The magistrate gave credit to Constable Sweet for his pluck in securing his man from the gang, who had thrown out many threats beforehand, and who showed every disposition to resist by picking up stones and making other hostile demonstrations.

MCGREGOR V. LONG.—Assault and battery arising out of the too common feuds between neighbors. Fined with costs, $17.45.

MCGREGOR V. LONG.—Being the same parties—charging the defendant with horse-whipping his little boy, coming home from school. Defendant pleaded that the little boy was impertinent, but the defence was not sustained by evidence. Fined with costs, $19.30.

LONG V. MCGREGOR.—Cruelty to animals. Fined $2 and costs.

POWER V. BOWERS.—Suit for wages. Ordered to be carried to Division Court.

Everythings.

—Gibson's hotel, Belleville, was destroyed by fire on Monday night.

—A train went over the Toronto & Ottawa railway to Bridgewater yesterday.

—The voters' lists for the township of Madoc have been issued.

—Mr. J. B. Church, late of this village, paid a brief visit to the village last week.

—Norwood expects to get the location of the Ontario & Quebec railway workshops for the asking.

—Over 600 men are at work on the Ontario & Quebec railway between Perth and Sharbot Lake.

—Vennor predicts a dry August. It is gratifying to have even a prophecy that the umbrella may soon be laid aside.

—A jaunt through the Allen Settlement and part of Elzevir last week revealed to us the fact that the crops looked splendid.

—The brigade camp for this district will assemble about the 18th of September. The location has not yet been made public.

—The band still continues its serenading tour. Taking every house on the way they do not cover much ground in an evening.

—The rails on the Central Ontario railway will be laid to Eldorado this week. It is expected the road will be completed to the Coe Hill mine by October 1st.

—Mr. George W. McMullen, general manager of the Central Ontario Railway, gave us a call on Monday. We have to thank him for press courtesies extended to us.

—A new style of counterfeit coin is being circulated quite freely. French "dix centimes" pieces are washed with silver, when they make to all appearances very good half dollars. They are worth two cents each.

—The financial report for the Madoc circuit of the Methodist Church of Canada has been issued in printed form. Church members who have not received a copy can do so by applying to Mr. C. G. Wilson.

—The following is recommended for disinfecting closets and deodorizing offensive effluvia: Take a peck of wood ashes, in this stir with a stick half a pint of coal oil and apply gradually. This should be used weekly during the hot weather.

—We omitted mentioning last week the arrival of the Stirling *News-Argus* again after its "baptism of fire." It presents a much better appearance than formerly, and we hope in will be consequently much better appreciated and supported.

—A fine that ranges from $50 to $500 according to the circumstances of the case, is a severe one to face, yet it is just the punishment which a magistrate can inflict upon any person who sells liquor to an individual after the friends of the purchaser have forbidden the dealer to do so. This should be remembered by both buyer and seller.

—The house-fly season has arrived and inventors all over the land are burning with eagerness to check the ravages and curb the impetuosity of this scourge of the human race. Every hand is against him, but his adamantine cheek does pale as he reflects upon the gory possibilities of his summer campaign. He knows that death awaits him in a thousand forms, but, being a heathen and having no hope of a bright and blessed hereafter, he plunges madly into a vortex of dissipation and doesn't let up until the frosts of Autumn chill his blood and his cold feet are frozen to the window pane.

A Desirable Work.

Mr. Wm. Templeman, of the Almonte *Gazette*, has in press, as publisher for Mrs. McDougall ("Norah"), late correspondent in Ireland of the Montreal *Witness*, a book entitled "The Days of a Life,—a story descriptive of the days of a life of an Irish landlord." Although a work of fiction, it deals exclusively with facts that came under the writer's personal observation, and every character in the tale is taken from life. It is a scrupulously authentic and convincing argument in behalf of a reformation of the present condition of many of the Irish tenants; and when placed in the hands of the press (in a few weeks hence) we feel convinced that there will be a general concurrence of opinion as to its merits and value as a contribution to Canadian and Irish literature. The author is an Irish Protestant lady, who has been for many years before the public as a writer of more than ordinary power. The book will contain 450 pages, on extra paper, and will be handsomely bound in cloth; price $1.50 by subscription only. Agents wanted.

—Insure your lives in the Federal. Fred. Davis, Agent, Madoc.

ON TRIAL!

THE "REVIEW"

Will be sent to new subscribers from

Now to Jan'y 1st, 1884,

FOR

Only 40 Cents!

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Post Master General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday 10th August next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mail, on a proposed Contract for four years, three times per week each way, between

Madoc and Thanet,

from the 1st October next.

The conveyance to be made in a Public or other vehicle.

Printed notices containing further information as to the conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Madoc, Thanet, Bancroft, L'Amable, Marmora, and Bridgewater, and also at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Kingston, June 29, 1883. 327-3w

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 00	to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 65	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 48	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 70	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 14	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 15	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 15	to	0 18
Hides, per cwt	6 00	to	6 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 90	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 55	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 60	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 40	to	0 45
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	1 25	to	0 50
Butter, per lb	0 15	to	0 20
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 16
Flour, per bbl	4 75	to	5 00
Sheepskins	0 30	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 00

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Pain, Irritation, Retention, Incontinence Deposits, Gravel, &c., cured by "Buchupalba." $1.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

Feathers Wanted.

WANTED, a quantity of good clean feathers. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:OXO:

NEW TINSHOP

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.
Please give me a call.
(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

—JUST RECEIVED AT—

MRS. WRIGHT'S

a large consignment of

—M|A|J|O|L|I|C|A— W|A|R|E—

—IN—

Tea Sets,
Dessert Plates,
Butter Dishes,
Jugs, and Cuspadores,
and also a large assortment of
CROCKERY and GLASSWARE.

Crompton Corsets

—IN ALL THE—

LATEST STYLES,

—AT THE—

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE.

STELLA;
OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER VI. (CONTINUED.)

THE INMATES OF WREXHAM.

"I think you are hard upon poor Finchy, sir," said Norman, kindly. "I am sure Lily is a very nice girl, and so pleasant and pretty, anybody would be glad to go and see her."

"Umph!" grunted the old man. "Let her go and see the girl alone then. As to you, Norman, I want you at once in my study, please, as you seem to have done your breakfast, and we will leave Mrs. Finch to her tears. I *hate* tears!" he added, viciously, as he rose from the table; "they make a woman's nose red and they never have the slightest effect upon my feelings. Come, Norman.

Norman followed his grandfather out of the room, and Mrs. Finch was left to herself. No sooner had the door closed upon them than she dashed the handkerchief away from her face, and shook her fist furiously after the old autocrat.

"How I hate you, you horrible old man, with your bad manners and your coarse speeches! Oh! why am I obliged to submit to all these insults meekly? if I wasn't poor and your paid servant, I would tell you what I think of you to your face as it is I can say nothing—I can only cringe, and smile and bear it all. But take care you dreadful old vulture. I will manage to pay you out for it all some day. We will see if all your fine plans will succeed. It is not for nothing that the poor cousin whom you insult daily is living in your house; you shall get it all back some day!"

Meanwhile Mr. King was telling his grandson about the black-edged letter with the French postmark.

"It is from Stella King," he said; "and her mother is dead. The girl writes me to know what she and her sister are to do."

"Dead! Mrs. King dead! Good gracious! it must be very sudden!"

"Yes, it seems she had a fall, slipped down some steps or something, and injured herself internally. The question is, what is to be done about the daughters?"

"They must come here, I suppose."

"Not a doubt of it; but if they do, something definite must be settled about the future."

"You mean about my marrying one of them, sir?"

"Yes, you know that is my wish. I was very much disappointed that you were so unsuccessful last year when you went over there. I have explained to you my reasons at some length, Norman."

"Yes, and I am quite prepared to do what you wish, sir, if it is possible. But I really must decline to make any further propositions to Stella King—I assure you that the girl has the temper of a wild beast."

"Ah! so had her mother, I remember. Well, it is a matter of indifference to me which you select, let it be the younger one if you prefer it."

"I have never seen her," said Norman, doubtfully.

"So much the better."

"She is a mere child."

"All the more easily moulded. I shall make her understand directly she comes that she must consider herself engaged to you; there must be no mistake about it. I can't leave my son's children destitute, and I don't want to rob you: it is the best way I know of, of being just to all my grandchildren, and of uniting the place and the money. There will be a small portion for Stella; but that will not make a very sensible difference to you. By the way, Norman, I wouldn't go running after Lily Finch, if I were you."

"I assure you, sir——" began Norman, earnestly.

"Well, well, I don't say you mean any harm; but I think Harriet Finch is deep enough to try and catch you for her daughter!"

Norman laughed.

"My dear grandfather, such an idea is ridiculous! I have only tried to be kind to poor little Lily; I think it must be very hard work to be governess to all those noisy children. I really don't think Finchy, poor old soul, is capable of such deep-laid schemes as you give her credit for."

"My dear boy, a woman is capable of the most of things. When you have lived as long as I have you will never trust one of them further than you can see them, young or old! I am only giving you a warning. Harriet Finch is a compound of falseness and duplicity. If it were not that it amuses me intensely to torment her, and probe her weak places," he added, smiling grimly, "I should have sent her away long ago."

"Poor Finchy, what would become of her?" said Norman, rather pityingly, for he always felt that his grandfather was hard upon the housekeeper.

"Exactly. She would starve. I know that. Nobody else in the world would pay her a hundred a yerr for ordering dinner and prying into everybody else's concerns. However she amuses me, and so she shall stay: but keep clear of Miss Lily, my boy. Besides, I hardly think that old Lady Dyson would thank you for your attentions to her children's governess."

Norman had looked a little bit shamefaced over his grandfather's accusations concerning pretty Lily Finch, for he was rather fond of wasting an hour or two occasionally in the school-room at Barfield when he had nothing better to do. But the matter seemed so unimportant to him that he did not take his grandfather's hints in a very serious light. He was about to assure him laughingly that his cautious were superfluous, when the door was flung open, and Mrs. Finch rushed excitedly in.

"Pray forgive me, my dear cousin!" she cried out, breathlessly, "I would not have interrupted you, but this has just arrived, and I felt sure it must be of importance," and with trembling and agitated hands, she held forward the dirty orange envelope of a telegram.

CHAPTER VII.

CECILY'S DETERMINATION.

It will be necessary to return to the two sisters at Valency.

Whilst poor Mrs. King lay dying, and her elder daughter was watching day and night by her mother's sick bed, kind Madame Halevy from the floor below, had taken pity upon the disconsolate young sister.

"Come and sit with me, my poor child," had said that motherly woman to her, as she met her wandering aimlessly and miserably in the passage outside her mother's room, whence the doctor had banished her by reason of her youth and inexperience.

"Come in my rooms and sit with me," and Cecily had been glad enough to go. It was wretched upstairs in their own apartment. The sitting room looked empty and deserted, the little maid was too busy running backward and forward between the doctor and the chemist to have time either to tidy or dust; instead of the bunches of fresh flowers, there were the empty glasses and the medicine bottles upon the tables, and the trays of cold, untasted food, which the sick woman was too ill to eat.

Cecily could do no good, she could only sit miserably by the fire, and wish the wretched state of things would end, and that her mother would get better. She was not very unhappy about her, not until the last day of all; when Stella came out of the room weeping, and told her there was no hope.

And even then Cecily, though she cried too, and turned pale, was, perhaps, more frightened than unhappy. Truth to say, Cecily King had no very great depth of affection or feeling. She was a selfish little woman, popular because of her pretty face and her light manner; but she had not the sensitive disposition and warm heart of the elder sister. As long as things went well with her own self, Cecily King cared very little even for those to whom natural affection bound her most closely.

She was practical, decided in will and opinion, and rather heartless and worldly in tendency.

She made herself happy in Madame Halevy's drawing-room down stairs. She got a novel and her fancy work, and she ate her meals with her French friends, and chattered to them merrily enough all the day long, and it did not weigh very heavily on her mind that her mother was seriously ill, and her sister was worn out with anxiety and watching just over head.

Of course, when she really understood that her mother could not live, her tears flowed fast and freely, and Madame Halevy soothed and comforted, and kissed her, and thought what a charming, sweet and tender-hearted girl she was, for Cecily had always been her favorite.

Very soon—as soon, indeed, as decency would admit of after her mother's death—Cecily escaped from the dismal dreariness of the silent, darkened rooms above, and took refuge again with her friends down stairs.

"Sweet child!" cried Madame Halevy, dissolved in tears herself, and gathering Cecily to her portly bosom, "how dear of you to come down to your old friend for comfort! Ah! that poor mamma, how sad it is! How I wish I could be a mother to you in her place," and the good old lady wept copiously.

As to Cecily, as soon as she decorously could she crept into her corner by the window, and furtively took up her novel again, in order to resume the thread of the tale which she had been obliged to leave yesterday, when she had been hastily summoned to her dying mother's side.

"After all," she said to herself with a certain amount of shame at what she was dying; "what is the use of sitting doing nothing; it can't do poor, dear mamma any good now. I might just as well finish the book as sit with my hands before me; and, oh, dear! how tired I am of having to be miserable. I wonder if it will ever be allowable to laugh and be happy again!"

Madame Halevy became more and more accustomed to the presence of the pretty girl, with her slight, graceful figure, and her fair hair, and more than once she said, sighingly, to her husband:

"Ah! If heaven had only given us a daughter like that, how happy we should be!"

"I wonder what will become of the poor girls!" answered her husband, who was as soft-hearted as his wife. "I dare say the poor children will be thrown upon the cold charity of their unfeeling English relations, who have hitherto never taken the slightest notice of them."

And then the worthy couple held a long and deeply-interesting discussion, of which Cecily King was the subject.

"Well, we shall see what they propose doing," said Monsieur Halevy, in conclusion. "Wait a day or two and see what will happen before we speak to her."

So the matter was allowed to rest.

It was the day after the funeral that Cecily came into her old friend's room, with tears of real despair and mortification in her eyes.

"Oh! Madame Halevy, Stella has written to our English grandfather, whom we have never seen, and she says we shall have to go to England to live with him. Poor mamma told her to write to him, she says, and that we are to go there if he will take us in."

"My dear child, it may be very much to your advantage to go and live with your grandfather."

"Oh, no, it will be terrible! It is a great empty house right in the country, miles away from any town—poor mamma has often told us about it; and there is nobody there but this bad-tempered old man. We might as well go into a convent at once."

For Stella, in her wisdom, had thought it better at first to suppress all mention of Mr. Norman Allingham. It was better, Stella argued to herself, and believed herself to be perfectly sincere in her arguments—it was better, if Cecily were destined to marry her cousin, that she should encounter that young gentleman with perfectly free and unbiassed mind.

The result, however, of her caution was that Cecily absolutely and totally declined to go to live with their grandfather.

Then came Madame Halevy's *coup d'etat*.

Taking the young girl's hands imploringly within her own, she told her that if the prospect of going to England was so very dreadful to her, there was yet another plan open to her, if she would only consent to it. She and her husband were old and childless, they had money enough and to spare; would Cecily remain with them and be their daughter?

Cecily expressed herself surprised and grateful; but she was evidently doubtful. The fact is, that the idea of a perpetual existence at Valency, alone with these old people and without Stella, did not at once present itself in a very attractive manner to her imagination. Would it not be almost better to go to England? And then Madame Halevy, seeing that she hesitated, began to paint her scheme in the brightest hues.

"My dear, we will only live for your happiness, my husband and I; we will devote ourselves to you. We will leave Valency, if you like, and go to Paris. You shall go out into society and be admired as much as you deserve, my pretty one; and we will find a husband for you who shall be worthy of you. Will that suit you?"

Yes, that would suit Cecily King very well indeed. Paris, that *el dorado* of all French girls—the aim and end of every hope and desire—glittered temptingly before her eyes. To be well dressed and admired, to go out to balls and to drive in the Bois—all that would be delightful to Cecily; decidedly, it would suit her very much better than the dull respectability of her grandfather's country house.

For once in her life Cecily was truly and sincerely grateful. She flung her arms about the old lady's neck, and embraced her rapturously, vowing to be a daughter to her and her husband, and to love her as a mother with the prettiest and most graceful manner, and in the best chosen words that could have possibly been selected.

But Stella, when she was told of it, was horrified. What was to become of the scheme of marrying Cecily to her cousin? and how was she to fulfil her mother's dying wishes if her sister persisted in being adopted by the old Halevys?

In vain she argued, entreated, and prayed—in vain she pleaded her own affection, her own dismay at being parted from her sister, the duty which they both owed to their mother's last desire, and the deference which it was only right they should pay to their unknown grandfather.

Seeing that no arguments had power to move her, Stella at length confided to her sister the scheme which their grandfather had laid out for the future of the two sisters.

"One of them," she told her, "was destined to marry Norman Allingham, their cousin, in order that their grandfather might leave the money and the estate together, and at the same time make a sufficient provision for the other sister."

Cecily pondered a good deal over this communication; it evidently produced a great effect upon her.

"Well," she said, at last; "it will be best for you to marry him."

"Oh! no," cried Stella, blushing violently. "I assure you that poor, dear mamma wished it to be you, Cecily." She would not own to her sister that she had already seen and refused her cousin, and that it was he who was the hero of the fancy dress ball adventure, for the whole world.

"I might not like him," demurred Cecily, "Why should not you have your chance?"

Stella could not confess to her that the chance had been already hers, and that she had lost it.

"Well, I will tell you what I will do," said Cecily at last, "I will stay with the Halevys for six months in Paris, and then I will come over to England and join you. In that way I shall be able to see if the Halevys can find me a suitable husband as they promise to do, and you will see if you care about the cousin; he is probably a dreadful cub, with no manners—and then, if nothing better turns up, I will come over to England and join you. But go to Paris with the Halevys I must, for I shall never have such a chance in my life again."

It will be seen that for seventeen years of age Miss Cecily King had tolerably advanced views of life.

"After all, my dear Stella," she added, laughing, seeing that her sister looked rather grave over her worldly-minded speculation; "after all, you and I have got our way to make in the world, and only our faces to do it with. You can tell our old grandfather that I will marry our cousin if you like; it will not prevent my marrying some one else meanwhile if I choose, but since it grieves you so, I will tell the Halevys that I cannot live with them for good. I will only pay them a long visit."

And from this determination Cecily was not to be moved.

The Halevys began to make active preparations for moving to Paris at once, for Cecily managed to make them believe that she was so much upset by her mother's death that nothing but an immediate change of air would save her from being seriously ill.

It so happened at the same time that one of the professors of the ladies' college, where the two girls had been educated, had occasion to go to England rather suddenly upon a matter of business. The gentleman, who was white-haired and eminently respectable, and had, moreover, a middle-aged wife and several grown-up daughters, offered his services as an escort to Stella, who, he was told, was shortly bound to return to her native land.

So good an opportunity was not to be neglected, and Stella made up her mind not to wait for her grandfather's letter, but to start at once for Wrexham.

She bade an affectionate and tearful farewell to her sister and to the Halevys, and set off upon her travels, telegraphing before she did so to her grandfather in these words:

"I have found an escort, and am coming to England at once. My sister cannot come; remains in France with friends."

And when Mr. King opened this telegram he was very angry indeed.

CHAPTER VIII.

VARIATIONS FROM "NORMA."

"One, two, three, one, two three! B flat Maud, in the bass; oh! that is the second false note you have played in one line; please repeat the passage over again."

"How you worry me, Miss Finch," said Maud Dyson, shaking her shoulders sulkily.

"Miss Finch, what is seven times six?"

"Miss Finch, how is anybody to find out the velocity of a falling body by reducing the given time to seconds, and multiplying the height by the square of the number of seconds? It breaks one's head only to think of it!"

"Oh! Miss Finch, who was the King of France who shut up somebody else or other in an iron cage where he couldn't stand upright?"

Lily Finch turns around from her place by the piano, where she is superintending Maud's slovenly practising, and tries patiently to answer the three clamoring voices behind her. She forces her mind successively from the multiplication table to the velocity of falling bodies, and then on to the kings of France and their doings. She manages to give some kind of an answer to each; but she is not quite sure in her own mind that her answers are right, for how is one to be a walking encyclopedia upon every subject under the sun at twenty years of age and all for forty pounds per annum?

She turns back again to the piano and sighs a little wearily.

Willie, Tom, and Alice behind her, go on murmuringly and groaningly with their respective studies; Maud, who is the eldest of her pupils, who is fourteen, torments her more than all the other three put together, strums away more vehemently than ever at the airs out of "Norma" which she is practising.

Lily glances away longingly out of the window, where the sun is shining brightly over the park, and leafless trees, and the white sprinkling of hoar-frost glitters like a shower of diamonds all over the grass. Lily wishes she were free to run out and take a long ramble by herself across the fields.

She is a pretty, graceful girl, with soft, large eyes that have a gentle pleading look in them, and smooth brown hair twisted up into a tight shining mass of plaits; her sensitive lips have at times a little tremulous quiver that reminds one of a little child in trouble, the lower part of her face is perhaps altogether rather childish and weak, and wanting in decision, and there is a timid, almost frightened expression in her soft eyes.

She looks very frightened just now as a shadow crosses the window rapidly and a man's face from without looks hastily into the room out of the sunshine.

Lily's delicate hued face reddens suddenly, and her hands tremble upon her knees.

"One, two, three," she repeats nervously, concentrating her attentions back upon the variations from "Norma." "Maud, dear, do be careful with those chords in the bass;" but her voice shakes a little for all her efforts, and Maud hears it.

In another minute the door opens, and a man looks into the school-room.

"Ain't you children going out this fine morning?"

There is a general uproar from the three younger children at the table.

"Oh! Edgar, *do* beg Miss Finch to let us have a holiday!" says Willie.

"Mayn't we have the pony and go to Datchley Woods?" imploringly from Tom.

"*Do* ask Miss Finch to let us off French dictation, Edgar?" cries Alice, clinging to her elder brother's arm.

Sir Edgar Dyson looks at Lily. There is something more than ordinary interest in his brown eyes as he looks at her.

"Do you think Miss Finch is going to be very hard-hearted this morning, Alice?" he says in answer to his little sister, as he strokes her curly blonde head. "May we not all have a holiday?"

"I—I am sure I don't know whether Lady Dyson would approve," stammers Lily, confusedly, without venturing to meet the brown eyes that are fixed upon her so searchingly.

"I am quite sure mamma would rather our lessons were not interrupted," says Maud, pursing up her lips primly. And Lily looks more frightened than ever.

"I think it is better not," she said hurriedly. "As Lady Dyson is away to-day, it will be better, I dare say, to make no alteration, as Maud says."

"I think I am a better judge of what Lady Dyson might wish than Maud can be," answers Sir Edgar, lightly, "and I have decided that we are all going down to the farm to look at the new machinery I have bought. Stop that horrid row, Maud," turning rather sternly to her, "and go and put your things on, and off with you, children, too, and get your hats. Leave all your books as they are. Miss Finch will be kind enough to put them away for you, I dare say. Make haste and get ready every one of you."

"Hurrah!" from the two boys, a frantic hug from Alice; while Maud, who does not dare to disobey, rises slowly and reluctantly from the piano and follows the younger children out of the room.

Lily looks ready to escape too. Sir Edgar Dyson places himself before her—between her and the door.

"Please don't be in a hurry, Miss Finch," he says, with a gleam of amusement in his eyes; "are you not going to put away the children's books?"

"Please, Sir Edgar," she begins piteously, trembling, poor little thing, before him, but not daring to look.

"*Lily!*"

Then she looks up, startled and terrified, into his face.

"You poor little frightened thing, your eyes are like the eyes of some of those pretty antelopes I have seen in my travels, Lily; why do you look so terrified, child? Do you think I am going to hurt you?"

He had hold of both her hands by this time, and was drawing her towards him. He was a strongly-made, broad-shouldered man, not quite handsome, but with such a brave, honest face, that it came very near it.

"Oh! please, Sir Edgar——"

"If you call me *Sir* Edgar, I shall—kiss you!"

"Oh!" with a sort of gasp. There is a moment's silence, a little scuffle, a little fluttering sigh, and it is to be imagined that Sir Edgar Dyson has carried his terrific threat into execution, for a minute later, Lily, as red a rose, wrenches herself violently away from the baronet's encircling arms.

"You have no right—it is very wrong, indeed—you are very cruel," stammers the poor child, almost in tears.

"Forgive me, Lily, I have frightened you; don't cry, child, I wouldn't vex you for the world."

"It is very, very wicked," she repeats, trembling.

"I confess I fail to see the enormity of the offence," answers Sir Edgar, boldly, "if I love you and you love me, why may I not kiss you?"

"You must not speak to me so," she says, wringing her hands together; "if Lady Dyson knew——"

"But Lady Dyson does not know."

"If she were to hear, if anyone were to tell her, think how angry she would be—she would send me away."

"In which case I should come after you and bring you back," retorts Sir Edgar.

And then Lily lifts her eyes once more to his face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Christie, Prison Inspector, and Mr. Tully, Government Architect have inspected the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Belleville jail.

CRASH IN CAPE OF GOOD HOPE COLONY.

Famine, Depression, and Suicides.

Mr. H. B. Joseph, one of the passengers by the Austrian barque *Lea*, from Cape Town, and a Cape commission, dealer in diamonds, copper, wool, etc., tells some distressing tales of the sufferings in Cape Colony. In parts of the country, he says, there has been no rain for three years, and the people are starving. The condition of affairs in Cape Town, at Kimberley, and Du Toits Pan (the diamond fields), the Leydenburg gold field, the Orange Free States, and surrounding country is worse than it has been for years. What adds to the general distress consequent on the failure of the crops is a disaster at the great diamond mine at Kimberley, 600 miles up from Cape Town and 400 miles Natal. The mine is 380 feet deep, and 1¾ mile in circumference. The soft debris has fallen back into the mine in such quantities that it is estimated that 18 months will be required for its removal. Upwards of 4,000 tons fell within 24 hours. The extent of the calamity can be judged by the fact that this celebrated mine has yielded £3,000,000 in diamonds a year. The effect at Cape Town has been most disastrous. The revenue has fallen off 50 per cent., and the mining shares have gone down 75 per cent. It is estimated, said Mr. Joseph, that it will cost £250,000 to clear the mine. The fall in the price of diamond shares has ended in a tragedy. There are 65 diamond mining companies, with a subscribed capital of £7,000,000, and of these companies only fourteen are paying dividends. Most of these mines are within a radus of 150 miles, and at an average of 600 miles from Cape Town. The extent of the commercial convulsion in illustrated by the Great Central Diamond Company. It had a subscribed capital of £900,000 and paid taxes on £840,000. Two years ago the shares were rated at £360 each, but to-day they are worth only £80. The Freres' Diamond Mining Company at De Beers, a quarter of a mile from the Kimberley mine, with a subscribed capital of £130,000—£100 in shares—has been sold out by the sheriff for £15,000 for rates owed to the Mining Board. Mr. Herm Wilegroot, a leading merchant, blew out his brains on account of all these troubles, and two weeks afterward Mr. J. R. Schonz, resident magistrate, killed himself. Altogether there have been ten suicides of leading men caused by the commercial depression. The most terrible stories of starvation come from the copper region, especially from the neighborhood of the great Manamaculand mines. Capt. Segarich said that commercial circles in Cape Colony are so greatly depressed that many of the colonists are returning to Europe, and especially to England. He said that he could have brought many more passengers if he had had room.

The Cape *Argus* just to hand, does not contain quite such depressing reports as those quoted above, but it records the attempted suicide of Mr. E. Josephs, a member of the Kimberley Mining Board, and corroborates the statement that a serious slip of reef has taken place at the Kimberley mine. The Kimberley correspondent of the *Argus* also goes to show that affairs at the diamond fields are not of the most sparkling character. The *Argus* correspondent says: Since my last things here are much of a muchness, not any sign of improvement, but the tendency seems rather to be the other way. We find creditors suing and taking out executions on a more extensive scale than usual. Last day of term provisional day in our High Court, the Standard Bank prayed for and obtained judgment, either provisional or final, to the tune of £23,950, Bank of Africa £12,881, Cape of Good Hope Bank £950—not by any means a healthy sign. Auctions are the order of the day. Insolvencies increase, and consequently stocks are thrown, or rather forced, upon the market to such an extent that legitimate trade is entirely in the background. Goods, good and sound, may be purchased at auction at prices for which the same article cannot be bought in England or manufacuring districts. Such things as clothing, boots, haberdashery, etc., etc., are, so to speak, given away. Our population is decreasing every day. The down country mule-trains always leave full of passengers, artisans, and others who cannot find employment here any longer. They all must have a certain amount of money, which of course goes out of the country with them. It is much to be regretted that employment cannot be found for such people, so as to keep them in the country. There are still here hundreds of people who are out of employment, and many with families, having spent their small savings, in a starving condition, unable to find work.

Princess Victoria's Reception in Berlin.

From time immemorial no foreign element had found its way into the Prussian court. It is not surprising, therefore, that she was not welcomed by what one calls "society" in Berlin with the same unbounded joy as by the middle and lower strata of the population. If she was proud of her British habits and descent, so were they of the power that Prussia had obtained in the world, owing not a little to their prowess and fidelity. Her references, however made, to English manners and customs were constructed as criticisms of those in her new father-land. This habit of fault-finding among the upper classes it has taken a quarter of a century to smooth over, whilst the lower orders have found her throughout exactly what they had expected her to be when first she came, viz., a person of truly high-bred simplicity, of warm sympathies for all the sorrows and joys of her fellow-creatures, of gently winning ways, a friend of the ignorant and helpless, a believer in man's immortal soul. Her house at the end of the Linden they instinctively know to be not a "house divided against itself," but the home of such complete harmony as is rarely found among married couples whatever their station in life.—GEORGE VON BUNSEN, in *Harper's Magazine for August.*

A Bordeaux merchant owns a monster mastiff called Lion. Walking with him on the quay, there came a little mad dog along, followed by an excited crowd. Lion seized it by the neck, leaped into the water, and held it under water until drowned. This was excellent, and Lion received an ovation; but as Lion subsequently developed a tendency to do the same by all small dogs, mad or sane he has perforce been muzzled.

THE FARMER'S CORNER.

Farm Work for August.

The soil for winter wheat needs to be prepared at once. A clover sod may be treated to a dressing of well-rotted manure, before plowing it under. Much depends upon the variety of seed wheat, therefore sow only the best. If there is danger of the Hessian fly, it may be well to defer seeding until next month. For fall fodder white turnips may be sown now. Oat or barley stubble, when the soil is rich, can be turned under and produce six hundred bushels or more of late turnips per acre....Now is an excellent time to reclaim waste land. Brush cut this month will rarely sprout again, and drains may be opened, where it would be impossible to get teams on the land at any other season. It is best to clear thoroughly, and sow to grass, even if it be only a small portion of the waste land, and thus avoid the discouragement of half reclaiming a larger area.... Lime is an old-time fertilizer, and rarely fails to give good returns on grass land abounding in vegetable matter. Forty bushels per acre may be spread from the waggon.....Muck for use in the stables can be dug now. Draw the muck, with a scraper or otherwise, from the bed to some dry place near by, where it can dry out, after which it may be taken to the stable or store-room. Muck increases in value by "weathering," and it is well to have a year's supply constantly on hand. ....Fall plowing for spring sowing has the benefit of fallow to some extent, and the earlier it is done, the better. It improves heavy clay land more than a light sandy one. ....In a time of drouth, look for and locate all springs or any indications that may lead to a supply of water. It is sometimes necessary to deepen wells which fail to furnish sufficient water....Weeds should not be allowed to go to seed. It is not enough to pull them up, as the seeds already formed will ripen and propagate the pests. The only safe method is to burn the weeds; throwing them on the manure heap only increases a good seeding.

Live Stock in Mid-summer.

This is a trying time for all kinds of farm animals; pastures are usually short, old grain is high, and the new not in the best condition for feeding. It is well to make the most of wooded pastures, where the animals can enjoy the shade during the hot days, and get a part of their living from the underbrush. A good supply of fodder corn helps to keep the cows up to their full flow of milk, and the other live stock in good health and flesh....Horses are often extremely annoyed by flies, especially when in a shadeless pasture. It is best to let them stand in a dark stable during mid-day, and turn them out near nightfall. Horses, when at work, need the protection of a fly-sheet. This is easily made, and prevents much fretting.... Lambs are now separated from the ewes, and should be pastured as far apart as possible. Place some wethers with the lambs to lead the flock, and in a few weeks they will be entirely weaned....Pigs for early fall market need to be pushed vigorously, with abundant feed at the trough. The apple orchard makes a fine pasture for swine. The falling fruit is usually wormy, and the pigs, in eating it, destroy hosts of insects, to the mutual benefit of the swine and the orchard.

The Fruit Garden in August.

As soon as the raspberries are off, cut away the stems that bore them, and encourage the new stalks....Blackberries often color long before they are ripe; for home use or a near market, let them be ripe; if to be shipped to a distance, they must be firm. Cut away all suckers not needed....Watch grape vines for the first signs of mildew, and apply sulphur; hand-pick the beetles and large caterpillars; keep the laterals pinched back, leaving one leaf of the new growth; remove shoots which start where they are not needed; keep bearing shoots well tied up.... Strawberry plants layered in pots may be set out. Can or dry surplus fruits.

August Work in the Orchard.

The cultivator, whether of orchard or garden, has never a season of leisure; but if there is any month, except in winter, in which work is the least pressing, it is at present. Recreation may well be taken now. One may recreate both body and mind in various ways, as with a fishing excursion, camping out, etc., without other object than rest and change. Excursions to the lakes or to the sea-shore will be preferred by many. A profitable kind of recreation is to visit the orchards and gardens of others; relief from home cares is obtained, and much may be learned. Cultivators, as a rule, gladly welcome others who are interested in the same pursuits....Preparations for the fairs should not be lost sight of. Encourage the local fair by competing for prizes, and if any are awarded, be sure and take the money. Nothing destroys the common interest in the fair so quickly, as for those who do not think they need the money, to decline to take the awards. If only twenty-five cents, take it and be proud of it.... Newly planted trees will be helped by a mulch; keep off late insects, and do not allow weeds to grow....Budding will begin this month. Keep a close watch on the pickers....Early apples and pears are often more profitable than late kinds. Assort and pack them in attractive manner....Dry surplus fruit, and use the windfall apples to press for vinegar.

Kitchen and Market Garden.

When a crop of any kind is off, at once clear up the refuse; much good food for cow, pigs or poultry may be saved. Spade or plow the ground, manure if need be, and put in some other crop, or sow to buckwheat, to be turned under later....Sow this month; spinach, for fall use, next month is early enough for the crop for spring; beets, of the early kinds for greens; turnips, of the Yellow Stone, Aberdeen, and Cow Horn varieties, and bush-beans, for pickling and late use. Some of the early Peas may yield a crop, but if the season is unfavorable, mildew will take them. The hoe is the great implement this month, whether in the form of the hand-hoe, or the various kinds of cultivators, and should be used freely, whether there are weeds or not, for the benefit of the crop. Cabbage, celery, etc., grow all the more rapidly, if the surface of the soil is kept light and mellow....Thinning is rarely overdone; Ruta Bagas should be at least ten inches apart. If carrots, late beets, salsify, etc., still stand too thickly, draw out for use those that crowd one another....Egg plants must be kept free of the Colorado-beetle; place hay or straw under the fruit, to keep it from the ground....Sweet corn stalks, as soon as the ears are gathered, should be cut up, and if not needed by the cows, cured for winter; burn all "smutted" stalks....Hoe melons as long as the vines will allow, and after that, pull large weeds by hand; as the fruit approaches maturity, place a shingle or thin board under it, to promote equal ripening....Harvest onions when the tops fall over, and let them cure a few days in the sun; store in any airy place, where they can be spread....Sweet potatoes should be kept free from weeds, and the vines moved, to prevent them from taking root....Keep tomatoes tied up to the trellis; watch for the large "worm," which eats foliage and young fruit, and hand-pick.... Weeds are the chief care this month, and "pussley" is a sure indicator of the industry of the gardener.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN, EGYPT.

A Sharp Contest with a Horde of Fanatics.

General Hicks joined our camp on the 25th, about 18 miles south of the fort at Kawa, on hearing that the enemy were advancing in large numbers against us. About 11 on the morning of the 25th a large body of horsemen were seen approaching from the south-east, about 2,000 yards distant. There was a mirage at the time on the horizon, and the effect of these swarthy cavaliers galloping as it were through it gave them the appearance of a phantom army, They approached to 1,000 yards, when rockets and shells were at once discharged at them. The soldiers—who had formed in a solid square threw out

"CROWS FEET,"

or little iron spikes joined in three—a device calculated to make the ground inconvenient for stepping on the sandalshod savages or horses without shoes. The horsemen now raced off, and were no more seen for the time. But they hung about us during the day, though no attack was made. On the 29th tents were struck, as usual, at daybreak, and the order given to march at 7. The great difficulty of General Hicks's movements is the total absence of cavalry, and all reconnoitring has to be done by the officers of his staff. The danger of this insufficient means of scouting was shown now. Colonel Farquhar, who has all along been indefatigable in his duty, accompanied by Captain Massey, and four Bashi-Bazouks, had not been far when they raced in to report the enemy's advance. So rapid was this that in fifteen minutes they were on us in a cloud. It was 9 and we had marched some five miles. About 1,000 yards to our front and right was a wood, out of which spearmen were seen pouring in their thousands, led by their chiefs carrying gaily coloured banners. We had formed a vast square and halted.

A TREMENDOUS FUSILADE

was opened from our front face, apparently without effect, for they still came on gallantly; but at 500 yards they began to fall fast. Still the chiefs led on their men with all the reckless and romantic chivalry of the old Saracen knights. One by one fell dismounted, two or three to rise again and dash forward on foot, waving their standards, only to drop and rise no more. The rebels were commanded by Amer Makushigi, who, with another leader, the Cheik El Arakee, had been only recently sent from Kordofan by Mahounet Achmet, the so-called Mahdi. Calmly, and apparently without the slightest fear, did these Arab cavaliers ride about from right to left, as if seeking to pick out a weak point at which to charge and break into our compact body. Their devotedness was in vain. One after another they bit the ground, the first named chieftain being rolled over by the Nordenfeldt at our left corner. After half an hour's continued rattle of musketry, seeing their chiefs fallen, and the banners in the dust, the advancing hordes waver, and are greeted with a tremendous howl from our troops, who had stood firmly and unflinchingly, and I may say as steadily as any troops could. Now the enemy move off to the right among the long grass, and our front is cleared. Shells are bursting among them. All are soon out of sight, except a few who walked about most unconcernedly, and actually singly came up, after the rest had retreated, to within a few yards, brandishing their spears in defiance. One after another these poor fanatics were knocked over. When the smoke had rolled away it was seen that the ground was strewn with corpses, most of them within 400 yards.

A STRANGE EPISODE

occurred now. Two men were lying with one of the standards before spoken of within about six yards. An Egyptian captain was sent out by his colonel to secure it. No sooner had he taken hold of it than up rose the standard bearer, who was wounded only in the leg, and dashed a spear into his left hand; while the other, not wounded at all, also attacked him. The officer cut over the first with a blow on his neck, and the other was shot, but not before a desperate struggle had taken place. And now when victory was certain, it was a curious sight to see the Bashi-Bazouks, who on camels had been acting as scouts, show their joy by brandishing their rifles over their heads; while their band of music struck up a wild triumphal air accompanied by "Tam-Taming." Three cheers were now given for the Khedive, then for Hicks Pasha, then for Suleiman Pasha, the General who commanded under the instructions of General Hicks, who is, of course, in supreme authority. The

JOY AND ENTHUSIASM

of the troops at this their first victory was intense. Their officers came up and warmly shook hands with the English officers. The number of the enemy was 4,000 or 5,000, and that of the killed about 500. Numbers went away wounded or were carried off. Our loss was two killed and a few wounded. Several friendly chiefs, whose tribes have been plundered, and who have had several of their men killed, have come in from day to day. One of them wears a complete set of chain armour, in the style of a Crusader, the long sword having the cross as a guard. They say the model is from armour taken by the Saracens from the Crusaders.

Burdette's Advice to His Partner, Hatton.

Listen to me, Ben-Ibrahim, and may Allah smooth your path:

My son, if you are going into politics, write these axioms upon your heart with hooks of steel, as it were:

It is right to steal from the government.

If it isn't right it is customary, which gives the practice a color of legal right.

Do not steal from the government as though you were ashamed of it. Only a common pickpocket is ashamed of his profession. Steal boldly. Plunge your thievish arms into the coffers of the government clear up to the elbows, shut both hands tight and come away with a full hold and a fair deck-load. When you grab, grab as though you never expected to hold office again. Be like the lightning, which never strikes twice in the same place. Because it doesn't need to; because it never leaves anything to strike at.

When the band of thieves to which you belong is sufficiently unanimous in its rapacity to cover the theft with a joint resolution by all means resolve. It adds to the sin of the theft the voice of hypocrisy and the crime of cowardice. Allah is not deceived thereby, nor are the people fooled, but it lays another plate of brass over your pachydermatous hide and drugs into yet profounder slumber your superannuated conscience. By the beard of the profit, it would be hard lines for the believers if they had to believe all that the shiekh tells them!

If you sought to be a clerk in the booths of the merchants of Filed-el-f-hia you would earn $2 a day by twelve hours' work. If you were a scribe at the desk of the reporter, you would labor eighteen hours each day and your ability would earn for you about $6 a week, at your real value. If you journeyed with the caravans of the railroad $50 a month you would get and be glad to get it. You are an average $10 a week man. But you go to the Legislature and you can pay yourself out of the treasury of the State $10 a day for resting. It is wonderful. But as you do less harm while you rest than you are sure to accomplish when you work it is better for the State that you spend all the days of your term in resting. When you bind yourself to do nothing whatever, you are cheap at $10 a minute if you can be got for no less.

Promise everybody everything they ask for. It is so much easier to promise a man what he wants than it is to refuse him and have him torment you with importunities and pester you for reasons. Then, when the day for the fulfilment of the promise comes to hand, renew the promise. Take up one note by giving another. In the slang of the infidel, stand him off for another term, and tell him that when you go back again then you will do all these things for him. And if it be so that you do not go back, how can you do anything for him? And if you do go back say to him that you will not buy your place of any man. What dirt is this he throws upon the beard of a reformer? By the head of the Sultan, there are hardly enough places for your own family.

In your official career ever practice a rigid economy in all departments and disbursements out of your own immediate reach. Cut off the appropriation for chewing gum for the orphans' homes and recommend that the orphans solace their juvenile jaws with inexpensive but long lasting quids cut from the heels of their rubber overshoes. The money thus saved to the State you can appropriate for the usual purpose of giving yourself a railroad excursion, with all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining.

Talk a great deal, but never say anything. And strive to keep what you say from the ears of the scribe who sitteth in the seat of the correspondent, for he hath an evil eye, and the point of his pencil is the sting of a scorpion. He dippeth his pen in gall and aqua fortis and—death to his race—it is the love of his heart to impale on his venomous quill the honest statesman who is trying to earn a year's living in a two weeks' vacation. May Allah break the leg of his camel.

Reform is ever a good thing before election. The trill of the R in pronouncing it is most readily acquired by closing the left eye at the moment of uttering the word. This also adds great emphasis, and deeply intensifies the meaning of the word, which is a Latin compound os res, a thing, and formale, to form; that is, to form and shape things, to fix things. See? You don't? Then you are no true reformer if you can't see that. Reform, Ben-Ibrahim, is like an "echo" valve. It works well—in a horn.

Ever be on the defensive, and regard every constituent your secret foe. Pat him on the head with one hand, and hold him by the throat with your other. The world of politics is one vast camp. So is the average politician, Ben-Ibrahim; so are you.

If you do all this, Ben-Ibrahim, you will not be much worse than the Franks and infidels; you will make for yourself a name and reputation your children will be ashamed to remember, and by and by the people you have plundered will lay you far back on a high and lonely shelf, from whence you will never be taken down until the old bone man comes along looking for mummies.

A Partially Dead Man.

The *Morning Herald*, Baltimore, Md., states: Major B. S. White, of this city, describes his miraculous cure as follows: I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Doctors attributed my sufferings to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first-class apothecary shop. Finally St. Jacobs Oil was recommended. I had my spinal column thoroughly rubbed with it. All those knots, kinks and stiffness have passed away, and I am myself again."

Here is a quaint epitaph from New England that tells the whole story. People in such weather as this will be able to appreciate it:

Capt. James B—,
July 17, 1747,
Being melted to death by
extreme heat.

Bilious and Dyspeptic Patients,
Take Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters. They act directly on the Liver and Stomach, opening up at once and strengthening their absorbing vessels, eliminating all impurities and foul accumulations, which their laxative property afterwards carries off through the bowels, restores health, making life a pleasure instead of a burden. By chemists. Price 50 cents. Wholesale by Lyman Bros., Toronto.

THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION.

A Stalwart Man Becomes Weaker than a Child and then Recovers His Former Strength.

(Waterloo, N. Y., Observer.)

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors, possibly because there are fewer specimens of well-developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificent specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNames, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as this?" inquired the news gatherer.

"Not by any means," was the reply. "When a young man I was always strong and active and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a box which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it on the waggon, but in two minutes from that time I was unconscious and remained so for hours and when I recovered consciousness I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered some internal injury and experienced a general debility, which seemed similar to the effects produced by malaria. My back was very weak. I had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely opened at the top and it pained me on the side intensely. In six weeks' time I had fallen away from 208 pounds to less than 170. I was in a most wretched condition. I was completely discouraged."

"What did the doctors say about you?"

"Almost everything. I consulted no less than six different physicians. They all treated me and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright but was obliged to rest in a cramped, uneasy position. I was compelled to urinate every five minutes and I passed over three quarts every day. I was not living, I was existing.

One night (how well I remember it!) my wife had put the children all in bed, when the feeling came over me, that I should live but a very short time, my wife and I talked matters all over and I gave the minutest directions as to what she should do after I was gone. I was not in a flighty condition by any means, for the doctor, on leaving town the day following, bade me good bye, saying he never expected to see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than twenty friends came to bid me good bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark. He asked me what I had used in the way of medicines. I told him. He then recommended a remedy of which I heard much, but about which I was very skeptical. If faith was an element of power it certainly was lacking in my case."

"And so you did not try it?"

"On the contrary, I did try it and to my surprise it seemed to go to just the spot. Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I had taken into my mouth for months. I relished it."

"And did it cure you?"

"Do I look as if it did?"

"Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine?"

"Of course. What of that? I suppose I once had as great a prejudice against advertised medicines as any one could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used to vow with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish, I can assure you and any remedy than can cure is gladly welcomed."

"And how have you been since then?"

"As well—or better, than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?"

"Certainly. But I do not *over*-exert, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure and I believe it is the best medicine that was ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should sneer at me for such a statement if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady; that all symptoms are common to it and that there is but one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

Bismarck has changed his doctors often of late, and his last attack is attributed to unsuccessful treatment by a new hand.

The North American Indians know more in their day and generation than the children of light. They first used petroleum as a Hair Dressing. Carboline is made from petroleum deprived of its disagreeable properties and delightfully perfumed.

A boy who buried his Billy goat the other day put this inscription on the headstone, for he thinks it will attract thousands of people next spring: "Buck bier."

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was cured of Liver and Kidney Complaint after life was despaired of. He had remained from ten to fifteen days without an action of the bowels.—Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, and he writes that he is a better man than he has been for twenty years past. (7)

"What is pride, my son?" said a gentleman to his little boy. "Walking with a cane when you ain't lame," he said.

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be restored. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives from the system all pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of imitations, substitutions and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

MILLER'S MAY-APPLE TONIC POSITIVELY cures Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. Write for free pamphlet, or mail 50c pr package. E. MILLER & CO. Dresden Ont

TO MILK & DAIRY-MEN.

Champion Milking Pail. No more bad butter or split milk. Pail, stool and strainer combined. No dirt can enter the pail, and no danger of its being kicked over. This is an improvement on the one used in all the best dairies in the States. Made of the best tin or galvanized iron. I will send the first one ordered in every town for $2, with all particulars. Agents, this is your chance. S. S. KIMBALL, 577 Craig St., Montreal.

A FORTUNE.

Any one who will return this slip to the address below, with 50 cents in stamps or coin, will receive 4 articles worth 10 times $50 etc., which will enable them to clear from $5 to $20 per week. Money refunded to any one dissatisfied.

JAMES LEE & CO.,
MONTREAL, CANADA.

THE Great HERBAL Tonic FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH A Blood Purifier CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH CURE

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

AMOUNT REQUIRED TO CURE
As Follows:

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES will purify the blood, eradicating all humours, from the common pimple, blotch, or boil, to the most malignant form of scrofulous ulcer.

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES, by cleansing the Blood, will purify the complexion from Sallowness, smooth out the wrinkles resulting from imperfect nourishment of the body, sweeten foul breath, and renovate the entire system.

ONE TO TWO BOTTLES will cure ordinary constipation or costiveness, thereby removing Headache, Piles, Biliousness and Jaundice, and all diseases resulting from torpid Liver.

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES, by cleansing the Blood, improving the general health, and fortifying the system against taking fresh colds, will in all cases relieve, and in most cases cure that common, loathesome, and dangerous disease, CATARRH.

ONE TO THREE BOTTLES will regulate all derangements of the Kidneys, curing urinary difficulties, prostration, Gravel, Diabetes, etc.

ONE TO FOUR BOTTLES will reinvigorate the entire system, curing nervous and general debility, Female weakness and all its attendant miseries.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

SOLD BY
ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS

AN ENGLISH VETERINARY SURGEON AND CHEMIST, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

MONTREAL is excited over the rumoured presence of James Carey, the Irish informer, in its midst.

—Very finest quality of Dutch Madder, only a York shilling per pound at Deans' Drug Store.

The Ontario and Quebec sent an engine over the track from Rambton to Toronto on Saturday for the first time.

Chief Justice Wallbridge has declined a banquet tendered him by residents of Picton. Time would not permit its acceptance.

Tom Thumb was responsible for the notion that Queen Victoria dubbed him General, and it is in fact that, while before his presentation to her he had been known only as Tomb Thumb, he was ever after billed as Gen. Tom Thumb.

An Ohio man is possessed with the idea that there is a nest of lizards in his stomach. While drinking from a spring he saw some of these agile reptiles in the water, and imagined that he felt a lot of their eggs going down his throat.

Superstitious residents at Newtown, Conn., believe that Sherman W. Pratt is possessed by a devil, because he lay several weeks in a coma-like stupor, and has since spoken in an unintelligible jargon, which to them is some unearthly language.

The track-layers on the Ontario and Quebec railway are stopped at Fall river —beyond Moberly, by the non-arrival of the iron bridge, which has only now been shipped from Hamilton. Meantime the men are widening and strengthening the track bed.

A Michigan cyclone swept through a streak of timber, gathered up several cords of wood, carried it six miles across a prairie and deposited it on the premises of a poor widow who was too poor to buy a stick and unable to carry it from the timber. There were at least ten cords deposited within easy reach of her house.

Some two weeks ago a train on the Ontario Central loaded with rails was going up a heavy grade on the 11th con., Rawdon when the coupling broke and six cars ran back to the 9th con., where they collided with five or six cars that were standing on the track. The result was five cars totally wrecked and four others damaged.

Cholera is committing great ravages in Egypt, and as it is spreading rapidly it is feared that it may extend to America. Stringent quarantine regulations have been ordered at all American ports, but as high medical authorities state that the disease is carried by winds and long rivers, these precautionary measures may not prevent its outbreak on this continent.

Joseph Maracle, a young Indian boy, came to an untimely death at the residence of Mr. Sheldon Clarke, in Athol, on Saturday night last. No one saw the occurrence, but the deceased went to water a horse, and it is supposed he made an attempt to get upon the back of the animal, which in some way became frightened and trampled upon the lad, inflicting such injuries as to cause his death during the same night.

Another frightful accident occurred on the Ontario and Quebec Railway on Wednesday afternoon (25th) by the premature explosion of a charge of powder, by which two men were severely injured. Stephen Norton, of the village of Tweed, and Wm. Hayden, late of Sheffield, Eng., were tamping a blast in the rock when the charge exploded. the first named had his breast torn and burned, one hand shattered and an eye blinded. The latter was badly burned, and both eyes are probably blinded.

On Sunday last the remains of a man named Lewis Hadley were found in a lane between Harold and T.W. Snarr's, towards Wellman's. Hadley was working for Snarr, and left work on Friday without any particular reason. He was not seen again until Sunday, when the remains were found, as stated, in a sickening state of decomposition. Hadley was troubled with heart desease, and it is probable this accounts for his death. He leaves a wife and several children, who live near Wm. Hurst's.—*News-Argus*,

Holloway's Pills.—The Great Need.—The blood is the life and on its purity depends our health, if not our existence. These Pills thoroughly cleanse this vital fluid from all contaminations, and by that power strengthen and invigorate the whole system, healthily stimulate sluggish organs, repress over-exited action, and establish order of circulation and secretion throughout every part of the body. The balsamic nature of Holloway's Pills commends them to the favour of debilitated and nervous constitutions, which they soon resuscitate. They dislodge all obstructions, both in the bowels and elsewhere, and are on that account, much sought after the promoting regularity of action in young females and delicate persons who are naturally weak, or who from some cause have become so.

J. H. FORD, PHOTOGRAPHER,

FRONT STREET, -- BELLEVILLE, ONT.

A call solicited.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,
CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,
$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE— Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:--A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Constantly Arriving at

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

(St. Lawrence street, Madoc.)

JOHN DALE & SON,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

MADOC.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. E. Casement & Co
Nails Iron, Stee
AND
GENERAL
HARDWARE
Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. E. Casement & Co.
Glass, Putty,
Paints,
Varnishes of all kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 329. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 9, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I trust that you will oblige me by finding space in your columns for the following remarks, although your opinion may not coincide with mine, on the subject discussed: I refer to the attack made on the character of the Hon. Billa Flint, in your last edition, by "Anti-Humbug." His manner would have the people to suppose that he represents the entire 'back country.' I simply wish it to be understood that this is not the case. There are those in the back country (and not a few either), who are grieved that the hon. gentleman should be so outrageously maligned, who have every confidence in him, and who are neither "heartily sick" nor "tired" of him, and who esteem it a privilege to have his presence and that of his revered lady, in their midst.

I am, dear sir,
Yours truly,
SINCERITY.

Bancroft, Aug. 6, 1883.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—I trust that the people in the front townships will not take the letter signed "Anti-Humbug," in your issue of the 2nd inst., as a fair sample of either the literary ability, the courtesy or the manhood of the residents of the north. It is very true that in many respects we do not always agree with the Hon. Billa Flint, and the writer of this letter at least, regards his project of getting a railway in here, via Tweed, Bridgewater, &c., as chimerical and absurd. I think however the inhabitants of the northern townships generally recognize in his energy, perseverance and his unceasing efforts to promote what he at least considers to be for the good of the back country, enough of good to counterbalance any little infirmities of temper, and to protect him from such anonymous slanderers as your correspondent. At all events, however "spiteful, selfish," &c., he may be, he is certainly incapable of the miserable cowardice of calling a man "untruthful" in an anonymous letter, and there are a number of people here who think his efforts in regard to getting a railway in here are likely to be at least as efficacious as those of "the representative we have elected."

I remain, &c.,
HASTINGS ROAD.

August 6th, 1883.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A friend brought me a paper, circulated by the editor of the Mitchell *Recorder*, containing a report concerning me, the untruth of which I am prepared to prove; and although the calumny of one base enough to do such an act, scarcely deserves my attention, yet for the benefit of those who do not know the cause of the proceedings of T. H. Race, I refer them to the facts as given by Mr. Davis in the *Advocate* of August 3rd, which is hereby subjoined, and I am prepared to show receipts to prove that my accounts in Mitchell—both principal and interest—are being paid.

Truly yours,
J. H. McCULLOCH.

AN HONEST MAN,—Mr. J. H. McCulloch, who did business in Mitchell as a dentist some two years ago, it will be remembered left here rather suddenly for parts unknown. He was slightly involved, but being a man who had always borne a good character it was the general opinion that if he was ever able he would pay every dollar he was owing. The prediction, we believe, has turned out correct. In September last he mailed to the ADVOCATE $8.00, and the balance of our account we received in full this week. Our uptown contemporary had also a small claim against the gentleman and we were twitted afterwards by the proprietor that he had the start of us—having got the hint that Mr. McCulloch intended leaving he demanded a settlement and was given and accepted an order (whether verbal or otherwise we can't say) on Mr. Derbyshire. The latter failed to remember his obligation before removing from Mitchell, and Mr. Race is still out, while the ADVOCATE has received every cent due it. We don't often press, and never sue but in the long run come out as well as those who do both.—Mitchell *Advocate*.

—Finest quality Madras Indigo, only one dollar per pound, at Dean's Drug Store. 329 2m.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Mr. B. Vankleek, of this township, having just returned from a trip to Vankleek Hill, Montreal, and other places, sends us the following account of what he saw:—

Montreal is the commercial capital of Canada, and the most populous city in British North America, is situated at the head of sea navigation and at the foot of the great chain of river, lake and canal navigation, which extends west to Lake Superior. The quays are unsurpassed by any city in America. Mount Royal forms a magnificent back ground with its numerous buildings and stately edifices of cut stone, with glittering roofs and domes, tall spires and lofty towers present to the view of the beholder a grand panarama. On the summit of the mountain is a splendid park—a great resort for pleasure seeking tourists. The city contains 31 cathedrals, churches and synagogues, 9 fire stations, 25 banks, 70 insurance and loan societies, 44 home dispensories and asylums for infants, deaf and dumb institutions, and other institutions for charitable purposes, 33 newspapers, 31 building societies, 7 R. C. convents, academies and seminaries. The great R. C. cathedral and Jesuits church are the most splendid buildings in the city. The banks, court house, custom house and post office and market houses are all of cut stone, and fluted pillars, and are magnificent structures. The principal streets are: McGill, St. Paul, Notredame, St. James and St. Catharines. The Victoria Bridge that spans the St. Lawrence two miles long is a magnificent structure of art. The population of Montreal is 200,000. From thence he took the train for Ottawa, stopped at Calamet station, crossed to Hunksburry, visited Vankleek Hill, the place of his nativity, after an absence of 33 years. He found the population had greatly increased; it now contains 1200 inhabitants, has 6 churches, 4 hotels, 12 stores, town hall, High School, Model School, 1 steam grist mill, 1 sash and door factory, 2 livery stables, also respectable private dwellings. He remembered well when the place was a dense forest. From thence he proceeded to Ottawa city, and through the courtesy of Hon. Mr. Bowell, Minister of Customs, for which he is proud to acknowledge, was shown all through the parliament buildings, whose splendor and magnificence may well vie with any seat of government on this continent. The Senate and Commons Chambers present a most imposing view of grandeur and magnificence. All the government offices, patent offices and library, are admirably arranged—the library contains 11,200 volumes. The city contains many noble blocks of buildings, such as the town house, custom house, post office, banks, governor's palace and splendid hotels, all command the admiration of the beholder. Indeed Ottawa may be called the city of palaces.

B. VANKLEEK.

A HEAVY LOSS.

MESSRS. SILLS BROS. GRIST MILL BURNED.

A telegram from Frankford on Monday says:—"About three o'clock this morning a fire broke out in Messrs. Sills Bros.' grist mill. There were about 5,000 bushels of grain in the mill, and this with all the contents was destroyed. The mill is a total loss, and with contents is valued at $20,000. Insured for $6,000.—*Ontario*.

A MISSING ATLANTIC STEAMER.

OVER A MONTH OVERDUE—THE PASSENGERS ON BOARD.

There are grave fears that the White Cross steamer Ludwig is lost. She is a month out from Antwerp. There are 24 passengers on board mostly belonging to Montreal. Mr. Munderloh, general agent for Canada, is still sanguine that the delay of her arrival has been the result of some part of her substantial machinery, which is almost new, having broken, and that she is ploughing the Atlantic under canvas, like the the Dominion Line steamer Quebec formerly, when going to Liverpool from this port, when she was five or six weeks overdue, and still arrived safely. What has given most alarm in the case of the German steamer is the fact that none of the British lines arriving here or at any of the eastern ports have sighted her on the way.

—The Seasons' Dye Stuffs of fine quality and cheap, have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Aug. 13th,
At 8 o'clock.
LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

FARM FOR SALE!

THE old residence of Walter Lackey, lot 7 in 1st. concession of Elzevir, containing 200 acres, about 75 acres cleared on the west hundred, and 30 acres on the rear hundred. A good house and barn with a good fruit bearing orchard, and a spring creek running through the land, also a good well on the premises. Under good state of cultivation and well fenced. The farm will be sold in part or whole. For futher particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD
MADOC.
April, 10th 1883. 6. mos.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

I WILL sell or lease 400 acres of deeded property, in the Township of Tudor, on the line of the C. O. R'y. There is pasture for 100 head of cattle on said property; 20 or 30 tons of hay can be cut yearly. There are 18 bushels of fall grain sown and is in good condition. All the cleared land is well fenced and watered. There is a large quantity of valuable timber, cedar, &c., and also good frame buildings on it. I would sell all or part to suit purchaser. Terms, part cash and balance in yearly instalments. Immediate possession given. Title indisputable. For further information apply to E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc, Richard Farrell, Esq., Madoc, or to myself on the premises. All mineral rights go with the property.
MARY ANN NEWELLS.
Millbridge, May 18, '83. 318-6m

THERMOMETERS
Croquet, and
HAMMOCKS
—AT—
C. G. WILSON'S
DRUG STORE,
MADOC, - ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1882
NORTH HASTINGS!
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.
Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 24, 1882. 281.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE(21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."
Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 181

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for
Flour and Feed
of every description at the lowest possible prices.
Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.
S. ROLLINS.

Splendid Opportunity

Is now offered to the citizens of Madoc and surrounding Townships, to purchase a complete stock of Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Rice, Soda, Starch, Blueing, Oatmeal, Currants, Raisins, Dried Apples, all kinds of Canned Goods and Groceries, Pure Wines, Brandies, Gins, direct from the manufacturers, for Medicinal Purposes; Gooderham & Wort's Proof Rye, Malt and 5 year old Rye Whiskies always in stock, wholesale or retail; Crockery and Glassware. Before purchasing elsewhere call and see my stock.
D. W. WRIGHT.
Madoc, June, 5, 1883.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL - SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Salesmen Wanted.

TO begin work at once or sales for Fall 1883, for the Fonthill Nurseries. The largest in Canada,
Messrs. Stone & Wellington, Prop'r's
We can start in addition to our already large force
100 Additional Canvassers,
and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing Photo, if possible) to
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.
April 12th, 1883. 312

W. C. REID,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, &c., &c.
CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO,
DESIRES to return thanks to his numerous customers for their continued and liberal patronage, and hopes, by a system of fair and liberal dealing, to merit a share of the patronage of the fruit-loving and tree-buying public generally. The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for spring planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
A sample of the Prentiss Grape can be seen at the Windsor House, Madoc.
Madoc, Dec. 14, 1882. 295

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to
JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.
July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

FURNITURE!

ALL new from the manufacturer and of A first-class quality. Hard-wood Bedroom Sets, Bedsteads, from $2.50 to $10; Parlor Sets, spring bottom Sofas and Chairs, and different kinds of Sideboards; Couches; Lounges, covered or plain; Burreaus; enclosed or open Washstands; kitchen Chairs from $2 per half dozen up to any price and quality. See our variety of Rocking Chairs, Picture Frames and Mouldings. Mark! as we PAY CASH DOWN, we guarantee quality as good and prices as low as any dealer in the Dominion
AT SCOTT'S,
adjoining the Grist Mill.
N.B.—Cash paid for eggs, hides, pelts and fur. Sales and valuations made throughout the County.
THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Flirting at Full Speed—Young Old Ladies—The Wife's Influence—Fun for the Girls.

The Wife's Influence.

Two gentlemen, at a large reception in New York last winter, were discussing one of the foremost politicians in the country—a man who, whether in office or out, always keeps himself prominently before the public. "I knew him at college," said one of the gentlemen. "He was a man with a clear head, extraordinary memory, and much personal magnetism. But I can not understand why he chose a public life or has pushed himself forward so persistently. He was a lazy, thoughtful, visionary fellow, absolutely destitute of ambition." "I can tell you the secret," said the other. "You will see it in his wife's nose. There she is! Did you ever see a more perfect incarnation of energy and love of command? Napoleon would have chosen her for one of his marshals at first sight." His friend was amused at the guess, and said, presently: "There is another of my old classmates, P. He was a thin, ambitious, scholarly fellow, with refined tastes and high aims. He now is a fat, indolent animal, without a thought, apparently, but his cognac and terrapin. Who is to blame for that?" "His wife's mouth and her money. I will show her to you." He pointed out a gross, voluptuous, woman, richly dressed. "P.," he resumed, "has lived in idleness since his marriage. He was not strong enough to carry the weight of so much wealth and so much vulgarity. They have borne him down. He will never rise." Young men at school and college are very apt to be enraptured with a sparkling eye, a rosy cheek, or some charm of manner in some young women that they happen to meet. They are hardly masters of themselves; and a moonlight night, or a song, suddenly tempts them to ask the charming creature who has bewitched them to share their future. They do not consider that she will be the most real, active force in their whole lives, almost irresistible, with power to drag them down or to lift them up in body, mind, and soul.

Flirting at Full Speed.

"Sights!" exclaimed the conductor on the Third Avenue Elevated railroads in reply to the query of a reporter of the New York *Tribune*, concerning the effects of the warm weather on the road's usual panorama. "Well, I should say there are sights. Did it ever occur to you that New Yorkers are the most independent and natural people in the world? If they want to say a thing, they say it; and if they want to do anything, why they do it. To have their own way is as natural with them as to exist; they care little for what others think about them, and in their own pursuit of happiness quickly resent being interferred with. During the hot weather the passengers are taken into the family circles of Third avenue as if they belonged there by right of membership. One moment you sit down with a family to supper; the next you assist a mother to spank a rebellious youngster, a second later you are interested in the adjustment of a ribbon; then the old man drunk again appears. A social gathering comes along; a wedding; somebody in tears; a connubial battle; you see a kiss snatched audaciously from pouting lips, while sometimes there comes the heart-touching picture of little white hands clasped over the breast of the little stiff body on the bed, with the little dead face as white as the little shroud. It is pretty hard to keep one's eyes away."

"Especially when there are pretty girls to be seen," suggested the reporter.

"Well, yes. Though I am out of the market myself," replied the conductor. "I admit there is great fascination for the eyes in pretty women. Do the trainmen flirt with the young ladies on the road? Certainly, some of them do. Why not? Some of them have their regular salutations—some of the best-looking fellows often get from forty to fifty between Chatham square and Harlem bridge—from young women who watch for them with a regularity that must be hard on housework. The majority of such flirtations are from private dwellings or apartments. Shop girls are afraid of the foreman's eye, and we have had several restrictive orders issued about noticing employed women on account of their employers complaining at headquarters. Some grumpy bosses put screens before their windows, and others watch closely and fine the young women heavily if they catch them flirting with the trainmen. But, bless you, they can't stop it. A girl at a machine breaks a thread, or jumps a stitch, or something that necessitates her leaning her head down sideways, at just the right angle to give the young man with the cap, who is looking out for it on the platform, a fascinating smile."

"Do these flirtations often have results?"

"Indeed they do. I know nearly a dozen trainmen married during the past two years whose acquaintance with their wives began in passing their windows on the cars. At first the girl flirts for fun, and probably remembers or thinks nothing more of the young man after the train has passed. Then she gets used to seeing him and misses him when he does not show up. It soon becomes an open book for the rest of the hands, and they recognize her and can tell her by her anxiety and disinclination to flirt with others just how far 'gone' the young woman is. If it is reciprocal, all the rest of the boys take a respectful interest in the affair. They politely touch their caps, or sympathetically jerk a thumb over the shoulder in the direction of the solid man, as they pass the lady. Sometimes a genuine courtship, in which neither knows the other's name and not a word is spoken, will go on for months before the parties meet."

Young Old Ladies.

There are few old ladies in the fashionable world nowadays, says the *World*, and there need not be any. Women triumphantly pass for 35 who have recently kept in commemoration their 50th birthday. True, there are always a few friends with inconvenient memories who could mention the exact date on which the 35-year-old bicentenarian first opened her eyes to the light; and then there is the record in the old family Bible. But, fortunately, the first dare not tell, lest a question be raised as to their own age: and as for the old-fashioned book, like many another old-fashioned thing, it is not prized as an antique and therefore does not adorn the drawing-room table or betray them.

In a word, women on the down-hill path of life may and do practice the art of rejuvenation without fear or trembling. Art competes with time, and victory perches on the banner of the restorative artists. Years in passing are no longer permitted to mark their progress on a woman's visage with crow's feet, wrinkles, scant locks, faded complexion, and toothless gums. Specialists in the varied departments of rejuvenation are ready with preventives and restoratives at a moment's warning. The instant a woman feels she is on the decline she has but to call in their aid.

Ladies' Fun.

Female pugilists should wear "poke" bonnets.

A flirt's heart is like an omnibus—always room for one more.

Lissette: "Well, Gertie, how pleases you the trumpeter?" Gertie: "Oh, good! but his kisses taste a little after brass."

Milton says: "Beauty stands only in the admiration of weak minds," but then everyone knows that the poor poet was blind.

A woman can sometimes do something without damaging others, but when a lady undertakes to help herself some man has to suffer for it.

A Hamilton man, whose wife knocked him out of bed in a rage and bunged his eyes, tells his friends he is suffering from inflamatory room-mate-ism.

A young lady being told at a recent fire to stand back or else the hose would be turned on her, replied: "Oh, I don't care; they are striped on both sides, anyway."

A Precise Father—He did not object to his daughter joining a musical society, but gently insisted that abbreviations were coarse—"Philip Harmonic sounds more genteel, my dear."

Discarded lover: "Yes, I felt terribly when she jilted me." Same (after a pause and sighing): "And, do you know, I had hardly begun to pay her attentions when I learned through a bookkeeper in a bank that she had $300,000 on deposit in her own right."

"Papa," asked a little 6-year-old daughter of an up-town physician, "wasn't Job a doctor?" "I never heard that he was; why?" "Because mamma said the other day that she didn't think that you had any of the patients of Job."

A Beloit doting mother, who has long lived on dry land, recently took her daughter to the "River of Rock." To a confident she expressed her mind: "I never saw a girl like our Sary Jane. I worked two hull days on her bathin' dress, and don't you think, she got it wringin' wet the fust time she put it on!"

A year or two ago young A. aged 25 and impecunious, married the widow B., aged 40 and possessing a comfortable property. A day or two since they were inspecting their new house. "Tidy little property isn't it?" remarked the geneleman. "Yes," remarked the lady, "but it wouldn't have been here it it hadn't been for my money." "True," said A., camly, "neither would you." To this indiscreet remark may, perhaps, be attributed the court plaster that adorns Mr. A.'s countenance.

Two anneodotes from a London correspondent's letter: "A young American lady was expressing her ardent desire to visit Stratford-on-Avon. 'What in the world do you want to go to Stratford for, Miss X.?' inquired a young Englishman who was present. 'Are there any good races there?' An American acquaintance asked a young Swiss if he had gone to see the falls of Niagara during his tour. 'I really do not remember,' he answered hesitatingly. 'Niagara!—ah, yes—that is the place where Blondin used to walk on the tight rope.'"

Sic Vos Non Vobis Dramatisaris, Writers!—Wife of his bosom (just home from the play): "And then that darling Walter Lisson, looking like a Greek god, drew his stilletto and delivered, oh! such an exquisite soliloquy over her tomb—all in blank verse—like heavenly music on the organ!" He: "Why he's got a voice like a raven, and can no more deliver blank verse than he can fly." She: "Ah, well—it was very beautiful, all the same—all about love and death, you know!" He: "Who wrote the piece, then?" She: "Who wrote the piece? Oh-er-well—his name's sure to be on the bill somewhere—at least I suppose it is!"

Household Arrangements Three Hundred Years Ago.

What would servants in the present day say to such a code of rules and regulations as was adopted three hundred years ago in the household of Sir J. Harrington, the translator of "Arfbsto?" A servant absent from prayers to be fined 2d.; for uttering an oath, 1d.; and the same sum for leaving a door open; a fine 2d. from Lady Day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after seven, or out after nine; a fine of 1d. for any beds unmade, fire unlit, or candle-box uncleaned after eight; a fine of 4d. for any man detected teaching the children obscene words; a fine of 1d. for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent a meal; for any one breaking any of the butler's glass, 12d.; a fine of 2d. for any one who has not laid the table for dinner by half-past ten, or the supper by six; a fine of 4d. for any one absent a day without leave; for any man striking another, a fine of 1d.; *for any follower visiting the cook* 1d.; a fine of 1d. for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet; a fine of 1d. for any stranger's room left for four hours after he be dressed; a find of 1d. if the hall be not cleansed by eight in the morning in winter and seven in summer; the porter to be fined 1d. if the court gate be not shut during meals; a fine of 3d. if the stairs be not cleaned every Friday after dinner. All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages.

The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last.

There is no better test of purity and true goodness than reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor, and absolute incapacity to believe an evil report about good men, except upon the most trustworthy evidence.

Importance of Roads.

We are not aware that any estimate has ever been made of the actual cost of the public roads of the United States, or that the expense of providing them has ever been attempted by any bureau of statistics, but we make the rough estimate that they have cost at least seven hundred million dollars—probably much more—while unknown millions are annually expended in attempting to keep them in repair. If the money were only well applied, it would be an expenditure of great profit and economy, as everything which the farmer does off his own land is greatly affected by their condition. All his many loads of surplus farm products are drawn over them, and it makes some difference to him and to his horses whether those loads are conveyed easily over hard, smooth surfaces, or dragged through mud and against stones with severe labor to the team, fatigue to the driver, and wear and breakage to the waggon. Every week he and his family, more or less, go to the village for numberless errands, or to church on the Sabbath, and the good or bad condition of the roads seems to affect every fiber, pleasantly or unpleasantly, of their feeling or nervous sensations. On an average, there is at least twenty miles of travelling each week for the members of a single family. It would make a difference of five dollars a week, everything counted, whether this teaming and travelling is done over a nice, comfortable road, or through mud holes, sloughs, ruts, and unbridged streams, or against stones. Five dollars a week amounts to $250 a year, a snug little sum to tax the farmer with; and when this sum is multiplied by at least five million owners or drivers of horses, carriages, waggons, heavy teams, etc., the aggregate cost would be something over a billion dollars! Does any one say this is too large an estimate? Then proceed to detail and show in what particulars; but do not blindly and ignorantly say it is wrong without careful examination. Suppose, however, we admit that it is double the reality, is not the six hundred millions every year, expended directly or indirectly by our people, worthy of more attention on the part of patriots, statesmen, politicians, office seekers, public spirited men, writers for newspapers, agricultural journalists, and in fact of every one who passes over a road?

So long as our public highways in most parts of the country are made and repaired with so little interest and so little thought, we must suffer an enormous loss. We would like to ask how many of our readers, who drive or ride over the common roads, never see a loose stone, or a fixed stone, to strike, jolt and batter every passing wheel, or who do not see hundreds of them which might be removed with the expenditure of a small portion of the road tax? How many never saw sods and muck scraped into the road bed, to form a highway or "turnpike," which would be excellent for corn and potatoes, but which when worked into a mass of mud, or cut into ruts a foot deep, constitute a strange object to be called a "road?" How many never saw along the roadsides, thrifty patches of thistles, burdocks, mullein John's wort, nettles, etc., etc., ready to seed all the neighbors' fields? Until we can find such happy persons in the majority, we hope more attention may be given to correcting these evils, although we would not lessen the praiseworthy attention which is now freely accorded to enterprises and interests of almost infinitely less importance, but good in their small way.—*Country Gentleman.*

Who Discovered the Electric Transmission of Speech?

A book of absorbing public interest is announced shortly to appear in England and this country—a history of the telephone of Johann Philipp Reis, with a biographical sketch of its inventor, by Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson. It establishes beyond honest doubt or question, by historical evidence, by the reproduction of original documents and illustrations, and by the public records of scientific bodies, that Philipp Reis discovered the electric transmission of speech in 1860-61, that he elaborately described and exhibited his telephone in 1861; that he invented transmitting and receiving instruments, which not only talked and talk now, but which include the essential principles of the transmitters and receivers now in use; and that he manufactured, placed on the market, and sold his instruments in 1863, for the purpose of illustrating the electric transmission of speech and song. That an invention so important, made in the heart of Germany, should not have been instantly perfected and utilized would surprise us in this country, if history did not abundantly teach that inventions complete in themselves often lie sterile until the favorable season and soil are found for their commercial adoption and development.—Dr. W. F. Channing, in *Popular Science Monthly.*

An English Beauty.

Another newly-discovered English beauty is thus described in the correspondence of the Philadelphia *Telegraph:*

"Keswick, in Cumberland, can boast of one shambling possession in the shape of the prettiest woman in England. She is a barmaid at the Nelson Wine Vaults in that town. Her name is Edith Twentyman, and she is reported to be as good and modest as she is beautiful. She has the gorgeous milk and roses complexion that is so rarely seen outside of England, united to splendid eyes, full dark, and lustrous as those of a gazelle, pearly teeth, regular features, with rich dark hair growing low on the brow, and a figure whose fine outlines were not to be concealed by the cut of her country-made gown. She is simply dazzling, and how such a pearl of beauty has been left hidden in this quiet little town is to me a marvel. She is well educated, I am told, paints in water-colors, and is perfectly free from all traces of vanity or self-consciousness. Had she been born a Frenchwoman, she would, ere this, have dazzled the public in some mute role in one of the great spectacular pieces of the day. As it is, she will probably follow the example of her elder sister, who was as beautiful as she, and who married a good honest fellow in her own station of life, and is now a comfortable matron, with a houseful of children."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The *Daily Sentinel*, which is the leading morning paper of this state, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful remedy for rheumatism, has been used by a large number of people in this city, and with effect truly marvelous."

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs:—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

No better heritage can one possess than cheerfulness.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

☞The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised.

Decline of Man.

Impotency of mind, limb or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, etc, cured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y. Address, with two stamps, for pamphlet.

Sorrow is not selfish, but many persons are in sorrow entirely selfish.

It is now in season to warn our readers against the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramp Colic, and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for those troubles. (2)

To live long it is necessary to live slowly, to live happily to live wisely.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the cit.

What fate imposes men must needs abide
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Copy of a letter received from Dr. R. R. Maitland Coffin, F.R.C.P., &c. To H. SUTHERLAND, Esq. Having taken Sutherland's "Rheumatine" myself, I can bear testimony that it will prove a boon to persons who suffer from rheumatism. R. MAITLAND COFFIN, F.R.C.P., &c. Barton Court, S.W., May 17, 1882.

Good fortune and bad are equally necessary to man to fit him to meet contingencies of life.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint, incident to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist. (3)

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

Bilious and Dyspeptic Patients.

Take Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters. They act directly on the Liver and Stomach, opening up at once and strengthening their absorbing vessels, eliminating all impurities and foul accumulations, which their laxative property afterwards carries off through the bowels, restores health, making life a pleasure instead of a burden. By chemists. Price, 50 cents. Wholesale by Lyman Bros., Toronto.

True goodness is like the glow worm; it shines when no eyes, except those of Heaven are upon it.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

"When all other remedies fail" for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, etc., "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue." Thus writes W. H. Crooker, druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing." (6)

The years write their record on human hearts as they do on trees, in hidden inner circles of growth which no eye can see.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—One of the most valuable discoveries in medical science, for the benefit of mankind, was made when Burdock Blood Bitters were invented. This medicine positively cures all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin and Blood. 25,000 bottles have been sold during the last three months.

Never be ashamed to own you have been in the wrong; it is but saying in other words that you are wiser to-day than you were yesterday.

"A. P." 136

THE GREAT
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FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
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DIPHTHERIA
CROUP, ASTHMA,
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Johnson's Anodyne Liniment
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cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives, sent free by mail. Don't
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The Sting Within.

It is said there is a rankling thorn in every heart, and yet that none would exchange their own for that of another. Be that as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a corn is real enough, and in this land of tight boots a very common complaint also. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR is a never failing remedy for this kind of heartache, as you can easily prove it if afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

To be impatient at the death of a person concerning whom it was certain he must die, is to mourn because thy friend was not born an angel.

"Triangle Package Dyes. The genuine are in three cornered packages to distinguish them from the old fashioned common colors in square envelopes. 30 colors. Perfect in all their shades. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price 10c. For sale by all druggists.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to bed with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence.

Advice is seldom welcome but when we advise you to use Carboline we know that the results will at least be welcome to you, as thousands of bald heads will testify to.

These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.

A wise ruler regards the root; he fixes the root and all else grows out of it. The root is piety; the fruit, brotherly love.

Do not attempt to remain over night without a bottle of Dr. Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry near at hand. This is the season for Bowel Complaints, Colic, Cholera Morbus, etc., and the remedy above named is the unfailing specific. (5)

FLOUR MILLS FOR SALE.

FLOUR MILL FOR SALE—STEADY WATER power, 5 run stones, built 2 years splendid machinery, could be converted to new process at a cost of $1,200; finest wheat section in Ontario; price, $11,250; convenient terms. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

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FLOUR MILL FOR SALE—4 RUN—steam power, in western city, built 4 years, full complement of machinery for doing merchant work, large local and gristing business; price, $7,000; favourable terms. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

FLOUR AND OATMEAL MILL FOR SALE—4 run, good water power, machinery for merchant and custom work, substantial tenroomed brick house in connection; price, $7,000, half cash. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

FLOUR MILL FOR SALE—3 RUN—STEAM power, in town of $4,000 population, gristing 50,000 bushels per annum, and local trade for all flour, wood cheap, switch to mill; price, $5,000; easy terms. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

FLOUR MILL FOR SALE—3 RUN—STEAM power, with new purifier and all necessary machinery for merchant and gristing trade, wood $1 per cord; price, $3,000, half cash. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

FLOUR MILL FOR SALE—2 RUN—ENDURING water power, first-class complete machinery, two dwellings of ten and six rooms, gristing 16,000 bushels, good local trade, three railroads; price, $3,500, half cash. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

FLOUR AND GRIST MILL FOR SALE—2 run, steam power, doing over 30,000 bushels per annum, on very favourable terms; $400 cash, balance in ten annual instalments of $400 each, free of interest, MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

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This elegant Medicated Cream is warranted as absolutely Sure Cure for Pimples, Black Spots, Blotches, and all Unsightly Eruptions on the face, arms or neck. It positively eradicates all such imperfections in a few days, leaving the skin clear and unblemished. One package will cure the worst case, no matter of how long standing. For beautifying the complexion it is unrivalled, effectually removing all Freckles, Tan and Sallowness. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, and restores the complexion to its natural purity and beauty. It is a true remedy, recommended by physicians, warranted perfectly harmless, and its use cannot be detected. Price one dollar. ($1.)

Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain wrapper postpaid, to any address on receipt of the price. Sole proprietors for Canada.

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Mention this paper.

TO ARRIVE

at the Montreal Horse Exchange, Aug. 1st, per S.S. Cynthia, three Clydesdale Stallions and four mares (pedigreed). These are all first-class stock, the property of John Dalgliah of Glasgow, Scotland, and will be for sale to parties desiring to breed from the best imported Clydesdale Stallions and mares. For further information address C. M. ACER & CO., priotors, Point St. Charles, Montreal.

THE FARMER'S CORNER.

Early Greens for Next Spring.

The city markets in the early part of spring, and often in a mild spell in winter, abound in "greens," and there is no reason why these should not be equally abundant on every farm. Where the meat served is to a great extent salted, green vegetables are not only acceptable, but necessary to health. Cabbage is for many so indigestible, that it cannot be eaten, and where this difficulty does not exist, a variety is always welcome. Spinach, the most delicate and palatable of all the vegetables used as greens, can be raised on any good farm land, and with very little trouble. The soil being well prepared by the use of the plow and harrow, mark it off in fifteen-inch drills, and sow the seed rather thickly, covering it with about half an inch of soil. Use a roller, or pat the soil down firmly with the hoe or back of the spade. Some carefully go over the rows and tread down the soil over them. The fall rains soon bring up the plants; they will grow rapidly and be large enough to gather in September or October. For use at this time, the plants, where they are thickest, are to be cut out at intervals, using a stout knife, leaving the remainder room to grow. Where the winters are severe, scatter straw, leaves or other litter between the rows, and slightly cover the plants. As soon as the ground thaws, cuttings may be made, and if this is done so as to thin the plants a second time, the rest will grow all the larger, and be ready to use later. "Sprouts," as it is called in the market, is a variety of kale, a cabbage that does not head. This is cultivated in the same manner as spinach. If a farmer finds that he has more spinach than can be consumed at home, a few barrels of it will meet with a ready sale at the nearest market.

Preparing Fruit for Market.

"Farmers are cheats," we heard a city man remark the other day. "I do not buy a basket of strawberries that has not the best and biggest on top, and when the peach season comes, I get a dozen or two of fine peaches at the top, while the rest of the basket is filled with small, green and gnarled fruit; they are all cheats." The very next day after hearing this remark, we were among the fruit commission houses, and in one place saw some young men, who had bought several crates of berries to peddle. They had a lot of smaller baskets, to which they transferred the berries from the larger ones they had bought, and as they filled these, they topped them with the largest berries with surprising dexterity. We concluded that all the cheating, in strawberries at least, was not done by the farmers. That there is much "desconing" (the market phrase for topping) of peaches and other fruits, we do not doubt, yet the tendency is all in the other direction. Take peach-growers, for example, those who are regularly in the business, and expect to continue it, strive to make their brand upon a crate or basket a guarantee of honest packing. This is insisted upon at all the meetings of peach-growers; only recently we received the transactions of a fruit-growers' society in North Carolina, in which this point, honest packing, was dwelt upon at great length. "Honesty is the best policy," is not a proverb of the highest moral tone, as it implies that it pays to be honest, but the peach-growers are willing to adopt it. In packing peaches, the first point should be to assort them, making as many grades as the condition of the fruit requires. When brought to the packing shed, the fruit is at once thinly spread in the shade, in order that it may cool as much as possible. In assorting, any that are at all soft are put aside, to be left at home; then two or three qualities, extras, firsts and seconds, are made, and with the best growers, the packages of each are alike all through. It is allowable to turn the colored sides of the top layer uppermost, in order that the fruit may appear at its best, but not to select large specimens for the top layer. Those who send peaches to market for the first time, will find it to their advantage to observe this rule. In packing grapes for market, the box is opened at the bottom, fine large bunches are laid in and the box filled up with smaller bunches. This is done in order that the fruit, when the top is taken off, may present a good appearance, and if the filling is done with good fruit, even if not the most select, there is no harm done. But if, as is sometimes the case, poorly-ripened fruit, and even loose berries are used to fill up, the grower will in time find that his brand is not in demand in the market. The fruit-grower, who expects to continue in the business, can not well afford to pack his fruit dishonestly.

Saving Seed Corn.

The growing of good, sound seed corn, that will yield a maximum crop, properly begins a year beforehand in the shaping of the character of the seed. Therefore select the seed for 1884 and 1885 from the ears already growing in the field, and give it special care. As a rule, any thrifty farmer can raise better seed than he can buy, and it should be in his programme every year to give his personal attention to the growing of his own seed corn. There is money in it. The average yield of Indian corn for the whole country is not far from twenty-five bushels to the acre, and the total yield sometimes reaches one billion seven hundred million bushels. With the best husbandry, which means good seed, good soil, manure and tillage, it is not difficult to raise seventy-five bushels to the acre. If fine, sound seed corn, with a good pedigree, would add only ten per cent. to the yield of this crop, it would increase the annual yield one hundred and seventy million bushels, worth eighty-five million dollars. Every thinking farmer must see that he has a money interest in securing sound seed corn, and in knowing just what he plants. He is suffering loss every year, probably from want of a little timely attention to this matter. He uses unsound corn, possibly for seed, selects from the corn crib the best he can find, or borrows from a neighbor as careless as himself about the seed that he plants. A part of the corn rots in the field, and he has to plant over, which makes extra expense. The late planted corn is caught by the frost, and he suffers in the large proportion of soft corn that he harvests. The stover is not as well cured for foddar, and the cattle refuse this mouldy mass. Heredity counts for as much in vegetable as in animal life. To get maximum crops, you must have seed perfect after its kind, with the normal quantity of starch, gluten, oil, and other constituents that belong to it. The plant must be well fed, cultivated, and ripened in its appropriate season to mature this kind of seed. We say, then, select your ears for seed corn, as they stand upon the stalk, in August or September—perfect ears, well capped. Put a string upon them, or some mark, by which they can be identified, and let them mature upon the stock. To make sure of perfect drying, hang them up in bunches upon the south side of a building, or in a well ventilated loft, or room with a fire in it. The perfect drying of seed corn is an important item. The corn should not be shelled until the cob is thoroughly dried. When you are ready for planting, pour the seed corn into a vessel of water, and skim off every kernel that floats. That which sinks to the bottom of the water is the best, and, with suitable conditions of soil and climate, will generate and bear fruit after its kind. Corn yields very kindly to all intelligent efforts to increase its productiveness and improve its quality. By selecting ears from stalks that bear two or more ears, you can increase the number of ears. By selecting ears of twelve or more rows, you can increase the number of kernels upon the cob, always provided that you give the corn plant food enough to do its best in the harvest. Farmers who look carefully after their seed corn, and raise seventy-five bushels to the acre, do not doubt that it is a paying crop.—*American Agriculturist.*

French-Canadian Peasants.

The French-Canadian peasants are generally rather small, but sturdy, muscular, well-knit. They are dull-looking, but their rather heavy faces are not animal and coarse. Even the young women are very seldom pretty, but they are all wholesome, modest, and unaffected. As they advance in life they become stout, and reach old age with a comfortable and placid expression. The beauty of the race seems to be confined to the children, who are bright, robust, and cherubic. Thus the people are externally unprepossessing, but the more I study them, the more I like them for the quiet courtesy and perfect simplicity of their manners, and their hospitality and unfailing kindness.

Several types of Canadians were there, each standing as a page of the country's history. There was the original Canadian, the peasant of Normandy and Brittany, just as he was when first landed on the shores of the St. Lawrence over two hundred years ago; he has kept his material and mental traits with such extraordinary fidelity that a Canadian travelling now in those parts of France seems to be meeting his own people. He is a small, muscular man of dark complexion, with black eyes, a round head, rather impervious, and an honest face, rather heavy with inertia. He sums up the early days of Canada, when endurance and courage of no ordinary stamp were required to meet the want, the wars, and the hardships of their struggle. And his phenomenal conservatism was not a whit too strong to preserve his nationality after the conquest of Canada by a race having entirely opposite tendencies. There also was the Canadian with Indian blood; he is by no means a feeble element in the population, in either numbers or influence. He is often well marked with Indian features—high cheeks, small black eyes, and slight beard. The most characteristic specimens are called "petits brules," liked burned stumps, black, gnarly, and angular. But now and then you meet large, fine-looking half-breeds, with a swarthy complexion warmed with Saxon blood. There were no women of low character sent to Canada in the early days, as there were to New Orleans and the Antilles; the few women who came sufficed to marry only a small portion of the colonists, so that many of the gallant Frenchmen, and later some of the Scotch and English, engaged in the fur trade, married squaws, and founded legitimate families of half-breeds. Thus Indian blood became a portion of the national body; and the national policy of alliance and religious union with the savages helped the assimilation of Indian traits as well as of Indian blood. There was also the Saxon who had became a Gaul. There are Wrights, Blackburns, McPhersons, with blue eyes and red hair, who can not speak a word of English; and there are Irish tongues rolling off their brogue in French. Some of these strangers to the national body are descendants of those English soldiers who married Canadians and settled here after the conquest. Others are orphans that were taken from some immigrant ships wrecked in the St. Lawrence. But these stragglers from the conquering race are now conquered, made good French Catholics, by the force of their environment, and they are lost as distinctive elements, absorbed in the remarkable homogeneous nationality of the French-Canadian people. The finest type of Canadian peasant is now rare. He is a descendant of the pioneer nobles of France. After the conquest (1763) some of these noble families were too poor to follow their peers back to France; they became farmers; their facilities for education were very limited, and their descendants soon sank to the level of the peasantry about them. But they have not forgotten their birth. They are commanding figures, with features of marked character, and with much of the pose and dignity of courtiers. Some of them, still preserving the traditions of their sires, receive you with the manners a prince might have when in rough disguise.—C. H. FARNHAM, in *Harper's Magazine for August.*

A Funster's Narrow Escape.

"Mr. Blifkins, I do wish you would give up that abominable practice of punning," said the good old lady to her old man, at breakfast the other morning. "You don't like punning, my dear?" said old B., with affected surprise. "You know very well that I don't. I'd rather have a hedgehog in the house than a punster." "I see," said the incorrigible punster, "hedge-hog, eh? H'm—hog. Ah, yes—it's for pork-you-pine," and he slipped under the end of the table just in time to dodge the bowl of mush hurled at his head by the now thoroughly exasperated woman.

Keep right on sending your money and old clothes to the heathen. There are only twelve hundred towns west of the Mississippi river without churches or regular preaching of any kind.

Information Wanted.

A City Hall official was about to depart for home and dinner the other day, when a stranger entered and introduced himself as John Linden, and added:

"I presume you are a smart man, or you wouldn't be holding this position. I want to ask you a question or two. You own a horse?"

"No, sir."

"Don't, eh? If you did own one, and he had symptoms of poll evil, what would you do?"

"I can't tell, sir. I am just going to dinner."

"Yes, I know, but I've another question or two. Was Cleopatra a married woman?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't you? That's bad, for I've a bet of three to one that you knew all about it. Well, we'll let that pass. Do you think that Shakspeare lived happily with his wife, and is there any truth in the rumor I heard up on Michigan avenue half an hour ago that he hated cats?"

"What do I know about these things!" exclaimed the official. "I am in a hurry, sir!"

"So am I, but wait a minute more. Let's see! Oh, yes, I wanted to ask you if it would be of any use to try to revive a person who had been drowned three days?"

"No, sir!" snouted the official.

"Wouldn't, eh! Sorry for that, for I have a bet of ten to five that it would be. Sit down a minute while I ask you another question. Do you believe that maternal instinct descends to fish worms?"

"I believe you are a crank, sir, and ——!"

"You do, eh? Then I win a bet of twenty to five, and will never cease to be grateful. History tells us of the youth ——."

"I am going home!"

"Certainly, and I'll walk up street with you. History tells us of the youth who fired the Ephesian dome."

"I don't care—I don't care a cent, sir!"

"Yes, but what was his name, and was the dome insured? Did the fire department come out, and was the youth arrested on charge of incendiarism? I want your decision."

"Go away—go off—I don't want you!" shouted the official as he tried to out-walk the other.

"You know, don't you?"

"No, sir—no, sir—go 'way from me!"

"You don't? Then I lose a double-barrelled shot-gun on a bet that you did. One more question."

The official rushed for a car and entered it, but the man walked along beside it and looked through the window and said:

"What is meant by the term 'spontaneous outburst?' I have frequently seen it in print, and I thought I'd ask you to explain."

A silver half-dollar changed hands in the car, and a broad-shouldered laborer jumped out and spit on his hands and ran the information-seeker into a hardware store, where he had no sooner recovered his breath than he said to the clerk who came forward:

"I've always thought if I ever got time to call in here I'd ask you if it was true that Henry VIII. invented Saratoga fried potatoes?"

Chinese Courtesies.

The sallow Celestials who gave us "the best letter in the alphabet," who were of old the inventors of the compass, and who, even at the last splendid Paris Exhibition of 1878, astonished and humbled French ingenuity with a wheel-barrow such as no Paris workman had ever seen, altogether surpass us haughty Europeans, it seems, in the *humilities* at least of social courtesy, if we may judge from the specimens brought home by Mr. Cooper the English traveller. From these it would appear that the greatest politeness between Mongolian fashionables consists in addressing to your friend the most high-flown compliments, which he is expected to receive with a similarly exaggerated humility. Mr. Cooper jotted down the following colloquy he overheard between a citizen of Ki-zan-ki and his friend Chang:—"How does the illustrious and most glorious Chang?" "My miserable carcase is as well as can be expected." "And where have you built your superb and magnificent palace?" "My wretched mud-hut is at Luchan." "Your divinely beautiful family must have increased since we met?" "I have but five ugly, deformed brats." "I trust that the inestimably precious health of your exquisitely charming lady is all you could wish?" "Well, indeed, the disgusting old hag is full of health." After giving this specimen, we feel comment superfluous and improvement hopeless.

A Business Son.

"Yes, ther's a heap o' difference in boys," replied the old man, as he tied up a bag of oats. "There's my son John, for instance. Everybody beats him in a hoss trade, swindles him in the watch dicker, and leaves him out in the cold when he farms on shears. He's goodhearted, but there's no bizness about him. If I had to depend upon John I'd die in the poor house."

He wrestled the bag aside and seized another, and continued:

"And there was my son Philip—keen as a razor—eyes wide open, and so sharp that no man in New Jersey dare offer him a pair of old boots for a $300 hoss for fear of being cheated."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, he's gone and that was the sharpest trick of all. He found he'd got consumption and what did he do but hunt up a life insurance agent, take out a $4,000 policy, give his note for the premium, and come home and fall off a load of hay and run a pitchfork clear through him. Some sons would have hung on and doctored around and wanted currant jelly and chicken soup for eighteen months; but this wasn't Phil. No, sir. He didn't even ask for anything; better'n a $20 tombstone, and he said I needn't git that unless the marble-cutter would trade even up for a blind calf."—*Wall Street News.*

A Safe Risk.

"I want to get my life insured for $10,000," said a southern editor to an insurance agent, "but, to be frank with you, I have accepted a challenge to fight a duel next week. If you care to take the chances you can make out the policy at once."

"Who is the other man?" asked the agent, as he handed over the papers and pocketed the premium. He was told, and when he went to bed that night he felt that the two policies issued that day were the safest risks he had ever accomplished.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Olive Culture in America.

In the August *Century*, Mrs Bianciardi's illustrated article, "Under the Olives," contains, besides an interesting account of the method of cultivating it in Europe, the following regarding olive culture as an American industry: "The olive has lately acquired for Americans a new and practical interest from the discovery that it can be be easily and profitable grown in California. Residents of California have been accustomed to consider a small bottle of 'Mission oil' for their salad as a treasure; for it far surpasses in purity and sweetness any imported oil. But it is only within a few years that private owners of land in Southern California have seriously considered the question whether olive culture could be made a paying enterprise. So many possibilities cling to the broad lands and rich soil of the Golden State, that it is not wonderful if some of them have been overlooked. And, though experiments in olive growing have been made on a small scale with good success during the last twenty years, popular interest is only now beginning to be awakened. In the first place, there was the drawback, peculiarly great to the American temperament, of the slowness of growth and irregular productiveness of the olive in Europe. The old Tuscan saying is, 'Plant a vineyard for yourself, an orange grove for your children, and an olive orchard for your grandchildren.' As a people, we are not fond of looking far into the future; and besides, judging from ourselves, we are not at all sure that our grandchildren will wish to live where we do. But the olive is good enought to adapt itself to the rapidity of American demands. It matures much earlier than in Europe, and bears oftener and more plentifully. The system of propagation from cuttings, as far as can be judged at present, gives, in our rich soil, robust trees; and there is no need to employ the slow process of raising them from the seed. Five years is surely not long to wait for a fruit crop; and after that time, according to the best California authorities, the trees will yield a full, and in many cases an annual harvest. At a late meeting of the State Horticultural Society in San Francisco, it was stated that one olive farm yielded $2,200 to the acre. These trees bore every year, and were situated on 'adobe' hill sides, the bottom lands being found, as in Italy, less favorable to the fruit. The variety was the 'Mission olive,' which has not been identified with any of the varieties cultivated in Europe. The olive was introduced into South America in 1560, by Antonio Ribera; but the California trees sprang from trees sent from San Blas in Mexico by Don Joseph de Galvez with his expedition to rediscover the port of Monterey."

Economy in Dress.

An association, counting among its membership some of the high born ladies of society, has recently been formed in London, whose leading object is to influence public sentiment on the side of economy in dress. The term, of course, is a relative one. It is not to be supposed that its originators purpose to array themselves in prints or ginghams or coarser materials, or to abandon the purchase and use of silk, satins, and velvets, or the delicate and beautiful, if somewhat costly, accessories which are at once the delight and appropriate adornment of woman. No doubt it is too much to expect that women of great wealth should sacrifice their own inclinations for what certain classes migh characterize as great extravagance simply to "set the fashion" for economy for those whose means will not permit them safely to indulge in the same direction. There is really very little to complain of in the so-called "extravagance" of ladies whose unlimited means enable them to dress always in costly attire; economy, then, is really to be preached only to those women who, through envy, or vain desire to appear what they are not, bend every energy and make every sacrifice to compete with, if not to excel, their friends more favored of fortune. This is folly and extravagance which needs a society with more eloquence, nerve and power than Providence has ever yet vouchsafed to mortals; for when a vain and fashionable woman, with an inward desire for luxury and display (sad be it to chronicle!), once resolves to compete with her more wealthy women friends in dress and style, why then dynasties may fall, empires may crumble into dust, "societies" for the prevention of criminal extravagance may organize, pass resolutions, and take "notes" to the end of the chapter, but rich raiment will that woman have while there is a dollar in the till.

Bequeathing His Heart.

Kraszewski is a man of ample means, living in good style in his own villa in Dresden and besides the handsome income which his writings bring him, he receives large supplies from his son, who is one of the greatest contractors in Russia. His villa is situated in one of those picturesque spots for which Dresden is famous, and the exterior alone shows the peculiar tastes of its owner, the balcony outside his study being fitted up as an aviary for doves, and the surrounding gardens beautifully laid out, in a great measure by his own hand. In his waiting-room numerous articles of *vertu* are scattered about, most of which were presented to him on his literary jubilee in 1879. In his study the walls are literally covered with landscapes, sketched by the poet himself during his long travels; and on the tables there are albums of caricatures with which he has amused himself in his leisure moments. For some time past he has been oppressed by some occasional fits of melancholy, during which he sits for hours and hours engaged in composing music. Before leaving for Pau, as with some presentiment of coming evil, he made a will, for the first time in his life, in which he directed that his heart should be taken to Warsaw and deposited in the church where he received his first communion.—*London Life.*

Texas has furnished some tall stories lately. A few months ago an account was telegraphed from that State of the fall of a meteoric stone which covered a whole acre of ground. Now we are informed that the skeletons of five persons have been found sitting bolt upright in a carriage under a tree which had been struck by lightning. Lightning plays so many strange tricks that hardly any story of its doings can be too wonderful for belief, but readers of this Texan story are likely to be shy of it for a few days when they recall the meteoric stone yarn.

GARNERED WITTICISMS.

A tailor's goose: The dude.

The sea shores are now cool and clam-y.

A picked nine: The quart of early peaches.

Tramps now use the trade dollar for coat buttons.

A pivotal state is a good place to swing a boom.

The elevation of the negro: Lynching a colored man.

It is the early water melon that catches the small boy.

An up-town policeman named Crystal is always on the watch.

The potato, with all its eyes, is the most susceptible of vegetables. It is so easily mashed.

Cowardly: It was rather cowardly in the apoplexy to strike a little fellow like Tom Thumb.

A citizen who lives at the end of an elevated line says there is at least one great advantage—he never get carried beyond his station.

Inveterate poker players may be both modest and sad. They have been known to show evidence of a flush, and sometimes to give out ace-high.

"Ma, is Long Branch an awful dirty place?" "Why, no, my child—what made you think so?" "Why, here's an advertisement that says it is washed by the tide twice a day."

Soyer, the great French cook, used to chew garlic and breath on a salad to give it a flavor. In America the boarders chew the salad awhile and then go to head quarters and blow on the cook.

"Ma!" screamed a little boy on Lexington avenue yesterday, "I ain't a going to play with Tommy Miller any more." "Ain't going to play with who?" "Tommy Miller." "Why?" "'Cause he won't play with me."

Explicit: Scene—An humble country hotel. Male guest: "I'd like to be called at 4 to-morrow morning; I'm going fishing." "Female domestic (stupidly); "Eh?" Male guest (deliberately): "I'm going fishing to-morrow morning, and I wish to be called early—not later than 4." Female domestic (stolidly): "Will you ring?"

Dissolute Hibernian: "Why don't I go to warruk, is it?" Sure, it's a pathriot oi am; an' is it meself that 'ud be afther wurrukin to help kape the Saxon? Not a bit av it! Wudn't ye advoise me to go to Amerikey, now?" Industrious Hibernian: "Well, I don't know that I would, Mickey. I don't owe the Yankees any grudge, d'ye see?"

Somebody put a small mud-turtle, about the size of a silver dollar, in a bed at a new Jersey hotel, and the stranger who was assigned to that room, on preparing to retire, caught sight of it. He at once resumed his clothes, remarking: "I expected to have a pretty lively night of it, but if they're as big as that I don't propose to get in with 'em."

"Complimentary: "What sorter pictur' do you call that?" asked an Arkansas farmer, pointing to a terra cotta bust of Charles Dickens. "That is a bust of Charles Dickens." "Intended to look like him, sir's it?" "Oh, yes!" "Wall, I can sympathize with him, for I lived in the swamps a long time myself. Zouns, how billious he must have been when the thing was tuck."

College students don't please as table waiters. When you call one a miserable jackass for spilling the soup down your back and giving you a salt-cellar filled with sugar, he of course can't answer back, as it is against the rules of the hotel, but he can say something to another waiter in Greek which you can't understand, but which you feel sure is horrible abuse of yourself, and it's awful maddening.

Vicarious Benevolence.

An editorial in the August *Century* calls attention to the abuse of asking outsiders to do your own charity giving. It says: "It is beautiful to see how quickly the promptings of this new kind of charity spring into the mind when any human need arises. The first thought of most men seems to be not 'How much can we do towards relieving this need?' but rather 'How much can we get other people to do?' Each man begins to think of other men who can be induced to contribute; each neighborhood looks, at once, beyond its own borders to other neighborhoods upon which it may confer the blessedness of bearing its burdens. Mr. Hale's motto, 'Look out and not in,' finds in this habit one of its most striking illustrations: for when there are contributions to be made the modern philanthropist begins at once to look out for contributors, and not to look into his own pocket at all.

"If there is a church debt to pay, a hospital to build, an orphanage to found, immediately the thoughts of those who stand nearest to the project, and who are to be most deeply benefited by it, are turned to distant places, inquiring how they may obtain this good thing at the smallest possible cost to themselves. Those benevolent gentlemen who have had large experience in the work of raising church debts testify that the people who have contracted these debts and are responsible for their payment are almost always well content to sit and wait, in the expectation that other people, somewhere and somehow, will lift their burden for them."

The Ages of Royalty.

The following statement of the ages of various monarchs, ranged from the oldest to the youngest, may prove interesting: The Emperor of Germany, aged 86; the King of the Netherlands, aged 66; the King of Denmark, aged 65; the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, aged 64; the King of Wurtemburg, aged 60; the Emperor of Brazil, aged 57; the King of Saxony, aged 55; the King of Sweden and Norway, aged 54; the Emperor of Austria, aged 52; the King of the Belgians, aged 48; the King of Portugal, aged 44; the King of Roumania, aged 44; the Sultan of Turkey, aged 40; the King of Italy, aged 39; the Emperor of Russia, aged 38; the King of Bavaria, aged 37; the King of the Hellenes, aged 37; the King of Servia, aged 28; and the King of Spain, aged 25.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 9, 1883.

B. & N. H. EXTENSION.

Alderman George D. Dickson, of Belleville, has proved himself an earnest and practical advocate of the scheme for extending the North Hastings Railway from Madoc to the northern townships. A couple of weeks ago he contributed the following letter to the *Ontario*, which paper opposed the Alderman's efforts to get the city Council to grant a sum of money towards securing a preliminary survey for the extension, the *Ontario* urging that the expense should be paid by private subscriptions. Mr. Dickson first quotes a letter from the general manager of the Midland railway in regard to the matter, as follows :—

PETERBOROUGH, July 21, 1883.
GEO. D. DICKSON, ESQ., Belleville.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your favor of 16th inst. I have no hesitation in saying that if your City Council will appropriate $500 for a preliminary survey of the proposed extension that this company will join them in contributing a like amount, and they will also be glad to heartily unite in any effort to secure the object in view if upon examination it is found desirable to do so.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) GEO. A. COX,
General Manager.

Alderman Dickson then goes on to say :—

I had the assurance of $200 from Madoc, making $700 in all, dependent upon Belleville granting $500, leaving $800 for private subscription to make $2,000.

The Central Ontario Railway has invaded territory we once thought our own, and the vigor and energy of its management warrants the fear that it will yet occupy the more extensive and valuable country the proposed extension would secure to the commerce of Belleville. The Ontario and Quebec Railway is making a front in our rear, and another centre of Tweed to our North East. A moment's reflection shows how excessively our trade is circumscribed by railways, and railways alone can compensate us with a new territory. You favor the scheme, and advocate a subscription to raise the whole preliminary expense fund. I proposed raising part by subscription. Your proprietor has much more property in Belleville than I have, and I must leave for a few weeks. I ask him to try and get the money required by subscription, and offer to start it with $500 —$100 of which I will subscribe myself, and undertake to get four others of equal amount, upon condition that he subscribe a like sum himself, and get $900 in addition, making a total of $1,500.

The season is well advanced, and immediate action is necessary if anything is to be done now.

The accurate knowledge which such a survey, made by skilled and competent men, would afford of the natural resources—agricultural, mineral, manufacturing, and forest—of the country north of us would, irrespective of any railway, amply repay to the public the outlay.

Your obedient servant,
GEO. D. DICKSON.

Belleville, July 26.

Capt. Webb's Widow.

Mrs. Webb, the widow of the unfortunate swimmer who lost his life in the Niagara malestorm, went down to the edge of the river the other day to view the place where her husband lost his life. She had unlimited confidence in her husband and thought he could get through the whirlpool all right. She was afterwards driven to Oakwood Cemetery, and shown the bloated and disfigured corpse. She at first refused to believe the corpse was that of her husband and asserted, "that is not my Matt; he does not look like that." On being convinced, however, that there was no mistake, she broke down completely, and had to be almost carried from the vault. She said in conversation, that her husband had left only £1500. They had been married but three years, and had two little children, a girl two years old, and a little boy of eight months. Dr. Palmer, of Lockport, who conducted the post mortum, said it was an undoubted fact that nobody can, or ever could pass through the rapids alive.

—Insure your lives in the Federal. Fred. Davis, Agent, Madoc.

—Extract Logwood cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

Gold Mining.

RESUMPTION OF WORK AT THE GATLING MINE.

Deloro is again the scene of active gold mining operations. On Saturday last we had a call from Mr. R. P. Rothwell, the late manager of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company, and were pleased to learn that he had been successful in forming a new syndicate of capitalists to lease and operate the works on the Gatling property. The new lessees will in future run the concern under the name of Stevens, Newbury & Rothwell. The two former gentlemen are wealthy capitalists of Detroit, Mich., both being millionaires, so that with the works so well equipped with the best machinery and so near running order, the new firm ought not to fail for want of funds. The works were re-opened on the first instant, and the force will be added to as fast as headway will be made and good practical men offer themselves. Mr. Rothwell speaks quite hopefully for the future, and expects soon to have a nice little colony located at Deloro, in the houses of the company. He expects to have everything in complete working order in three or four months. We understand Mr. Stevens is making a visit of inspection to the mine this week.

In regard to the liabilities of the old company, Mr. Rothwell informed us that they would endeavor to discharge them as soon as the mine was yielding some return for their outlay. Several of the old workmen have called at this office during the past day or two to know if there was any prospect of their back wages being paid. We hope Messrs. Stevens, Newburry & Rothwell will make an effort to meet the hard-earned claims of these workmen before a new set of men is engaged.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 00	to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 65	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 48	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 70	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 14	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 15	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 15	to	0 18
Hides, per cwt	6 00	to	6 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 90	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 55	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 60	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 40	to	0 45
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	1 25	to	0 50
Butter, per lb	0 15	to	0 20
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 16
Flour, per bbl	4 75	to	5 00
Sheepskins,	0 30	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 00

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GIRLS WANTED.

THREE OR FOUR good girls wanted by the 1st of September, for general kitchen and house work, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville. Girls from the country preferred. Wages $8.00 a month.

Apply to the MATRON.
Madoc, August 7th, 1883. 329 3w

LOST.

LOST between Millbridge and Madoc, a PROSPECTOR'S MAGNETIC OR "DIPPING" NEEDLE encased in a round leather covered box. Anyone finding the same, or giving information leading to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

W. H. JENKINS.
Madoc, August 7th, 1883. 329

STRAYED.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, lot 8, 5th concession of Madoc, a Springs Calf. Owner requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

J. A. McKINNON.
Madoc, July 20, 1883. 327-3w

Teacher Wanted.

FEMALE Teacher wanted, for School Section No. 9, Madoc township, holding a third class certificate. Address applications to

HUGH KETCHESON,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Madoc, July 30, 1882. 228-tf

RECEIVING NOW :

Watermelons, Harvest Apples, Pears and Peaches,

Fresh Tomatoes, Peanuts and Lemons,

Hair Oils, Perfumerey, Combs, &c., &c.

We have a full stock of COMMON CANDIES; and our Fancy Candies are altogether of the CITY STYLES.

—OUR—
—ICE CREAM—
needs no puffing.

Luncheons as usual.

G. A. DAVIS.
Madoc, Aug. 1, 1883.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

THE Examination for District Third Class Certificates which was to have been held in Madoc, on August 16th and 17th, has been postponed to August 23rd and 24th, at 9 o'clock a. m.

WM. MACKINTOSH,
P. S. Inspector.
July 28th, 1883.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Post Master General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday 10th August next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mail, on a proposed Contract for four years, three times per week each way, between

Madoc and Thanet,

from the 1st October next.

The conveyance to be made in a Public or other vehicle.

Printed notices containing further information as to the conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Madoc, Thanet, Bancroft, L'Amable, Marmora, and Bridgewater, and also at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
Kingston, June 29, 1883. 327-3w

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.
Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of
AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES
of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine
COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!
for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of
SOLID GOLD RINGS,
from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.
Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Rixford's Celebrated

SCYTHES

just to hand at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, July. 1st, 1883.

Farmers!

IF YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS

Reaper or Mower,

—GO TO THE—

MADOC

Agricultural Works!

AND SEE WHITE'S IMPROVED

HARVEST QUEEN!

Price $80.00,

equal to any in the market. The

NEW | MODEL | MOWER

HAS NO SUPERIOR.

HORSE RAKES, CULTIVATORS, AND DRAGS,

and all kinds of PLOUGHS.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.
Madoc, June 14th, 1883. 103-6m

Remnants! Remnants!

For the next few weeks the undersigned will hold a sweeping

CLEARING - OUT - SALE!

of Remnants and summer goods to make room for fall stock. Goods marked down to cost. Call and see for yourselves.

M. McLEAN, & CO.

Madoc, August 8th 1183.

Latest Local News.

Village Council.

There was no meeting of the village Council on Monday evening last. Cause—not enough members present, being only the Reeve and Mr. Whytock.

Sentenced.

In the Interim Sessions at Belleville, on Tuesday, before Judge Lazier, William Smiddy and William Doyle, who were committed to gaol by Mr. E. D. O'Flynn, of Madoc, for the larceny of some clothing owned by the late Benjamin Ridley, were tried. Doyle was discharged and his companion was found guilty and sent to gaol for a month.

Free Fair.

The posters authorizing the annual September fair in this village have been issued by the Superintendent, Mr. R. T. Ferguson. The day fixed is Tuesday, the 11th prox. The advisability of discontinuing these free fairs has been discussed on account of so little interest being taken in them by the farming community, but they will be continued the remainder of this season at least. If the fair is of any benefit to either buyers or sellers of cattle, sheep, &c., it is to be hoped the attendance and interest taken in the coming one will be more practical than heretofore.

Belleville's Stove Works.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"All is bustle in the Harte & Smith Manufacturing Company's building, on Pinnacle Street. Over 20 men men are engaged in putting the premises in order and arranging such machinery and material as have already arrived. The *North Star* brought a large number of flasks and a quantity of moulding sand and pig iron, which was taken to the foundry to-day. Another instalment of a like character is expected in a few days by rail. The premises are being fenced and put in shape for work, which is expected to begin about the end of the month.

Firemen's Practice.

Alert Fire Co., had another march out last evening, headed by the band. The force was divided into two sections, captained by Messrs. A. Reid and R. J. McNeill, and another contest for long distance throwing took place. Mr. Reid's men were victorious, throwing a stream of water through a half inch nozzle and 150 feet of hose a distance of about 140 feet. The losers were about 10 feet behind this. Considering that this was done with only seven men on the brakes is highly creditable. These friendly contests will do the company good, and we hope to see them kept up.

Lightning Preventative.

A writer in the *Intelligencer* gives the following cheap and easy method of preventing barns being struck by lightning. He says: "According to a well known law, the electric fluid always passes to its destination by the best conductors, such as the metals, water, the bodies of animals, &c., and it may here be as well to remark that the lightning is simply conveyed away by the conducting body in the same manner that rain water is carried from the roof to the eave trough and rain pipe to the ground and is not attracted by it, as some people erroneously suppose. Bearing this in mind, and our object being to keep the lightning on the outside of the barn, all our farmers have to do is to take strips of galvanized sheet iron, such as the cheese factory cans are made of, about three or four inches wide, and tack them securely, their ends lapping on each other along the ridge board of the barn roof, and following down the edges of the shingles at the gables down each corner to the ground, where the ends should be buried some inches in the ground. This being done, the lightning, if it should strike the building, would pass quietly off without doing any damage. This plan of protection has been adopted by the British naval authorities for some years past, particularly on the masts of war ships, and since its adoption accidents from lightning, which used to be very common and destructive aboard a ship, exposed as they are to almost every storm throughout the world, have been reduced to a minimum."

Building.

Building operations are now being pushed lively in this village. Mr. Houston has Mr. Dale's new house ready for the plasterers, who commenced yesterday, and he expects to have it completed within the next couple of months. Messrs. Kerr and Walton got the masons started at Mr. W. H. O'Flynn's house on Monday, which they expect to have completed before spring. The excavations for the new dwelling for the proprietor of the REVIEW, on Durham Street north, are about completed, and the foundation will be commenced in a few days. Mr. Houston is also doing this job. The new house Mr. J. G. Deans is erecting for Mr. E. L. Weiss, opposite Major Rawe's, is progressing as rapidly as possible. Mr. D. C. Clarke's double house is about finished. We notice that Mr. John Francis is also building a large drive house on his premises. Skilled workmen in this line of business are scarce.

Lacrosse.

On Tuesday afternoon next, 14th inst., the Sioux Lacrosse Club of this village will cross sticks with the Trenton club, on the grounds of the former in this village. The Sioux have played three matches this season so far, in two of which they were defeated, but they are not yet discouraged. The Trenton club last week defeated Picton in three straight games, and play the Okas of Belleville, to-morrow, so that they will be formidable opponents, and an exciting game may be expected. In consideration of the expense the Sioux have been put to in keeping up the club, the members have decided to charge a small admission fee to all who witness this match, 10 cents. The entrance to the grounds is at the eastern corner of the Model School grounds, where a gate has been put in the fence for this purpose. Of course there are other ways of getting into the grounds and escaping this admission fee, but the members of the club do not anticipate that any one for the sake of ten cents would take advantage of it. The ball will be faced at 2 o'clock, sharp. We hope the boys will be encouraged by a large attendance.

Worthy Presentation.

On Monday evening last a few of the members of Alert Fire Co'y convened at Dr. Sine's office to do honor to their worthy chief, Allen Moon, Esq., by presenting him with a fine belt. It was their intention to have made this presentation, with a suitable address, on Wednesday evening, upon appearing for parade, but privately learning the possibility of his not being present upon that occasion, they thought it best not to delay the matter, but "surprise" him at once. The presentation was made by the Captain, E. A. Maybee, Esq., on behalf of the members of the Company, who, in a few very appropriate remarks, expressed his appreciation of the valuable services he had rendered the Company, and the gentlemanly manner in which he had discharged the duties of the office of Captain, previous to his promotion as Chief. The zealous interest he had taken in the working of the Company was appreciated and esteemed by all, and they trusted he would long live to wear the belt, both as a reminder of their kind regard and sympathy and as a stimulus in the prosecution of future duties. Mr. Moon said he accepted the handsome present as a momento of their regard—knowing by the kindly feelings which have heretofore existed between them, it was prompted by no vain motive—and sincerely thanked them for this manifestation of their respect towards him. He felt unworthy of the gift; having done nothing more than was his duty when acting in that capacity, and assured them he would never forget their kindness and forbearance; and always when opportunity presented itself he would strive to exercise that prudence which characterizes a true and successful fireman. The belt is made of blue patent leather, with the word "Chief" in raised white letters, on a red back ground, behind, and the figure "1" on the loop in front; and is lined throughout with heavy enameled drill, bound with white enameled leather, and was purchased from Cairns & Bros., New York. It is a very serviciable as well as ornamental article.

Everythings.

—The hotels in this village were crowded with "drummers" again last week.

—The members of White's Agricultural Band have ordered fine horse-hair plumes for their caps.

—Laborers are very scarce in this village. Scarcely a man can be found to do the smallest job of work.

—Madoc is not to have a watering cart, it seems, this summer. If the merchants can stand it anybody can.

—A team to represent the 49th Battalion will go to Toronto in a few weeks to shoot at the annual rifle match there.

The Trenton Lacrosse Club, that are to play in Madoc next Tuesday, play a match with the Okas, of Belleville, to-morrow.

—Mr. John Dale is taking a holiday ramble this week to Kingston, Bath, Napanee, and other scenes of his younger days.

—It is rumored that the rails on the Toronto & Ottawa railway between this village and Bridgewater are to be pulled up and the road closed.

—Messrs. N. M. Maybee and E. L. Weiss left of Tuesday for Ottawa to attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. Mrs. Maybee and Mrs. Weiss accompanied them.

The *Intelligencer* says thirty-five railroad laborers arrived in that city this week and were sent north to work on the Toronto and Ottawa road. Our cotem probably meant Ontario and Quebec road.

—We regret to have to chronicle that Mr. Thomas Cross has been seriously ill for some days past with bronchitis. Although he is now confined to his bed, we hope he may find his accustomed health soon.

—The *Ontario* complains of the REVIEW not reaching that office until Monday generally. Our cotem's copy is mailed here every Friday morning, so that it will have to wake up the Belleville P. O. officials again.

—Tuesday's *Intelligencer* says:—"A second lot of diamond drills was received here to-day, for Mr. Wm. H. Coe. The invoice reads: 50 carbons 67 7-16 karats, $1,146.44. These will be used in the Wollaston and Emily Mines.

How to Keep Cool.

A prominent physician writes to an exchange as follows:—"It is supposed by most persons that if they bathe in cold water, drink iced lemonade, ginger ale, ice water, etc., sleep with a thin coverlet over them, eat cold dinner, and rub their faces with their pocket-handkerchiefs every few moments, that they will be cool, or at least as comfortable as the weather will permit. Now, this is all wrong. A cold drink makes one feel exceedingly comfortable for a few moments, and then the individual will feel warmer than ever and perspire more profusely. The best way to keep cool is as follows:—Do not drink any ice-water; take only one glass of soda lemonade a day; eat a warm dinner but do not eat quite as much as you want; take hot coffee or tea for breakfast, just as you do in winter; sleep with a very light gaze blanket over you at night, and take a sponge-bath in tepid salt water before retiring. This makes the body cool and keeps musquitos away. Do not wear a heavy hat or tight collar; wear light flannels, low-cut shoes, carry an umbrella, and, above all, do not rub your face too often, because the action only heats the skin to a greater degree and makes you perspire more freely. If this advice is strictly followed you will be cooler and healthier."

Birth.

JOHNSON.—In Madoc township, on July 28th, the wife of Henry Johnson, of a son.

Died.

WALKER.—On July 11th, David J. Walker, aged 29 years and 9 months.

SCOTT.—In Minneapolis, Minn., on August 3rd, Lilly, only daughter of Benjamin Scott (formerly of Madoc), aged 2 years and 10 months.

—Very finest quality of Dutch Madder, only a york shilling per pound at Deans' Drug Store.

—Madder, Alum, Madder Compound, Indigo and Indigo Compound, sold at cheaper rates by the single pound than anywhere in the county, at Deans' Drug Store.

—The "Tontine Investment" Assurance Fedral Life Assurance Co., Fred. Davis, Agent, Madoc.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle

—The Diamond Dyes and all Aniline Dyes cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

Royal Scarlet Meeting.

A MEETING of the Royal Scarlet Lodge will be held on Tuesday evening, August 14th, at the hour of 7 o'clock p. m., in the lodge room at Hanawit's Corners. Anyone wishing to take degrees will please apply to the undersigned, enclosing the fee, $1.00, before that date.

HUGH KETCHESON,
Worshipful Companion in Command.
Madoc, July 31, 1883. 328

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:OXO:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.
Please give me a call.
(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

—JUST RECEIVED AT—

MRS. WRIGHT'S

a large consignment of

=M|A|J||O|L|I|C|A= W|A|R|E=

—IN—

Tea Sets,
Dessert Plates,
Butter Dishes,
Jugs, and Cuspadores,
and also a large assortment of
CROCKERY and GLASSWARE.

Crompton Corsets

—IN ALL THE—

LATEST STYLES,

—AT THE—

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE.

STELLA;
OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

VARIATIONS FROM "NORMA."

"Can you never be serious?" she says, earnestly; "do you not see that what is play to you may be almost death to me?"

"Who told you it was play to me?"

"It never can be anything else," she answers very sadly.

"Lily, you know that I mean to make you my wife—"

"And you know that such a thing can never come to pass," she cries almost wildly; "think of the gap that divides me from you; of the difference between us; of your mother's anger. No, no, it is impossible. You yourself would regret it in a week. I will never bring humiliation upon you, nor be the cause of dissension between you and your family; let me go, Sir Edgar, and for pity's sake be manly enough to leave me in peace for the future."

"You are, for a small woman with antelope-like eyes, the most obstinate specimen of your sex I have ever come across," answers Sir Edgar, half-laughing, half-vexed, drawing her nearer to him.

She trembles and shivers beneath his strong hands.

"Please—please!" she entreats in a terrified whisper "If any one should tell your mother——"

"Who on earth is to tell, you silly little woman? Who is it you are frightened of?"

"I am frightened of Maud."

"Of Maud? A child like *that*—pooh."

"Indeed, she is less of a child than you think; she sees everything; even now I feel as if she may be listening at the door. Please let me go. Oh! Edgar—Edgar!"

In her terror and agitation she drops the "Sir," which always offends him so mightily; he laughs triumphantly, and draws her once more upon his breast.

"So you won't be my wife, Lily?"

"No."

"Then I shall go on asking you till you consent, and I shall go on kissing you whenever I get the chance."

She is quite quiet now, lying for a few delirious seconds at peace within his arms whilst he rains down kisses upon her flower-like face. At her heart she does not believe that he means more than to while away a few idle hours with her; she does not credit him with very good intentions towards her, for she has knocked about the world a good deal, and she has learnt to disbelieve in the vows that men make to friendless and penniless girls, who are but waifs upon life's stream. She tells herself, even as she suffers his caresses, that he is in all probability false and fickle like all other men; but even while she is thinking it she is happy, for she loves him, and when he kisses her she is weak enough to be glad of it. She has told him that she will not enter into any engagement with him, because, knowing how great is the social distance between them, she does not believe he would ever honestly perform any engagement towards her; and yet, believing this of him, she is not strong enough to help being happy in his presence, or to forbid him from taking the conviction of her love by force from her trembling lips.

And as she rests thus happy for one brief instant in his embrace the door behind them softly opens, and then closes again rapidly; but not before Maud, coming back ready dressed for her walk, has been treated to a full view of the governess reclining in the arms of her eldest brother.

Maud retires hurriedly into the passage. She is genuinely horrified, but also unfeignedly delighted.

What a delicious little piece of scandal to tell mamma when she comes home! is this young lady's gleeful thought, and she feels quite proud and puffed up with self-importance at the idea of being able to relate such a flagrant breach of propriety on the part of her governess.

She waits, however, till her brothers and sisters come down, and then all four children come into the school-room together, by which time Miss Finch is putting away the lesson-books, and Sir Edgar Dyson is standing discreetly at the farther side of the table.

"Dear me! aren't you ready Miss Finch?" says Maud, with prim displeasure. "I thought you would have been dressed long ago"

"I am going directly, Maud. I shall not be a minute," murmurs Lily, apologetically.

"Who can this be coming up the drive?" cries Willie, who is dancing about by the window.

Lily looks up.

"I am afraid," she says quietly, "that you children will have to go out by yourselves this morning, for here is mamma come to see me."

"Yes, it's Mrs. Finch, and Mr. Allingham is with her. Perhaps he has brought me the marbles he has promised me," says Tom.

"Very likely," says Lily, smiling, and trying to look as if she were pleased.

But Sir Edgar Dyson mutters a very naughty word below his breath, and makes his escape from the school-room hurriedly, with a brow as black as a thunder-cloud.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TURNIP MACHINE.

Mrs. Finch comes into the school-room at Barfield by a side door, Norman Allingham making his way round to the front of the house to join Sir Edgar in his library.

Maud and the younger ones just stop to shake hands with their governess's mother, and then they take themselves off out of doors into the garden.

Mrs. Finch is in the habit of coming over from Wrexham once a week to visit her daughter. Directly, it was through Mrs. King's kind offices that Lily obtained her situation in Lady Dyson's family; but, in directly, Mrs. Finch had worked and schemed for it secretly for a long time, for Mrs. Finch thought there was a good deal more to be done in this part of the world by a pretty girl, with a clever mother to put her up to things, than the mere teaching of geography and history to four awkward and uninteresting children.

"So Lady Dyson is away, I hear," says Mrs. Finch, as she unties her bonnet-strings, and responds, somewhat coldly, to her daughter's kiss.

"Yes, she went up to town yesterday, but she is to be back to-morrow morning."

"Well, I think it will be a goood opportunity for you to come over to Wrexham with me to spend the afternoon. You can easily give the children a half-holiday.'

"I think I had rather not leave them whilst Lady Dyson is away, mamma. Another day will do quite as well for me to come."

"No; that is just what another day will not do. These French cousins are coming to Wrexham—one of them has telegraphed to say she will arrive to-night. It is your last chance."

"My last chance of what, mamma?'

"Why, you foolish child, of getting Norman to yourself. Who knows what harm this girl may do when she comes."

"But I don't at all want to get Norman to myself," answers Lily smiling. "And, indeed, I had much rather not come to-day. I don't think Sir Edgar——"

"What on earth has Sir Edgar to do with it?" cries the mother, sharply. "I hope, Lily, you are not such an utter goose as to fancy that he is likely to take any notice of you."

Poor Lily crimsons painfully, and looks down in silence.

"Now, Lily, if you have been silly enough to allow your thoughts to dwell upon Sir Edgar, I shall be very angry with you indeed," continues her mother. "Did I not warn you when first you came here to keep out of the way of those two men? All the Dysons are alike. Why, Walter Dyson is a regular black sheep; they say he makes love to every woman he meets and then ill-treats her; then he cannot speak a word of truth."

"Well, mamma," said Lily half-laughing, "I don't see why you should scold me about *him*. Why, he has been in Paris for more than three months; he has only been at Barfield twice since I have been here. I have hardly ever spoken to him."

"I have only mentioned him to show you what sort of men they are, and the character they bear. His brother is just as bad—false and deceitful."

"That I am sure he is not!" cried Lily, indignantly, blushing furiously.

Her mother looked at her sharply.

"If you have been so foolish as to allow Sir Edgar to flirt with you, Lily, you have done a very silly thing, and my advice to you is to put a stop to it at once. He will make you pretty speeches, and flatter you; he may even presume to kiss you; but he will never woo you honestly nor make you his wife. Child, I knew the Dysons before you were born; I knew their father. They are all alike."

And Mrs. Finch had reason to speak as she did; for years ago, before her heart had grown hard, or her life had become turned into the miserable groove of mercenary cunning which was now her only object, she, too, had been a governess at Carfield to a Miss Dyson, now dead and gone, and there had been fair and false words spoken to her in that very room by Sir Edgar's father—words that had spoilt and altered her whole life. It was no wonder that she hated his sons!

As to Lily, she was almost in tears. At her heart she believed that her mother was right, and that Sir Edgar meant nothing serious by the fine words and caresses which she, alas! had been weak enough to allow; but it was hard to be warned against him, and to be told how false he was.

"If you have anything to tell me about him, Lily, you had better make a clean breast of it at once," said the mother.

"I have nothing to tell you about him," she answered slowly. Not for worlds would she have confided her poor little story to her mother.

Mrs. Finch thought it best not to pursue the subject.

"Very well," she said, "I am glad of it. For instead of wasting vain thoughts on Sir Edgar, you will be doing far better if you turn your attention to Norman Allingham, who is a good, honest fellow, and will really be far better off than Sir Edgar, who is but a poor man after all, with a mother and a whole family of brothers and sisters on his hands. Now, Norman would never make up to any woman unless he meant to her to be his wife."

"Mamma, I don't care in the very least for Norman Allingham, and I am quite sure he does not care for me."

"If so, it is because you have neglected every opportunity you have had. I am determined that you shall marry him."

Poor Lily looked as frightened as if her mother had had a licence ready drawn up in her pocket, and was prepared to marry her out of hand to Mr. Allingham, with or without his consent, within the next hour.

"If you will do as I tell you, and leave everything to me, I will manage the whole business for you, Lily."

"But mamma, I would rather do anything than marry him. Indeed I don't want to marry anybody; I am very happy as I am," said poor Lily, piteously clasping her hands together; for it was shocking to her more refined and delicate mind that her mother should deliberately plan to capture a husband for her. But before she had time to plead her dismay and dislike to the whole scheme, the door opened, and the two young men entered.

"You must come down to the farm and see my new machine for chopping turnips," said the baronet cheerily, shaking hands with Mrs. Finch. "All the children are coming, and your daughter has said she will come too."

"Thank you, Sir Edgar; but I am thinking of taking my daughter back to Wrexham this afternoon," answered Mrs. Finch, rather stiffly.

"Oh! but there is plenty of time for you to come round by the farm first; indeed, I cannot take a refusal."

Edgar Dyson had a pleasant, winning manner—it was almst impossible for Mrs. Finch to decline the expedition.

Sir Edgar did not, however, gain much by the proposed walk. The four children went on in front; Lily, out of modesty, shrank behind; whilst Norman, with an easy familiarity, took his place by her side, so that the baronet was perforce obliged to walk before them, with Mrs. Finch for his companion—an arrangemen which, much as that lady herself approved of it, was hardly to his own satisfaction.

Norman and Lily walked on for some minutes in silence.

They had not much to say to each other; they saw each other frequently, and they called each other by their Christian names. There was a sort of cousinship between them which warranted the familiarity, the defunct Mr. Finch having been a second cousin of old Mr. King's. Norman thought Lily a dear, sweet-tempered little thing, without much to say for herself; Lily liked Norman because he was kind to herself, and took pains to be more civil to her mother than his grandfather was, otherwise she thought very little about him. There never had been the slightest symptom of love-making between them.

"So your cousins from France are coming to live at Wrexham, I hear," said Lily, at length, more for the sake of something to say than because she took any particular interest in the unknown Miss Kings.

"Yes, one of them arrives to-night."

"Is she pretty?" asked Lily listlessly, with her eyes fixed upon Sir Edgar's broad back in front of her.

A sudden flush swept over Norman's fair face; but Lily did not see this because she was considering deeply whether she would ever have strength of mind enough to prevent the baronet from behaving to her as though he were her lover. Something, however, in Norman's voice, as he answered her, made her look up at him.

"She is more than pretty, she is lovely," he said slowly.

"Oh! I am very glad of that," answered Lily heartily. "You like her, of course?"

"No; I don't think anybody could like her," answered Norman coldly. Lily opened her eyes. "Because," he continued, "she has what is a fatal blot upon any woman's beauty and charm—a terrific temper."

"Really? what a pity!" said Lily, with some interest.

"A bad-tempered woman is like a distorted flower; nothing can be more repulsive to meet with than mortal ugliness where one expects to find nothing but beauty and harmony. I think a man, whose wife has a violent and ill-controlled disposition, is very much to be pitied. You, Lily," turning suddenly to her, with a smile, "you have the sweetest temper I have ever met with; I have often noticed it and admired it."

Lily blushed a little with a vague sense of uneasiness, and turned slightly away.

"I am sorry your cousin is so unamiable," she said, to divert the conversation from herself; "and the other one?"

"I have never seen Cecily, and she is not coming to Wrexham just yet," he answered, rather shortly.

Truth to say, the whole subject of his two cousins was rather distasteful to Norman just now. He was angry with Cecily for not coming, and angry also with Stella for coming alone; for, in spite of his indignant condemnation of her temper, he knew that at heart her beauty would very probably disturb his peace. And then Norman was angry with his grandfather for limiting his choice of a wife to these two sisters, and was half-disposed to determine that he would marry Lily or any other girl whom he might meet, if only he could throw every other consideration to the winds and follow his own fancy in the matter. Not that he cared about Lily, only she was neither Stella whom he had seen, and who troubled his dreams; nor yet Cecily, whom he had not seen, but who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in avoiding his presence.

"What business had she to stay in France when he wanted her in England," he said to himself irritably. And, for the time, both the sisters were odious to him, and Lily's attractions stood out forcibly in contrast to them.

Meanwhile they had reached the farm, and Sir Edgar turned round to called them into the covered shed where the machine had been drawn up.

Farm machinery was a hobby of Sir Edgar Dyson's, and although not one of his hearers knew anything about the subject, or cared very much about it, he took a great delight in explaining and expounding the workings of all the different wheels, and cogs, and joints of the machine. Only Lily listened intently, with her soft brow puckered up eagerly, trying hard to understand where the turnips were put in and what happened to them inside, and how they managed to come out of it chopped up, giving her whole mind to the process as though the breaking up into pieces of the homely vegetable were the one thing on earth she was most anxious to learn about. But that was because Sir Edgar was interested in it, and every true woman tries to share and enter into the tastes of the man she loves.

Somehow it came to pass, that in spite of all Mrs. Finch's vigilance, these two came to be separated a little from the others. It is difficult quite to know how it happened. Alice called Mrs. Finch to come into the poultry-yard and look at her own special white hen, of which she was very proud; and Norman, at the same minute, happened to wander away to the shed where the other children were busy inspecting the cows. Suddenly Edgar looked up, and perceived that he and Lily were left alone in the barn with the machine; he instantly ceased his essay on turnip-cuting, and took hold of her hand.

"I suppose your mother has been setting you against me, as usual?" he said, rather roughly.

Lily looked pained.

"Indeed, Sir Edgar, I think she is quite right," she answered, with tears in her eyes, "and I think you will end by driving me away from here."

They were the hadest words she had ever spoken to him.

"So it has come to that—that you think me a brute—that you are afraid of me? I don't think much of your love, Lily."

She tried to draw her hand away, but he held it tightly and would not let it go.

They neither of them heard the stopping of a carriage, close by the farm, nor the advancing steps of a lady who came towards them across the yard.

All at once a voice behind them made them spring guiltily apart.

"Dear me, Miss Finch, how very extraordinary! Where are the children, pray, and how came you not to be at their lessons this morning? I heard voices and stopped the carriage to see whose here; and, dear me! can I believe my eyes?"—turning towards her son, as if she had only just perceived him—"you, Edgar!" It is impossible to describe the mingled amazement and horror with which Lady Dyson spoke her son's name.

But as to Lily, if the earth could only have opened and swallowed her up, she would have been very thankful.

CHAPTER X.

STELLA LOSES HER TEMPER AGAIN.

Wrexham Hall looked very gaunt and dreary as Stella King drove up alone to it in the dim gleam of the winter evening. Everything about the long facade, with its ponderous rows of white columns and its imposing Grecian portico, looked wealthy and solemn and intensely respectable; but was scarcely calculated to impress confidence or cheerfulness within the heart of the desolate girl who had come alone to find a home beneath its roof.

As the fly which had been thought good enough to bring her and her modest luggage from the station drew up noisily upon the stone flags under the porch, Stella's heart sank within her, and she could not help thinking bitterly of Cecily's selfish desertion of her.

Two powdered footmen, splendid creatures in crimson and black, flung open the doors to receive her, and ushered her into the large and well-lighted hall. No one else was there to welcome her.

Her heart sank within her as she followed one of them down a long corridor; and when the man entered a door at the further end of it, and told her respectfully that she would find Mr. King there in his study, Stella plucked up her courage, and determined to meet her grandfather with that spirit of independence and self-respect which was natural to her.

The old man was seated by his table reading by the light of a shaded lamp. He rose at her entrance, and Stella thought his long, angular figure would never come to its full height as it raised itself slowly out of the depths of his low, leathern arm-chair. In all her life he had never seen anyone so thin and tall.

"How d'ye do?" he said, not very graciously, holding out his long, claw-like hand to her. "Why didn't your sister come with you? I think she ought to have come; I am very much displeased that she should have begun by disobeying me."

"I am very sorry that you are vexed, grandpapa. I think, too, it would have been better if she had come her; but she had such a tempting invitation so Paris, and she is very young——"

"There—there! that will do," he interrupted, irritably, "I don't want to hear a whole list of excuses. I suppose your mother has brought you up like French girls, to do just as you please, and go your own way."

"I dont think French girls go their own way at all," said Stella smiling. "As a rule, they are kept far more strictly than English girls."

Mr. King looked a little surprised. It was rather astonishing to him to be answered and contradicted by this slight, fair girl. The young lady seemed to have plenty of self-confidence, at all events. Perhaps the old man did not think any the worse of her for it.

"Come here and let me look at you," he said, shortly, prudently dropping the discussion concerning the education of French girls. He drew her near to him, and held up the lamp so that it fell full upon her lovely face. He was evidently not displeased by what he saw, for his expression softened a little.

"So you are the young lady who refused to marry my heir, Norman Allingham?" he said, rather roughly.

Stella colored with a little natural indignation. "I certainly refused him," she answered composedly.

"Well, I'm sorry you didn't hit it off, for you have your father's good looks. Is your sister as pretty as you are?'

"I am sure I don't know," answered Stella, and she could not help laughing a little at this strange catechism through which the old man was putting her, "we are considered alike.'

"Humph!" He dropped her hand, and put the lamp down again upon the table. "You were a goose to refuse him," he said, shortly; "it's so much the worse for you, and so much the better for her. I shall only allow her to stop in Paris a month. You children don't seem to have understood that I am your natural guardian, and as long as you are under age you are bound to obey me—do you here?" looking at her rather savagely—"*to obey* me."

"Yes, I hear you, grandpapa, and I will do my best to be dutiful," she answered, quietly, adding, however, after a moment's pause, "as long as you only require from me what is right and reasonable."

She was a brave girl to have said that, and after she had said it she was half afraid he would be angry. But this odd old man only laughed with a sort of a little inward chuckle, as though he were very much amused. Her fearlessness was rather fascinating to him, and all unknown to her, reminded him of her dead father, towards whom his withered old heart had softened when he had heard of his death.

"What on earth made you come at such an hour?" he said, changing the subject. "Dinner has been over long ago; it is a most awkward time of day to arrive."

"I could not held the boats and the trains," said Stella, smiling.

"Well, I couldn't keep dinner waiting for you; I never alter my dinner hour for anybody. I suppose you are not hungry?" looking at her sharply as though he dared her to own to such a thing. But Stella was quite undaunted.

"Indeed, I am very hungry indeed. I hope you will allow me something to eat.'

"What a dreadful thing a young appetite is! you children eat at all hours and destroy your digestions for life," he said grumblingly. "When you are my age the coats of your stomach will be gone."

"As long as I have a coat to my back," began Stella, laughingly; but her grandfather opened his eyes at her so alarmingly for daring to turn his words into a joke, that her harmless little jest died away upon her lips.

"Go and find Mrs. Finch, and ask her to get you something to eat," he said sternly.

"Who is Mrs. Finch, and where am I to find her?" inquired Stella.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEALTH FOOD.

By Bill Nye.

While trying to reconstruct a telescoped spine and put some new copper rivets in the lumbar vertebræ, this spring, I have had occasion to thoroughly investigate the subject of so-called health food, such as gruels, beef tea, inundations, toasts, oat meal mush, bran mash, soups, condition powders, graham gems, ground feed, pepsin, laudable mush, and other hen feed usually poked into the invalid who is too week to defend himself.

Of course it stands to reason that the reluctant and fluttering spirit may not be won back to earth and joy once more beam in the leaden eye, unless due care be taken relative to the food by means of which nature may be made to assert herself.

I do not care to say to the world through the columns of the *Free Press* that we may woo from eternity the trembling life with pie. Welsh rabbit and other wild game will not do at first. But I think I am speaking the sentiments of a large and emaciated constituency when I say that there is getting to be a strong feeling against oatmeal submerged in milk and in favor of strawberry short cake.

I almost ate myself into an early grave in April by flying into the face of Providence and demoralizing old Gastric with oatmeal. I ate oatmeal two weeks, and at the end of that time my friends were telegraphed for, but before it was too late, I threw off the shackles that bound me. With a desperation born of a terrible apprehension, I rose and shook off the fatal oatmeal habit and began to eat beefsteak. At first life hung trembling in the balance and there was no change in the quotations of beef, but later on there was a slight, delicate bloom on the wan cheek, and range cattle that had barely escaped a long, severe winter on the plains began to apprehend a new danger and to seek the secluded canyons of the inaccessible mountains.

I often thought while I was eating health food and waiting for death, how the doctor and other invited guests at the post mortem would start back in amazement to find the remnants of an eminent man filled with bran!

Through all the painful hours of the long, long night and the eventless day, while the mad throng rushed onward like a great river towards eternity's ocean, this thought was uppermost in my mind. I tried to get the physician to promise that he would not expose me and show the world what a hollow mockery I had been and how I had deceived my best friends. I told him the whole truth and asked him to spare my family the humiliation of knowing that though I might have led a blameless life, my sunny exterior was only a thin covering for bran and shorts and middlings, cracked wheat and pearl barley.

I dreamed last night of being in a large city where the streets were paved with dry toast and the buildings were roofed with toast and the soil was bran and oatmeal, and the water was beef tea and gruel. All at once it came over me that I had solved the great mystery of death and had been consigned to a place of eternal punishment. The thought was horrible! A million eternities in a city built of dry toast and oatmeal! A home for never-ending cycles of ages, where the principal hotel and the post office building and the opera house were all built of toast, and the fire department squirted gruel at the devouring element forever!

It was only a dream, but it has made me more thoughtful, and people notice that I am not so giddy as I was.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Summer in Crowded New York.

In the alleyway of a tenement in New York a baby nestled in the arms of a young girl. Its face was covered with red spots which the doctor said were due to deficient nutrition. In the top of No.— a child was sprawled out on a bed, too weak to brush away the flies which assailed it. A climb over the roof took the doctor into No.—. A baby was convulsed with a cough. The doctor put his ear to its heart and after a critical examination said it had a touch of bronchitis. Like a dead child a little one lay among the bed-clothing in the front room on the same floor. Its hands were thrown over its head and it moved uneasily. On the top floor of the same tenement a child had been sick for eight days and no doctor had been called to see it.

Sewing-machines rattle from morning till night in a towering tenement at No. 11 Essex street. Hundreds of Poles live in the building and earn a living by making clothing. They work, cook, eat and sleep in the same rooms, which are far from cleanly. The children pant in the confined rooms and pine for want of attention. In one room four men bent over the work of their machines, two women took irons from the fire and pressed the finished clothing, while children cried on the floor. The men, women and children were sallow, and the heat from the stove made the atmosphere sickening. The people toiled unceasingly for the pittance which they earned to keep body and soul together, and had no time to find out the business of the intruders. Nor did they look up when accosted. On an upper floor a wrinkled hag crooned over a crying child. A woman sat on the ledge on the roof of No.— rocking a child in her arms. A little wind was stirring there and it was grateful to the little one. Below was a stone-paved court, upon which stagnant water stood in pools. A boy who had lost his feet drew himself over the roof in boxes fitted to his legs below his knees. "The Chinese have got a bad smell in their place down below," said he, "but this house is all right."—*N. Y. Times.*

Gentle Reminder.

Husbands are so stupid! The story of a man who went to town with his wife to do errands, and was sorely perplexed at missing something on his return, until he reached home and found he had forgotten his wife, reminds somebody of a women in Philadelphia who gave her husband six commissions to execute in New York. He telegraphed back that he had executed five and forgotten the last. It was an order for an illuminated sentence for a Sunday-school room. He was a good deal astonished when he received the reply: "Unto us this day a child is born—two feet wide and nine feet long."—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for August.*

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE MINUTES SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic, and War Items.—Pithy, Concise and Pointed.

DOMESTIC.

The fact that the steamer Ludwig is overdue ten days creates some uneasiness at Montreal.

The tinsmiths of Ottawa demand that they shall be allowed a full day's pay for eight hours' work.

It is said that the senior partner of the firm of Browne & Smith, Welland canal contractors is missing.

Sheriff Glass has appointed Patrick Kelly governor of the Middlesex county jail, in room of Mr. Fyah deceased.

Complaints are numerous from farmers and others in the neighborhood of Kingston of a great scarcity of help at present.

It is reported that Mr. Wm. Kehoe is to be appointed governor of Carleton County jail.

Mr. David White, livery stable keeper, of Ottawa, received probably fatal injuries by falling from his horse.

Mr. David McLellan, M.P.P., for St. John County, has been sworn in as Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick.

Two visitors had a narrow escape from drowning while attempting to run the Chaudiere slides at Ottawa recently.

William Phalen, the Boston forger, now at Montreal, will be taken to the Hub on the arrival of the extradition papers.

The Coaticocke Cotton Co. passed their annual dividend recently as a precautionary measure in the present depressed state of trade.

Roger Amero, the Digby Frenchman, charged with the murder of Mrs. Carleton, at Watertown Mass.. is still in gaol at Digby awaiting a warrant for his extradition.

The Fish and Game Protection Association have made out a case against a party in East Flamboro for obstructing the streams running into the bay as injurious to the propagation of fish.

Two young lads, sons of well to do families at Lachine, named Dawes and Brock, were driving recently, when their horse was hit by a locomotive and killed. Both lads were thrown out and hurt.

At the rear of St Paul's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, the foundation is laid for a beautiful school-room. When the structure is finished it will cost over $10,000, to be built of Hamilton Mountain stone.

UNITED STATES.

The Bank of Leadville, Colorado has assigned.

Henry Staub, director of the Lima Mint, has absconded with 8,000 soles belonging to the citizens.

A report is abroad in New York that Mr. Langtry is in the city looking after Freddie Gebhardt's scalp.

A hundred persons were poisoned at an ice cream church sociable at Joliet, Ill., recently.

At Bridgeport, Conn, the Howe sewing machine works were nearly destroyed by fire. The flames broke out in the Japan room.

At Nashville, Tenn., David Dinges killed James Smith, his stepfather, with a stone, near Spartz. Dinges, a wealthy merchant, has been arrested.

The monument to be erected to the memory of Gen. George A. Custer, killed by Sitting Bull's band in 1876, is on its way to Montana. It was made in Scotland.

The Drawbaugh Telephone - Telegraph Company, will do business throughout the United States. The capital is fixed at fifteen millions.

Of the 565 deaths in Philadelphia last week 342 or more than three-fifths were children, and of these 142 were from cholera infantum, a death rate of over 20 a day.

A swimming master, giving exhibitions in Lake Pontchartrain, at New Orleans, encountered a sword fish, which he succeeded in capturing. In the saw were forty-two teeth.

GENERAL.

Bismarck is still ill.

The Pope is indisposed.

Sir Henry Tyler has sailed from England for Canada.

The French Cabinet has been defeated upon a Government measure.

Dennis M. O'Connor, Home Rule member for Sligo County, is dead.

A case suspected to be cholera has been discovered in London docks and another in Wales.

The death of General Sir William Fenwick Williams, the gallant defender of Kars, is announced.

It is rumored that Dr. Vulpian has stated that Comte de Chambord is suffering from the effects of poison.

It is stated that Prof. Putlitz killed himself because he drew a death lot in a so-called American duel.

A Berlin despatch says cholera, it is reported, has appeared at Bostov, and several deaths have occured.

English missionaries and their families in the interior of Madagascar are prevented from reaching the coast.

Count Kalnoky, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs has had an audience with the Emperor of Germany.

The Liverpool Town Council is agitated over the threatened importation of cholera in cargoes of rags from Egypt.

Louisa De La Ramee, "Ouida," writes to the London *Times* in favor of making a copyright treaty with the United States, with conference of publishers.

Cossacks recently made a raid on the park surrounding Peterhoff Palace, and eleven suspicious persons were captured.

Spain is about to abolish the regulation requiring the inspection of all vessels in Spanish ports from England.

Arrangements have been made for the removal to Cyprus of the British troops in Egypt if cholera spreads among them.

A Panama despatch says fears are entertained that a revolution will break out during the elections, which take place shortly.

In three months 5,327 emigrants were assisted by Tukes' Committee at a cost of £35,000, of which £26,000 was received from the Government.

At the Provincial mayors' banquet at London, Mr. Lowell, United States Minister, dwelt upon the growing number of American travellers in England.

Intelligence has reached Rome from Berlin that Bismarck will continue to negotiate with the Vatican for a settlement of the differences between it and Prussia.

The British Medical Association are moving for a Parliamentary Committee to enquire into the inadequate medical and sanitary arrangements on the Atlantic steamers.

The House of Commons will discuss Sir Stafford Northcote's motion for an address to the Queen regarding the monopoly of the Isthmus of Suez Canal.

How he Won Her.

"I tell you, sir," indignantly exclaimed Colonel Webley, addressing a young man who aspired to the hand of his only child, "that I shall never give my consent to a union which I know shall be unhappy."

"We love each other," replied young Balchuff.

"Love be eternally blowed! So I could have said years ago. I was devoted to the woman I married and she was devoted to me."

"You have lived happily with each other, have you not?"

"Happily!" the Colonel contemptuously repeated. "I didn't have money enough to ensure happiness. Even in Arkansaw a man must have money. His wife may be devoted to him, but if he fails to provide those little delicacies which make life so enjoyable to a woman, she will speak of this sad lack of comfort, and instead of attributing it to financial inability will regard it as neglect. At times she will be melting with affection and vow that your love is all that she cares for in this world, but when some one, who in worldly goods seems no richer than yourself rides in a buggy with his wife, she loses sight of the great sustaining love and hankers after tangible affection, a street display of love."

"I am a young man of energy and good business capacity. I can work and earn money."

"No use in prolonging this conversation. I have told you that you shall not marry my daughter. I shall keep a close watch, and if I see you here again, I shall act with violence."

"Well, Colonel," said the young man with firmness, "as the gentler resources have failed, I am compelled to adopt the last resort. Some time ago, before you suspected that I was attached to your daughter, you borrowed ten dollars from me. Do not wince, sir; hear me through. You thought that I had forgotten the transaction, but I haven't. Now, sir, I intend to marry your daughter; if you persist in annoying me, I shall dun you for the money every time I see you."

The Colonel sat for a moment in deep thought. Finally he said, "Say, Bob, don't say anything more about the ten dollars; lend me five more and take the girl."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Color Hearing.

Popular expressions are often very significant. "I saw three dozen lights of all colors," or some similar expression may be heard from persons who have received violent blows on the head or face. Under the influence of shocks of this kind, the eye really seems to see infinite numbers of sparks. Shocks of a certain class impressed upon the nervous system seem to have the faculty of producing phenomena of light. This remark has been suggested by the facts we are about to relate, which lead us to suppose that sonorous vibrations are susceptible in certain cases of provoking luminous sensations. There are, in fact, persons who are endowed with such sensibility that they cannot hear a sound without at the same time perceiving colors. Each sound to them has its peculiar color; this word corresponds with red and that one with green, one note is blue and another is yellow. The phenomenon, "color hearing," as the English call it, has been hitherto little observed.

Dr. Nussbaumer, of Vienna, appears to have been the first person who took serious notice of it. While still a child, when playing one day with his brother, striking a fork against a pane of glass to hear the ringing, he discovered that he saw colors at the same time he perceived the sound; and so well did he perceive the colors that, when he stopped his ears, he could divine by it how loud a sound the fork had produced. His brother also had similar experiences. Dr. Nussbaumer was afterwards able to add to his own observations nearly identical ones made by a student in Zurich. To this young man, musical notes were translated by certain fixed colors. The high notes induced clear colors, and the low notes dull ones. More recently, M. Pedrano, an ophthalmologist of Nantes, has observed the same peculiarities in one of his friends.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

An Old Historic Castle for Sale.

Messrs. Daniel Smith, Son & Oakley publish an illustrated catalogue of the sale by auction of Devizes Castle. The photographs of this ancient pile represent a very beautiful old stronghold, in excellent "condition." Devizes Castle was founded by the Bishop of Salisbury, in the reign of Henry I., and Ordericus Vitalis says that there was not a more splendid fortress in Europe. How the people liked castles and castle building we learn from a frequently quoted chronicle. The catalogue contains romantic particulars of the history of the castle, which has private staircases, a secret chamber, doubtless a ghost, and, in short, everything handsome about it. It is just the sort of box a man would feel at home in, but, unluckily, we cannot all afford to buy feudal castles.—*London Daily News.*

A Moving Mountain.

Austrian papers report that a mountain in the neighborhood of Czernowitz, in the Bukovina, is manifesting singular symptoms of disturbance. The ground around its base, to the extent of over one thousand fathoms, has opened out in wide and deep chasms. Most of the houses in the village on the spot (Kuczumare) have fallen down.

MARRIED TO A LUNATIC.

Sane on Her Wedding Night, but a Maniac Next Day.—A Strange Courtship.

The old proverb about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure was never better illustrated than it was in a suit which came before Judge J. F. Daly in the Court of Common Pleas, New York. The action is one brought by David Holtz against his young wife, Pauline Holtz, a girl of twenty, to annul their marriage, which took place on the 2nd of last April.

FACTS FOR A NOVEL.

In his complaint the plaintiff says that his marriage occurred under the following circumstances:—He became engaged to the defendant on the day preceding his marriage, and, as he alleges, the defendant and her relations, for the purpose of inducing him to consent that the marriage should occur the next day, falsely represented to him that by the laws or customs of this State it was obligatory upon engaged parties to immediately appear before some officer or person stationed at the City hall for the purpose of performing the marriage ceremony; that when he refused to be married so quickly after the engagement, without having first become better acquainted with his intended wife, and without first consulting his mother, who was then on her way from Europe to this country, the defendant and her relations, for the purpose of hastening the marriage, fraudulently represented to him that such a ceremony was not binding upon those professing the Hebrew religion, and that their actual marriage could take place thereafter, and be performed by a minister of their own religion; that the plaintiff, who is a foreigner and unacquainted with the English language, was finally induced to consent to the marriage, which was performed at the City hall by one of the aldermen, and that this marriage was not consummated until the 15th of April following, on which day the parties were remarried by a Hebrew minister.

THE BRIDE BECOMES INSANE.

On the morning following the second ceremony of marriage, as Mr. Holtz proceeds to allege in his complaint, his young wife became insane, and had to be removed to the asylum on Black well's Island, where she still remains, under medical treatment as a lunatic, and upon information and belief it is alleged that she has been a lunatic for several years past, and has been several times in the asylum, but that she enjoys lucid intervals at various times, lasting from five days to two months, and that at such intervals she fully remembers all that had transpired before she relapsed into lunacy. At these times, as the complaint further states, she is well aware of her lunacy, but believes—having been so advised by physicians—that her cure may be effected in case of her becoming a mother. Mr. Holtz says that during his acquaintance with the defendant and up to the day following the second ceremony of marriage the defendant was enjoying one of these lucid intervals, and during this time acted like a sane person, and the fact of her having been insane was entirely unknown to him.

The plaintiff charges that the defendant and her relatives maliciously withheld from him the facts above stated, so that he might be induced to marry her, in utter disregard of his own happiness, more especially as the defendant's father is also a lunatic, so the plaintiff is informed and believes.

UNABLE TO SERVE THE SUMMONS.

Applications were presented to Judge J. F. Daly, in the special term of the Common Pleas Court, setting forth that the defendant was not in a fit condition to be served with the summons in the action. Mr. Morris J. Friedlander, the plaintiff's attorney, stated in an affidavit that he went to the Blackwel's Island Asylum on the 1st of last June for the purpose of serving the summons personally upon the defendant. He says that Dr. Thomas M. Franklin, medical superintendent at the asylum, when informed of the purport of the visit, said that the defendant was not in a fit condition to receive the summons, and that the delivery of the paper to her would aggravate her mental disorder, and lessen the chances of her recovery. The doctor refused to permit the services of any paper upon her unless ordered to do so by the court. Mr. Friedlander then delivered the summons to the sheriff for service, but that officer or his deputy met with no better success. Mr. Friedlander says, in an affidavit, that the defendant, as he believes, is twenty years old, and before her marriage lived with her mother, and that her father is either an idiot or a lunatic and has been in that condition for ten years past.

The plaintiff also makes an affidavit in which he states that he ever saw the defendant's father at her house, and he was made to believe by both he defendant and her mother that her father was dead. The plaintiff says that he subsquently discovered that the father was alive and of unsound mind, and had not lived with his family since 1872.

Upon this statement of facts Judge Daly ordered that service of the summons be made upon the defendant personally, and also upon Dr. Franklin and the girl's mother.

Photographing an Elephant.

An exciting scene took place at Cross's zoological establishment in Earle street, Liverpool, recently. Mr. Cross wished to have his elephant, Jumbo II., photographed. Several photographers declined to do it, being afraid to face the animal; but at last Messrs. Brown, Bines & Bell undertook the task. Early in the morning, before the place was open to the public, the elephant, which is always chained up with a heavy anchor chain, was unfastened and let out in the yard; but when he saw the camera directed towards himself and the photographer manipulating it and looking at him through it, he got excited and with one blow of his trunk he smashed the apparatus, and was ready to deal a second blow as the photographer when some of the staff of the menagerie rushed to his assistance and succeeded in restoring the animal to his normal docile condition. On being assured that the elephant would now keep perfectly quiet the photographer commenced his work again with another camera and after several attempts, succeeded in obtaining a good negative.—*St. James' Gazette.*

TORNADOES.

Scientifically Accounted for and Some Remote Causes that Produce Painful Results Explained.

The following synopsis of a lecture delivered by Dr. Horace R. Hamilton, before the New York society for the promotion of science, contains so much that is timely and important that it can be read with both interest and profit:—

There is probably no subject of modern times that has caused and is causing greater attention than the origin of tornadoes. Scientists have studied it for the benefit of humanity; men have investigated it for the welfare of their families. It has been a vexed subject long considered, and though all this investigation the cyclone has swept across the land carrying destruction to scientists as well as to the innocent dwellers in its track. One thing, however, is certain; the cause of the cyclone must be sought far away from the whirling body of wind itself. Its results are powerful; its cause must also be powerful. Let us therefore consider a few facts. First, the appearance of a cyclone is invariably preceded by dark spots upon the face of the sun. These spots, indicating a disturbed condition of the solar regions, necessarily affect the atmosphere of our earth. An unusual generation of heat in one part of the atmosphere is certain to cause a partial vacuum in another portion. Air must rush in to fill this vacuum. Hence the disturbance—hence the cyclone. This theory finds additional confirmation in the fact that tornadoes come during the day and not at night. The dark spots upon the surface of the sun, whatever they may be, seem to cause great commotion in the atmosphere of the world, and it is almost certain that the extremely wet weather of the present season can be accounted for on precisely this basis. Is it reasonable to suppose that the marvellous effect of the sun upon vegetation and life in general shall be less than upon the atmosphere itself through which its rays come? The cause is remote, but the effect is here.

After describing some of the terrible effects of the cyclone, the speaker went on to say:—

This rule finds its application in nearly every department of life. An operator is in San Francisco—the click of the instrument manipulated by his fingers, in New York. The president makes a slight stroke of the pen in his study at the White House, and the whole nation is aroused by the act. An uneasiness and disgust with everything in life commonly called home-sickness, is felt by many people, when the cause is to be found in the distant home thousands of miles away. An uncertain pain may be felt in the head. It is repeated in other parts of the body. The appetite departs and all energy is gone. Is the cause necessarily to be found in the head? The next day the feeling increases. There are added symptoms. They continue and become more aggravated. The slight pains in the head increase to agonies. The nausea becomes chronic. The heart grows irregular, and the breathing uncertain. All these effects have a definite cause; and, after years of deep experience upon this subject, I do not hesitate to say that this cause is to be found in some derangement of the kidneys or liver far away from that portion of the body in which these effects appear. But one may say, I have no pain whatever in my kidneys or liver. Very true. Neither have we any evidence that there is a tornado on the surface of the sun; but it is none the less certain that the tornado is here, and it is none the less certain that these great organs of the body are the cause of the trouble although there may be no pain in their vicinity.

I know whereof I speak, for I have passed through this very experience myself. Nearly ten years ago I was the picture of health, weighing more than 200 pounds, and as strong and healthy as any man I ever knew. When I felt the symptoms I have above described, they caused me annoyance, not only by reason of their aggravating nature, but because I had never felt any pain before. Other doctors told me I was troubled with malaria, and I treated myself accordingly. I did not believe, however, that malaria could show such aggravated symptoms. It never occurred to me that analysis would help solve the trouble, as I did not presume my difficulty was located in that portion of the body. But I continued to grow worse. I had a faint sensation at the pit of my stomach nearly every day. I felt a great desire to eat, and yet I loathed food. I was constantly tired and still I could not sleep. My brain was unusually active, but I could not think connectedly. My existence was a living misery. I continued in this condition for nearly a year; never free from pain, never for a moment happy. Such an existence is far worse than death, for which I confess I earnestly longed.

It was while suffering thus that a friend advised me to make a final attempt to recover my health. I sneered inwardly at his suggestion, but I was too weak to make any resistance. He furnished me with a remedy, simple yet palatable and within two days I observed a slight change for the better. This awakened my courage. I felt that I would not die at that time. I continued the use of the remedy, taking it in accordance with directions, until I became not only restored to my former health and strength, but of greater vigor than I have before known. This condition has continued up to the present time, and I believe I should have died as miserably as thousands of other men have died and are dying every day had it not been for the simple yet wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy I employed.

The lecturer then described his means of restoration more in detail, and concluded as follows:

My complete recovery has caused me to investigate the subject more carefully, and I believe I have discovered the key to most ill health of our modern civilization. I am fully confident that four-fifths of the diseases which afflict humanity might be avoided were the kidneys and liver kept in perfect condition. Were it possible to control the action of the sun, cyclones could undoubtedly be averted. That, however, is one of the things that cannot be. But I rejoice to say that it is possible to control the kidneys and liver; to render their action wholly normal, and their effect upon the system that of purifiers rather than poisoners. That this end has been accomplished largely by means of the remedy I have named I do not have a doubt, and I feel it my duty to make this open declaration for the enlightenment of the profession and for the benefit of suffering humanity in all parts of the world.

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way to reach any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these organs to the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and poisons from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing diseases of women; and Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of imposters, fac-similes and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—SASH AND Door and Furniture Factory and Saw Mill, in the Town of Palmerston; commodious buildings; well located and fitted up with best machinery. A rare chance for a practical man to secure a valuable property in a good business centre. Apply to Box D, Palmerston.

A FORTUNE.

Any one who will return this slip to the address below, with 50 cents in stamps or coin, will receive 4 articles worth 10 times 50 cts., which will enable them to clear from $5 to $20 per week. Money refunded to any one dissatisfied.

JAMES LEE & CO.,
MONTREAL, CANADA.

TO MILK & DAIRY-MEN.

Champion Milking Pail. No more bad butter or split milk. Pail, Stool and Strainer combined. No dirt can enter the pail, and no danger of its being kicked over. This is an improvement on the one used in all the best dairies in the States. Made of the best tin or galvanized iron. I will send the first one ordered in every town for $2, with all particulars. Agents, this is your chance. S. S. KIMBALL, 577 Craig street, Montreal.

PAINT! PAINT!

To Painters and those Painting

RAMSAY'S CONCENTRATED ZINC

has three times the body of lead and wears for years. One pound will cover more work than three pounds of best English Lead. Guaranteed and manufactured by

A. RAMSAY & SON, Montreal.

Should be Sold by All Paint Dealers.

Dominion Line of Steamships

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—

Dominion 11th Aug.	Toronto, 1st of Sept.
Oregon, 18th "	Sarnia, 8th "
Montreal, 25th "	Ontario, 15th "

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool, $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

Positively cures Nervousness in all its stages. Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Night Sweats, Barrenness, Weakness and General Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, strengthens the Enfeebled Brain and restores surprising tone and vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs in either sex. ☞ With each order for Twelve packages, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the Cheapest and Best Medicine in the market. Pamphlet sent free by mail to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 50 cents per box, or 6 boxes for $2.50, or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of money, by addressing Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co., Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

THE GREAT CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM

And all complaints of a Rheumatic nature,

RHEUMATINE is not a sovereign remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but for NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and complaints of Rheumatic nature,

IT IS A SURE CURE

Sold by all druggists. The Rheumatine Manufacturing Co., Niagara Falls, Ont. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman, Wholesale Agts., Toronto.

The London *News* asserts that the deaths from cholera in Egypt so far have been 16,000. It says the disease is less virulent now, and of ten men attacked among the British troops, on an average six survive.

Increased anxiety continues to be felt over the non-arrival of the steamer Ludwig, which is more than a month out from Antwerp. There are twenty four cabin passengers, chiefly belonging to Montreal.

It is rumoured that a plot has been discovered, the aim of which was to restore Monarchy in France. An attempt was made to tamper with the army, and 25,000 muskets for a popular rising had been ordered.

A box of dynamite with a lighted fuse attached, was discovered in a large linen factory at Cupar-Fife, Scotland. The fuse was fortunately extinguished in time to prevent an explosion, and the affair is in the hands of the police, who suspect Fenianism.

Holloway's Pills.—With the darkening days and changing temperatures the digestion becomes impaired, the liver disordered, and the mind despondent unless the cause of the irregularity be expelled from the blood and body by an alterative like these Pills. They go directly to the source of the evil, thrust out all impurities from the circulation, reduce distempered organs to their natural state, and correct all defective and contaminated secretions. Such easy means of instituting health strength, and cheerfulness should be in the possession of all whose stomachs are weak, whose minds are much harassed, or whose brains are overworked. Holloway's is essentially a blood-tempering medicine, whereby its influence, reaching the remotest fibres of the frame, effects a universal good.

ON TRIAL!

THE "REVIEW"

Will be sent to new subscribers from

Now to Jan'y 1st, 1884,

FOR

Only 40 Cents!

VOTERS' LIST, 1883.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE UNITED TOWNSHIPS OF ELZEVIR AND GRIMSTHORPE, COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Bridgewater, on the 9th day of July, 1883, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediat proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

E. JAMES,
Clerk of said Municipality.
Bridgewater, 11th July, 1883.

J. H. FORD, PHOTOGRAPHER,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

FRONT STREET,

A call solicited.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,
CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,
$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE—Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, at unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in most every language.

The Trade Mks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Box. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:--A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Constantly Arriving at

JOHN ROBERTSON'S,

(St. Lawrence street, Madoc.)

JOHN DALE & SON,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

MADOC.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision, Wine & Liquor

STORE,

Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858, and now carried on by Mrs. Wright, on the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of first-class

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.

—FRUITS IN SEASON.—

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Porter!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers, also

—CROCKERY, | GLASSWARE, | &C.—

Wholesale and Retail at Lowest Cash Price.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, June 7th, 1883.

B. B. Chesmore & Co. Needle Terms, Etc. AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

B. B. Chesmore & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. OSS, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 330. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 16, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I see that some replies—so called—have reached you, to my communication of week before last. As to "anonymous" communications, these writers had better "mind their own manners" before they "preach" to others. I will not occupy much space but refer all anxious to learn the truth to Billa Flint's letters about this place—the Hastings Road, our Mail, the O. C. R., or anything affecting our back country—in full confirmation of what I have stated, and you may add the *next* letter he will write about us to the list. Let those who *admire* this gentleman *have* him. Those who *fear* him, *cringe* to him. Those who want to *use* him, *flatter* him—this is a strong point. Belonging to none of these classes,

I remain,

ANTI-HUMBUG.

L'Amable, Aug. 4, 1883.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—J. H. McCulloch, dentist, has resided 2 years among us. During that time he has lived a quiet inoffensive life. I never heard of a business man calling him poor pay, and I could unhesitatingly give him a certificate of moral character. Prior to his coming among us he lived in Mitchell. A few days ago several copies of a newspaper (from that quarter,) containing an article reflecting very severely on his honesty, were received by as many influential citizens. I wrote at once to Mitchell to ascertain the truthfulness or otherwise of the charge, and I called at the dentist's office to have a talk with himself on the subject. He showed me receipts sent him at different times for debts contracted. The reply I received informed me that he had been paying their accounts without any external pressure. Now a man may be in debt and yet be honest. He may leave a place in debt and yet be honest, when he pays his debts as his means will allow him. Mr. McCulloch has been doing this. It is a very easy thing to blast one's character. Under the circumstances I am sure he has the sympathy and will continue to receive the confidence of the public, unaffected by mean charges which burst so unexpectedly under their feet.

D. WISHART.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

The Fire Engine, Hose Cart and appliances have been transferred to the new Engine House lately erected on the corner of St. Lawrence and Russell streets. The site is the best that could have been selected. Besides being central, it is easy of access, with ingress from the north on Russell street, and egress south on St. Lawrence street, with a descent from the building that will always give the engine a lively start off. We inspected the new premises to-day, and find everything neat and orderly, with a place for everything, and everything in its place; and the burnished wood and plate of the engine and hose cart give evidence that they are receiving attention.

The Fire Company now number forty, and and have been appropriately named "Alert," being composed of the most active young men of the village. With commendable enterprise, the company, with a small grant from the Council, have provided themselves with new uniforms, which enable them to show to advantage.

Connected with the Fire Co. is "White's Agricultural Band," representing the enterprising firm of J. & J. White, foundrymen in this village. Of the band we will say nothing. Everybody can judge for themselves from the frequent serenades with which they have been favored of late; besides, they are quite able to do their own blowing. Suffice it to say that no village in Ontario can turn out a finer looking lot of young men and better equipped than those composing the Band and Fire Company.

With Mr. Allen Moon, chief, E. A. Maybee, captain, and an efficient staff of other officers, we feel warranted in saying that the company will be well orgauized, and in the event of a fire will give a good record of themselves. We trust that it may be a long time before it will be found necessary to call out the fire brigade to contend against the devouring element.

The engine, hose cart and appliances cost $1400—$1200 of which has been raised by Village Debentures, running ten years, requiring a levy of $178 each year to wipe out the indebtedness.

E. D. O'FLYNN,
Reeve.

Madoc, Aug. 15, 1883.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

As some of your readers would probably like to hear about our great North West, as an old correspondent I drop you a few lines. I left Winnipeg early in May and went down to the Louris River, south of Moose Mountains, where are a number of settlers and lots of good land, both along the Louris and its tributaries, Pipestone, North and South Antlers, and Moose Mountains Creeks. Pipestone Valley has timber suitable for fuel, and the mountains have a good deal of Poplar which, no matter how small, is pleasing to the eye. Here is a large district where settlers had been anxious to go, and when the country was in a fair way of settling up a wise government steps in and locks the whole country up from homesteading, and offers it for sale, at which they have failed. Now, here has been a very serious drawback. I travelled through this section for two months and the settlers are thoroughly discouraged and all ask—what does the government intend to do? Our friends want to come in and cannot unless they pay from some company or the government. Many think seriously of leaving for the States. I was in twenty townships of good farming land, and not a settler—and the cause is monopoly;: first from large companies, and then the government steps in and completes the lock-out. Moosomin is the station or town 90 miles west of Brandon, and is progressing very steadily—having a good country both north and south of it and is well settled. I was down to Brandon and the crops looked very well. That flourishing city has improved wonderfully; some fine blocks being built going west. Broadview is nicely situated and has a good country around it. Regina the much discussed Capitol is very dull, but of course to give it its due, it has grown wonderfully. Crops have suffered here for want of rain, and the classical Pile of Bones is nearly dry. Still journeying westward we scrike Moose Jaw, a very pretty site for a town, and which is beginning to assume goodly proportions, having good water. A great many things can be got this far west at a very small advance on Winnipeg prices, as stores have been overdone all along the line. Over 60 miles west of the Moose Jaw the line runs along one of the Old Wives Lakes, and here the writer finds himself camped. The lake is swarming with geese, but it is very brakish and quantities of Alkali. The country around here is poor. Some buffalo are reported near here so we may have the luck to run across them. The railroad is being pushed with wonderful rapidity and this far the track is remarkably good, and they run at good speed. This fall will see the road laid towards the summit of the Rockies. Those who have never visited this country cannot imagine the vastness of it, and notwithstanding the blunders our government are making in retarding its settlement, the country has a grand future and will eventually speak for itself. Some very good seams of coal have been discovered this season, so the fuel question is being solved. Times are dull and prices are cut on everything. Winnipeg is now suffering from the reaction, after the booms. Those who contemplate coming to the west to farm need not be deterred from bad reports. There is any amount of good farming land—the trouble is there is too much to choose from.

Yours truly,

FIAT LUX.

Old Wives Lake, N. W. T.,
August 4th, 1883.

—Mr. J. C. Stewart, a representative of the Toronto *World*, payed us a visit to-day.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 00	to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 65	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 43	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 70	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 15	to	0 18
Hides, per cwt	6 00	to	6 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 90	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 55	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 60	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 37	to	0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	1 65	to	0 90
Butter, per lb	0 15	to	0 20
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 16
Flour, per bbl	4 75	to	5 00
Sheepskins	0 30	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 00

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P. O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Aug. 13th,

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE old residence of Walter Lackey, lot 7 in 1st. concession of Elzevir, containing 200 acres, about 75 acres cleared on the west hundred, and 30 acres on the east hundred. A good house and barn with a good fruit bearing orchard, and a spring creek running through the land, also a good well on the premises. Under good state of cultivation and well fenced. The farm will be sold in part or whole. For futher particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD
Madoc.

April, 10th 1883. 6. mos.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

I WILL sell or lease 400 acres of deeded property, in the Township of Tudor, on the line of the C. O. R'y. There is pasture for 100 head of cattle on said property; 20 or 30 tons of hay can be cut yearly. There are 18 bushels of fall grain sown and is in good condition. All the cleared land is well fenced and watered. There is a large quantity of valuable timber, cedar, &c., and also good frame buildings on it. I would sell all or part to suit purchaser. Terms, part cash and balance in yearly instalments. Immediate possession given. Title indisputable. For further information apply to E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc, Richard Farrell, Esq., Madoc, or to myself on the premises. All mineral rights go with the property.

MARY ANN NEWELLS.

Millbridge, May 18, '83. 318-6m

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and

HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, --- ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS!
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

Splendid Opportunity

Is now offered to the citizens of Madoc and surrounding Townships, to purchase a complete stock of Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Rice, Soda, Starch, Blueing, Oatmeal, Currants, Raisins, Dried Apples, all kinds of Canned Goods and Groceries, Pure Wines, Brandies, Gins, direct from the manufacturers, for Medicinal Purposes; Gooderham & Wort's Proof Rye, Malt and 5 year old Rye Whiskies always in stock, wholesale or retail; Crockery and Glassware. Before purchasing elsewhere call and see my stock.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, June 5, 1883.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL - SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Salesmen Wanted.

TO begin work at once on sales for Fall 1883, for the Southill Nurseries. The largest in Canada,
Messrs. Stone & Wellington, Prop's
We can start in addition to our already large force
100 Additional Canvassers,
and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing Photo, if possible) to
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.
April 12th, 1883. 312

W. C. REID,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, &c., &c.
CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO,

DESIRES to return thanks to his numerous customers for their continued and liberal patronage, and hopes, by a system of fair and liberal dealing, to merit a share of the patronage of the fruit-loving and tree-buying public generally. The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of Superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for spring planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
A sample of the Prentiss Grape can be seen at the Windsor House, Madoc.
Madoc, Dec. 14, 1882. 295

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.

July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

FURNITURE!

ALL new from the manufacturer and of first-class quality. Hard-wood Bedroom Sets, Bedsteads, from $2.50 to $10; Parlor Sets, spring bottom Sofas and Chairs, and different kinds of Sideboards; Couches; Lounges, covered or plain; Bureaus; enclosed or open Washstands; kitchen Chairs from $2 per half dozen up to any price and quality. See our variety of Rocking Chairs, Picture Frames and Mouldings. Mark! as we PAY CASH DOWN, we guarantee quality as good and prices as low as any dealer in the Dominion.

AT SCOTT'S,
adjoining the Grist Mill.

N.B.—Cash paid for eggs, hides, pelts and fur. Sales and valuations made throughout the County.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES.

The Saleswoman.—Scientific Courtship.—Fun for the Girls.

The Saleswoman.

An American lady who has resided abroad long enought to imbibe foreign ideas, asserts that the shop manners in America are the worst in the world, assigning as a reason for this unfortunate state of affairs that the saleswomen "are generally of the humblest origin, and are too ignorant even to appreciate the virtue of courtesy." This is a sweeping assertion, and it is in the main incorrect. Thirty years ago a shop girl might have been looked upon with contempt, because it was only the "woman who dared" who filled any responsible position in public life in this new country; but to day it is the woman who makes the position respectable, not the position that subjects the woman to its domination, and the best blood of the nation flows to-day in the veins of shop girls. In their ranks may be found the daughters of clergymen, of generals of the army, senators, and the penniless heirs to a pedigree for which the members of the new dynasty would gladly exchange some of their superfluous wealth. And this lady is on the wrong side of the counter to judge of their politeness. It would probably enlighten her if the shop-girl should tell the experience gained on the inside of the counter—of the women who want to buy and can never make up their minds what to get, who tumble a dozen boxes of lace to select one yard of another kind, who questions the shop-girl about the goods as if she were personally responsible for their manufacture, who cheapen and sharpen and deceive, and reveal their fine ladyhood in a thousand contemptible forms. If the unhappy clerk sometimes loses patience under her multitude of trials, the prosperous woman whose carriage waits can surely afford to be patient and forgiving to a sister who has so little and works so hard for that.

Scientific Courtship.

Miss Mary Flynn was studying medicine and courted at the same time. Mr. William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening, while they were sitting together in the parlor, Mr. Budd was thing how he could manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining several physiological facts to him.

"Do you know," said she, "that thousands of people are actually ignorant that they smell with the olfactory peduncle?"

"Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her she could not wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonable!"

"Why a person can not even kiss without a sphincter."

"Indeed!"

"I know it is so."

"May I try if I can?"

"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is really too bad of you to make light of such a subject."

Mr. Budd seized her hand and kissed it. She permitted it to remain in his grasp.

"I did not notice," he said, "whether a—a—what do you call it?—a sphincter helped me then or not. Let me try it again."

Then he tried again, and while he held her she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"It is remarkable how much you know about such things," said Mr. Budd, "really, wonderful. Now, for example, what is the bone at the back of the head called?"

"Why, the occipital bone, of course."

"And what are the names of the muscles of the arm?"

"The spiralis and infra-spiralis, among others."

"Well, now, let me show what I mean. When I put my infra-spiralis around your waist, so, it is your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder blade, in this way."

"My back hair primitively, but the occipital bone of course afterward. But, Mr. Budd, suppose pa should come in and see us?"

"H'm come! Who cares?" said Mr. Budd, boldly. "I think I'll exercise a sphincter again and take a kiss."

"Mr. Budd, how can you?" said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat.

"Don't call me Mr. Budd; call me Willie," he said, drawing her closer. "You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling."

"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, faintly.

"What, darling?"

"I can hear your heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel."

"And it sounds to me out of order. The ventricular contraction is out of uniform."

"Small wonder for that when its bursting with joy."

"You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."

"It's your own property, darling; do what you please with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is the one that strikes me most favorably. Let me see how it works again."

But why proceed? The old, old story was told again, and the old, old performance of Mr. Budd's mouth was told again. And about eight years later Mr. Budd was wishing that Mary would catch some disease among her patients, and Mary was thinking the best possible use Willie could be put to would be a subject for the dissecting-table. —*Max Adler.*

Ladies' Humor.

Pooling their issues—women giving their children a bath.

When a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

Ruskin says that no couple should marry until they have courted seven years. This would lead one to suppose that Ruskin runs a soda fountain.

It was the young tailor who said, referring to a rival for the affections of a young lady, that he thought he knew enough to be able to cut him out.

Count—"Don't you dance at all this evening, madame?" "Not till midnight." "Why so?" "Because to day is the anniversary of my husband's death."

Mrs. Homespun, who has a horrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

"I know," said a little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds because mamma says you are very found of larks."

"No," said Mrs. McGill, "we didn't celebrate All Fool's day at our house. The 'squire never pays any attention to legal hollow days; and as for me, I feel just as foolish one day as another."

"Your mother coming!" exclaimed Smithers; "why, they say the old Harry couldn't live with her." "But," replied Mrs. S., in her most taunting manner, "you will try to for my sake, won't you, Charley."

"I was at the theatre last night," said Clara, "and what do you think? Charley Norris was there in the very next seat to me." "Was he?" replied Mary. "Did he favor you with any of his long stories?" "Oh, no," said Clara; "he hadn't much to say to me; he talked most of the time to the young lady with him." "I see," said Mary, "he gave her tongue and you cold shoulder."

Mrs. Jones, head of the house, filling out census returns—"The impudence of such a question. Mr. Jones, listen to this. This paper says, "state the number of idiots in family, if any?" Mr. Jones, nursing baby —"Mark down 'one' on the idiot column, my dear." Mrs. J.—"What do you mean, Mr. Jones?" Mr. J.—"Didn't I deliberately marry you, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. J.—"Yes." Mr. J.—"Well?"

A maiden aunt of a Brooklyn man, who tells the story, has no patience with anything that cannot be turned to some useful account. She wastes no time herself and cannot see why those around her should waste any. The other day she said to her nephew, the Brooklyn man, when he returned from his office: "John, I see that the gentleman next door is a great smoker. I wonder whether he would mind coming over into our garden and smoking in our rosebushes to kill the caterpillars that are destroying the buds? Would you just as lief ask him?"

A Useful Property.

"Fine set of encyclopœdias you've got there," said a visitor in a lawyer's office the other day, stopping before a dust covered glass case in one corner of the room."

"Yes," said the lawyer, who was busily writing, "very well for reference. Perfect library in itself. Nothing like it. Could'nt do without it now, if I tried."

"Use it right along, do you?" asked the visitor, examining the lettered backs with increasing interest.

"Oh, yes, have to turn to it every little while. Makes a man scholarly, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"I see, I see," said the delighted visitor, "pity all lawyers don't follow your example. Guess I'll look up Egypt a little, if you don't care," and the visitor clawed at the moulding on the glass doors until he almost tore his nails out of their sockets. "Hello, keep it locked, do you?"

"I—that is—yes. Oh, yes. You see I don't wan't everybody pulling and hauling over those elegant volumes."

"Of course, of course. Quite right. Where's the key?"

"The—the key? Oh, you mean the key. Why, to be sure, it's the key you want. Well, let me see, I lost that key."

"Lost it? Good heavens! Why how do you get along for a day without consulting your library?"

"Well, if it's anything important I can go to the Public Library, you know; and if it isn't, why, there's Webster's Dictionary. Pretty old, Webster is, but all the words I want are in it, and with the Directory and the Crop Reports I manage to scrape along somehow."

"Great Cæsar! and how long has the key been lost?"

"Let's see. Bought those books last January. January, February, yes, lost it in the cistern last February. Clean out the cistern in August, you know, and then I'll find it. Oh, you bet I'll find it. Call around then, and I'll stuff you with knowledge clean up to your gills."

Women's Study of Women.

Have women who write satisfied the women who read in their portrayals of intellectual or lovable women? Have they held themselves as closely to artistic and dramatic consistency and propriety as have men treating the same subject? Dickens gave poor little Dora more love taps than he did many a more admirable picture of femininity, but they were strokes that a father would give to a spoiled child. There was in his line of treatment no suggestion of the man's disposition to express the man preference for woman. Not many women have written with as utter forgetfulness of sex, or with as complete a subordination of sex to the artistic relentlessness of the situation, as he did. As a rule women workers in fiction have given more attention to the characters and actions of men than than to women. That is to say, their finest work has been on the portraits of men, and their tenderness and love taps and unconscious demonstrations of sympathy have been for men. And because of this women in fiction created by women have been no more satisfactory than those created by men.—Chicago *Inter-Ocean.*

Davy Jones' Locker.

Every one has heard of "Davy Jones' locker," but few know just who Davy Jones is and what his locker consists of. Old sailors are of the opinion that the locker is at the bottom of the sea, off soundings. Its mouth is between two gigantic mountains, whose sides gradually recede like those of a funnel for hundreds of miles. All currents turn thitherward at a certain phase of the moon, and thus every lost ship and every drowned sailor eventually drifts into the great submarine mouth. When angered by offences against his unwritten laws, such as setting sail on Friday, carrying dead bodies, killing cats, dropping water buckets, and the like, sailors believe that Davy will personally appear and demand satisfaction—sometimes being satisfied with the sacrifice of one man and sometimes pulling a ship and his crew down into his locker. Many sailors aver that they have seen Davy Jones.—*New York Sun.*

Adopting Grandpa.

An old man—not ragged, but clad in old and faded and timeworn garments, and moving with feeble steps and weary air—sat down under a tree on John R. street the other day to rest a bit. Three or four children were playing in the yard at his back, and directly a mite of a girl looked through the fence and asked:

"Would you hurt a little girl?"

"Bless me, no!" he replied. "Why, I'd even step aside to pass a bug or worm! No, child, I would'nt hurt a hair of your head for all the money in the world."

"Are you anybody's grandpa?" she inquired as the other children crowded up.

"No—not now, child. There was a time—dear me! but it hurts my old heart to remember it—when children called me grandpa. It was years ago, years and years, but I can almost hear their voices yet."

"Be you crying?"

"N-no. The tears will spring up as I recall the past, but I'm not crying. There are days when I can't keep 'em back—nights when I am a child, but I'm trying to be strong just now."

"I guess I'll come out and see you. My doll's broke her neck and is most dead."

"Come right along, child! I used to mend legs and arms and necks when the children brought their dolls to me."

The little one passed through the gate and sat down beside the poor old man, and while he sought to save the life of the "most dead" doll by means of a stick and a string the child observed:

"You must be quite old, grandpa; you are all skin and bone."

"Old? Bless you, yes! I was 81 only a week or two ago. Yes, I'm poor in flesh as well as in purse."

"So your grand-children had doll, eh?"

"Yes, dear—dolls and toys and fine clothes and books and everything they wanted. I was rich then."

"And did they comb your hair?"

"Oh, yes."

"And sing to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'll sing you a song, for I'm going to ask ma if I can't adopt you as my grandpa. You must excuse my voice, for I swallowed a pin the other day and ma expects it to work out of my shoulder this fall. I guess I'll sing about the three little graves. Don't look at me or I shall forget."

And in a voice full of childish quavers, and frequently stopping as if to swallow some of the words she sung:

Under an elm three little graves—
Under the sod my children three;
The years may pass but my heart will grieve
And sorrow will ever rest with me.
Under the elm I walked to-day,
I looked——

Why, grandpa, the tears are just running down your cheeks!"

"Y-yes, child—I can't help it! My poor old life is full of graves and griefs!"

"Is your wife dead?"

"Long ago, child."

"And all the children?"

"Dead or scattered. I am all alone.

"Well, that's funny. You can wipe your eyes on my apron if you want to."

"Here's your doll—good as new."

"That's nice. If I should adopt you I'd keep you mending dolls all the time. Have you got over crying?"

"Yes, child."

"Well, then, you must be hungry. I'm always hungry after a good cry. Wait a minute."

She ran into the house to return with a generous slice of bread and butter and a piece of meat, and as she handed the food to the old man she said:

"I've got to go in now, but we'll remember that I've adopted you as my grandpa. Don't cry any more and come back to-morrow. Good-bye, grandpa!"

"Good-bye!"

And men who passed by saw an old man with his face in his hands to hide his tears, and when they asked the matter a child who stood by explained:

"Why, sir, he's crying because he's all alone in the world, and a little girl has adopted him!"—Detroit *Free Press.*

Had Heard of It.

There was a small crowd in front of the Western Union Telegraph office the other day seeking any new information about the strike of the operators, when a man who seemed considerably excited pushed his way in and called out:

"Can anybody here give me a little information?"

"What is it?" asked one.

"I'd like to know what this thing is. Have they torn down the telegraph wires?"

"Oh, no. It is simply a strike."

"Who has been struck? Who struck him? What for?

"All the telegraph operators have struck for higher wages."

"Ah! I begin to see. He wants higher wages, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and the Western Union Company—"

"Who's he?"

"Why, the company owning the lines."

"Ah! Yes. I never inquired into the matter, but I presume you are right."

"The company refuses to grant the demand."

"He does, eh? That's it, eh? Well, I declare! Then it must have been this thing the papers were referring to!"

"Yes, sir."

"And the boys want higher wages?"

"Yes."

"And the company won't pay?"

"It hasn't yet."

"And if I should want to telegraph to my brother down in Ohio I couldn't do it?"

"No."

"Well, I declare! But isn't that odd? The old woman won't believe it with my hand on the Bible. I'm very much obleeged to all of you. If I'd happen to have dropped into some blacksmith shop it's ten to one if they wouldn't have given me the news all mixed up. Let's see: Telegraph—strike—more wages—Western Union—brother in Ohio—company won't pay. I guess I can remember that. Good-day, gentlemen."

The Rev. Dr. Hall said that every rock was a sermon, when a boy was stealing apples from Mr. Hall's orchard. When the boy's father subsequently asked him why he limped he replied that he was struck with one of Mr. Hall's sermons.

Youthful Follies,

and pernicious practices, pursued in solitude are fruiful causes of Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Despondency, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Involuntary Losses and kindred evidences of Weakness and Lost Manly Powers. Send three letter postage stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing means of complete cure. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The wild waves are saying, "Let us spray."

"In a Decline."

DR. R. V. PIERCE; *Dear Sir*—Last fall my daughter was in a decline and everybody thought she was going into consumption. I got her a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and it cured her.

MRS. MARY HINSON,
Of all druggists. Montrose, Kan.

With most people the book of life is a pocket-book.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physcian. Address for trestise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The modern martyr who suffers at the steak is the chap who lives at the cheap boarding-house.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Trade dollars will still be found useful to drop into the contribution-box. The heathen will not know the difference.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

The nearest to heaven of any Sunday school in America is the one recently organized at Hancock, Col. It is eleven thousand feet above the sea.

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was cured of Liver and Kidney Complaint after life was despaired of. He had remained from ten to fifteen days without an action of the bowels.—Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, and he writes that he is a better man than he has been for twenty years past. (7)

Santa Cruz is the noblest rum'un of them all.

If you would escape the ravages of that scourge of the Summer season, Cholera Morbus, keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for use. In that and all other forms of Bowel Complaint, it is infallible. (9)

The latest wrinkle in cuffs is caused by the heat.

"Leaves have their time to fall," says the poet, but Wild Strawberry leaves are on the rise just now, being utilized in such enormous quantities in making Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa and other Summer Complaints. (11)

A crop report can be heard a long distance.

Do not delay, if suffering any form of Bowel Complaint, however mild apparently may be the attack, but use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the old reliable cure for all forms of Summer Complaints that require prompt treatment. Ask your druggist and all dealers in patent medicines. (12)

Marry in haste and repent at—you father-in-law's.

Reader, if you suffer from any disorder of the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidney, Skin or Blood, try Burdock Blood Bitters, Nature's specific medicine for acting on those organs for the outlet of disease. 25,000 bottles sold in the last three months. (10)

Is a circus canvas a show-case? Up with the lark—its feathers.

There is no excuse for suffering from Headache, Constipation and all the wearying train of symptoms of a disordered liver, when Burdock Blood Bitters is an unfailing remedy, and only costs One Dollar a bottle. Why suffer on without a trial? 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months, with almost universal satisfaction. (1)

"Strawberry shot cake" is what the man with the dyspepsia calls it.

Copy of a letter received from Dr. R. Maitland Coffin, F.R.C.P., &c. To H. Sutherland Esq. Having taken Sutherland's "Rheumatine" myself, I can bear testimony that it will prove a great boon to persons who suffer from rheumatism. R. MAITLAND COFFIN, F.R.C.P., &c. Barton Court, S.W., May 17th 1882.

"I fill this cup to one made up—" as the man remarked when he toasted the ancient belle.

Nothing known to medical science can surpass the healing properties of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Colic and all Bowel Complaints. (8)

Never propose to a girl in writing. It is "present company" that is "always accepted."

A.P. 137

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Cholera in Canada.

The best medical authorities state that cholera is making rapid strides towards this continent. We strongly recommend as a preventive Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters, which cleanses the system, leaving no foothold for disease. 50 cents per bottle. All chemists have it.

Coleridge—"My eyes make pictures when they are shut." They cannot be seaviews.

HOW THEY DO IT.—So-called respectable people would hesitate considerably before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too too. The same discrimination is not indicated by the so-called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR, is asked for. Watch for these gentlemen, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

What costume ought to remind a lady of her washerwoman? Why, her lawn dress, to be sure.

Old things made new by Triangle Package Dyes. Take only the three cornered package, thirty (30) colors, all guaranteed. Price 10c. For sale by all druggists.

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IT WILL CURE where others fail. SPLINTS RINGBONES, &c.	IT LEADS ALL in worth, and IS HIGHLY ENDORSED.
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NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

FIVE MINUTES' SELECT READING.

Summary of Religious, Domestic and War Items—Concisely Pithy, and Pointed.

CONDENSED.

The Senecal Colonisation Company has been formally organized.

Wm. Hewitt, sr., druggist of Victoria, died recently at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

A son of Mr. E. Hackett, M.P., for Prince County, was drowned recently while bathing.

The electric light has been used on the Quebec harbour improvements for the first time.

A young woman named Stevenson, hailing from Hamilton, has mysteriously disappeared from Montreal.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Brantford Young Ladies College was held in that city recently.

Mr. John Cote, of Ottawa, was found lying dead in the middle of the road on Concession street, recently.

Montreal shows nearly double the surplus of any great city on this continent or in Europe, except Toronto, of births over deaths.

George Miller has been committed for trial on the charge of shooting Benson Sills with intent to murder at Thurlow township.

The hackmen of Hamilton have held a meeting and organized a union, with rules of government similar to those of the Toronto union.

James McGehan, for criminal assault at Dundas, on a little girl named Gerrie, and assault on Mrs. Gerrie, was sentenced to one year in the common gaol.

Frank Bowie was arrested at his dwelling at Tracadie, as an accessory to the murder of Randall Macdonald. There is strong proof that he aided his son.

The case of Maria McCabe, charged with the murder of her child, came up in court at Hamilton recently. The prisoner was committed for trial.

Operator Johnson, who was responsible for the South Eastern railway accident, is seventeen years old. He was on duty all night, and at 9 a.m. had not been relieved.

A man named O'Leary, who had been gaoled at Montreal on a *capias* for a debt by a Mr. Ross, was liberated by order of the court, as he was more than 73 years old

A young man named Lafontaine, while picknicking at Beloeil with two brothers, was killed in their presence by a boulder which crashed down from the mountain side.

Mr. Joseph Hickson, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Reed, has gone east from Montreal to meet Sir Henry Tyler, President of the G. T. R., who visits Canada.

The Mississauga Indians of the Credit are looking up evidence in support of their claim to the possession and valuable tracts of land in Toronto and the Hamilton and Welland districts.

Madame Elunie Columbia Mondelet has asked the Court at Montreal for a separation from her husband and an interim alimentary pension of $100 per month during her life-time.

At Essex Centre recently Simon Cunningham, wife, and child attempted to cross the railroad. The waggon was struck by the engine, Cunningham was killed and his wife fatally injured.

Mr. Demers, of the Quebec *Canadian*, received cablegrams from his brother at Rome, stating that he and other Canadian pilgrims had an interview with the Pope, and received the communion at his hands.

UNITED STATES.

O'Donnell, Carey's murderer, is an American citizen, a native of Ohio.

The Customs receipts at New York for July show no reduction on account of the new tariff.

It has been ascertained that hot winds in June badly shrivelled the wheat in many sections of California.

There has been great rejoicing among the Irish organizations of Syracuse, N. Y., over the killing of Carey. Thirty-nine guns were fired.

Three hundred and sixty cases of giant powder, ignited by heat from the forest fires, blew out every pane of glass in Yale, B. C.

Charley Ford, the murderer of Jesse James, has been arrested at Kansas City on an old indictment for the Blue Cut train robbery.

It is stated that the Nova Scotia Bank of Woodstock is heavily involved by the failure of Shaw Bros., Boston. The Bank of St. Stephen is also a heavy loser.

An agreement has been reached between the New York Cigar Progressive Union and the manufacturers, and the strikers have resumed work.

A posse sent to capture the negroes who murdered Wyatt in Hempstead county, Ark., fought with them, killing three, wounding two, and capturing ten.

B. F. Semig, Assistant Surgeon of the United States army, was found dead in a hotel at San Francisco, with a bottle labelled poison by his side.

A boat containing Pat Quinn, George Sonst, aged 16, and his sister, 14, capsized in the river at New York recently. Quinn was saved and the others were drowned.

A nine-year-old son of Hon. E. Topliff, while going home from school in Brookfield township, Mich., was bitten on the bare foot by a rattlesnake, and died before morning.

Mrs. Boyd, of Brooklyn, who had an estate of $75,000, was recently found dead in a hut on Smith's Beach, L. I. It is alleged that she was enticed from home by her son-in-law Crawford, whose wife was her sole heir.

GENERAL.

The cholera has been declared epidemic in Bombay.

Several persons have been arrested at Ischia for plundering corpses.

The Emperor William is still at Gastein, and is deriving much benefit from the baths.

At Tournal, Belgium, the trial of Canon Bernard for embezzling church funds has begun.

The Paris Chamber of Deputies has accepted the Senate's amendment to the Judicial Reform Bill.

An extra budget for 1884 has been submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies by the Government.

Vedomosti, a St. Petersburg organ, says serious designs to incite revolt in Poland have been discovered.

The special measures for the protection of officials connected with the Phœnix Park murder trials have been resumed.

The eldest son of James Beresford Hope, M. P., has been married in London to a daughter of General Frost, of St. Louis.

The *Cologne Gazette* places the number of lives lost at Ischia at 8,000.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons to centralize the hospital management in the event of an outbreak of cholera in London.

The widow of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was murdered in Phœnix Park, Dublin, will be married again before the termination of the present year.

A Dublin despatch says some of the citizens again attempted to light bonfires in the streets as a token of their rejoicing over Carey's death, but the police again interfered.

Parnell has submitted to his colleagues for their judgment the pressing invitation he received to visit America. His colleagues generally are of the opinion that he will be urgently needed in Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone stated in the Commons that the Imperial Government were not prepared to make treaties for submitting questions of differences with other nations to international arbitration.

In the Commons recently, Mr. Ashly, Colonial Under Secretary, stated that the papers relative to the indemnity for violence done to the American fishermen at Fortune Bay were being prepared.

The Shadow of a Hand.

In the year 1846 the inhabitants of Dieppe were thrown into a state of the utmost consternation by a series of robberies and murders, evidently the work of one man. No trace of the perpetrator could be discovered, though one of his intended victims, who had narrowly escaped, averred that he had only three fingers on one of his hands. The Government offered a large reward for his apprehension, and the police displayed the greatest activity. In the outskirts of Dieppe there lived an elderly lady, of the name of Beaumaurice, alone with one servant, in a rather solitary house. She was the widow of an officer, and noted for her strength of character and personal courage. The excitement prevailing in the town made no visible impression upon her, though the contrary might have been expected from one in her lonely position. On the 30th of April, Madame Beaumaurice, who had been suffering all day from nervous headache, retired to her bed-chamber about ten o'clock in the evening. Feeling very tired, she sat down in an easy chair to take a little rest. Before her stood the dressing-table, draped with curtains reaching to the floor. A lamp was burning behind her, on a little table. The lady had begun to undress herself when she saw something that stopped the beating of her heart. There appeared on the floor the shadow of a man's hand. The hand had only three fingers! The position of affairs was clear enough; the murderer was concealed under the dressing-table. The lady kept perfectly still and considered what was to be done. After a few moments reflection, she went to the door and called her servant, and asked her, as soon as she made her appearance—"Marie do you know where M. Bernard lives?" "Yes, madame." "I had quite forgotten that I have 500 francs to pay to-morrow morning. You had better go at once and get the money." "Very well, madame." "And lest he should hesitate about giving you the notes, I will give you a written order to take to him." The girl waited, and her mistress wrote—"Dear M. Bernard, the murderer of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grenard is in my house. Come immediately, with two or three gendarmes, and take him into custody.—Helene Beaumaurice." She gave the note to the servant maid and sent her away. Then she sat down again and waited. Yes, the lady sat a whole hour in the room, in the presences of a notorious murderer who lay concealed under her dressing-table. There she sat—calm, cool, and resolute. The shadow of the hand appeared from time time on the floor—the only token of the dreadful presence. When at length the gendarmes arrived, Jacques Reynauld was taken prisoner, after a desperate struggle, and shortly afterwards paid the penalty of his crimes under the axe of the guillotine.

The Real Worth of the Vacation.

The superior man is the man who makes the best uses of his natural forces; the inferior person is the one who uses up his vitality in the shortest space of time. This may be a slow way of approaching a great principle, but it is perhaps the most sure method of showing the way to that conservative and rational living which has characterized the wisest people and those who have used life to the best advantage. There is vast power in keeping an equilibrium of forces. The vacation is the time when nature repairs the waste tissues. It seems like idleness to be lolling around listlessly by the seashore or at the country farm or by the mountain side, but it is just that seeming torpor of the faculties, on the part of the brain workers, which does most to recruit wasted energies, and is the best use to which the swiftly fleeting hours of vacation can be put. There is nothing like the extreme of rest to balance the extremes of strain to which bright persons are subjecting themselves in daily life. It can only be met in all of us by such a return to nature that her thousand ministrations to the minds and hearts of men may not be thwarted by our own indiscretion. The great thing is to maintain an equable life, to keep the nerves steady, to hold ourselves in check, and, if vacation can be used in such a way that professional and business people and busy brain workers can find rest for themselves in July and August, the whole community gains by their renewal of the chief forces of life. This is what a wisely-used vacation means for those who are now taking it. It means a mind and body in good repair on the first day of September.

DOOM OF IRISH INFORMERS.

The Fate that has been Meted Out to Them in the Past.

The fate of Bailey, who was murdered in Skipper's alley, Dublin, in the latter end of 1881, should have taught Carey how little dependence he could place upon police protection when his services were no longer required. This Bailey gave information to the authorities which enabled them to make one of the most extensive seizures of arms and amunition ever achieved by them in Ireland. Twenty-five rifles, ten revolvers, 12,000 rounds of ammunition, an immense store of dynamite, fulminate of mercury, detontating caps, and gunpowder fell into their hands through Bailey's instrumentality. How did the Government reward him? After a fortnight they

WITHDREW POLICE PROTECTION

from him, but proffered to pay his fare to London. a generosity which would have lessened the British Exchequer by about $5. The wretched man begged to be sent out to some distant colony, pleading that his life would be in as much jeopardy in London as in Dublin. The representative of the Crown in Ireland could not dream of becoming responsible for such an extravagance. Bailey was turned adrift, his landlord would not let him back to his miserable tenement. His employer would not give him another hour's work. He was forced with his family into the workhouse. Even there the paupers turned against him and rendered his existence so unendurable that he ventured into the outer world again with the desperate resolve to beg or steal as much as would take him out of the country. Three days after this his body was discovered in Skipper's alley, and two bullets in his head told from what quarter his death sentence had come. No clue has ever been found to justify an arrest for the crime.

Other Irish informers, too, have been

UNIFORMLY FOREDOOMED

from the moment they appeared in the witness-box to tender evidence against their former friends. Pierce Nagle was the first traitor of importance in the Fenian ranks. To his revelations were due the conviction of the staff of the *Irish People* newspaper, and the first executive of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood—Luby, O'Leary, Kickham, O'Donovan Rossa and the rest. After his nefarious work had been accomplished he disappeared, and for eleven years nothing was heard from him. But the vengeance and hatred of an Irish conspiracy is everlasting, and in 1875 (eleven years after his treachery) it overtook Pierce Nagle. One cold gray autumn morning his corpse was found under a London railway arch, and a huge cheese knife driven through the back and penetrating the heart told that he had not died from natural causes.

Warner, the Cork informer, who was the first to reveal the existence of the seditious spirit in the army, was attacked a year or so subsequently in Clontarf. He was severely wounded, but did not die then, and his assailant, who was taken on the spot, got off with twenty years' penal servitude. Warner's wounds hastened his death, and added to the agony of his last moments. Talbot, to whom the life-long imprisonment of Sergeant McCarthy and other military Fenians was due, escaped for five or six years, but it was only a respite, not a reprieve. He was eventually shot through the head in Hardwicke street, Dublin, after leaving a brothel. He died in terrible pain, which was intensified by the bungling of surgeons who attended him, and who, in probing for the bullet, explored every inch of his cranium. Another military informer, named Meara was shot dead in a public house in Bishop street, Dublin, before he ended his appearances as witness in the court-martial. The last informer who suffered the death penalty previous to Carey was a man named Clarke, who was traced all the way from Mayo to Australia, and shot whilst engaged in ploughing a field. —*Philadelphia Press.*

Life on High Olympus.

"Mars!"

The colonel lifted his eyes from the map of Gen. Crook's Mexico campaign and said, with an air of celestial weariness, as he caught the gleam of her Tremont Temple spectacles:

"All right, Minerva; make it short and not too hard. March on."

"Why did the State of Massachusetts refuse to sell the syndicate one-half of the Hoosac Tunnel?" asked the blue-eyed maid, holding her fingers in Emerson's "English Traits" to mark the article on "Song and Dance Business Without a Master," she had been reading.

The colonel rubbed his helmet of the shining bronze and awful plume and said he hadn't taken much interest in Massachusetts politics since the Parcæ had refused to make Ben Butler a double eli dee, but he supposed they would sell it because there was some sell about it."

"But Hebe said:

"But don't talk so like a mouthing paragrapher, Mars; you make Minervas."

However, Athene pressed the question, and said:

"Juno know the reason yourself, O white-armed Hebe?"

"Oh, don't Boreas with fourth grade examinations;" replied the ox-eyed queen of heaven. "If they cancel it they can't sell it, of course."

"But all the gods shouted, "Construe, construe!" and Hebe said she would not guess anymore if she was to be Saturn in that way.

Ganymede, the barkeeper, coming in for orders, said he didn't know that he caught on just exactly, but he thought it was because one was sellin' a hole, and the other was hole in a cell, whereat all Olympus howled, and told him to crawl up into the hayloft and sleep it off.

"But say, Athene," said Apollo, the celebrated inventor of the naris water which bears his name, "why can't they sell one-half the tunnel?"

"Because they don't half to?" suggested Mercury; but the immortals told him if he couldn't do better than that he'd better go back to the drug store and stick to the thermometer business. And then Athene said:

"Because they have to sell the hole thing if they sell any of it."

A hollow groan, mingled with low calls for "police," swept over the hill.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Indian Treatment of Mexican Captives.

The five Mexican women and one child recaptured from the Apaches by Gen. Crook were surprised by a band of Apaches under the personal command of Geronimo, about the 10th of May. The Indians, with their captives, travelled incessantly the remainder of the day and all night. They calculated that the next morning after the capture they were at least one hundred miles distant, though they cannot tell in which direction. For three days they were without water, but after that it was found in abundance. The country through which they passed was wild beyond description. At times they were compelled to crawl upon all fours. Their thirst for the first three days nearly drove them crazy, and the Indians would whip and lash them up, and compel them to travel. Toward the last of their captivity their food commenced giving out, and they were put upon ration, a small piece of raw beef being all that was given them. This had to be divided among the six. Mrs. Antonia Hernandez all this time carried her little child in her arms. The Indian children took great pleasure in tormenting him, pinching him, and jabbing sharpened sticks into his sides, giving him great pain. When they remonstrated, Geronimo or his men only laughed at her misery. The last two days of their captivity they had no food at all. There was snow on the mountains. The cold was intense, and the women suffered greatly, almost freezing. The Indians never remained quiet in one spot a day, but were continually moving. They travelled nearly 100 miles a day, going in every direction, but tending generally nearly westward. The captives were abused and maltreated in every possible manner. They were made to work heavily whenever camp was made, and were a general object of abuse and ridicule. The Indians would take up Mrs. Hernandez' little boy, threaten to kill him, and would throw stones at him to the great mental anguish of his mother. One of the women was sent as a hostage of some sort to Chihuahua to make peace. The exposure to cold, thirst, famine and exhaustion from travel and fear of torture was having an effect on the poor women. The first thing they knew they were hustled one day further into the mountains. The next day a brother of Chief Chatte delivered them up to Gen. Crook. As one of them expressed herself when she saw Gen. Crook and the soldiers: "It seemed as if the sky opened and Heaven appeared." —*San Francisco Morning Call.*

The Horrors of New York City.

Dwellers in the lake cities, or in any free and open city, with access to the air, have little conception of the suffering of the laboring population in New York. New York has its sea breezes, but they cannot penetrate the narrow streets nor modify the retained heat of the brick walls. They are literally ovens, where the baking is done not by direct fire but by radiated heat. A New York physician says the best place in the world to bake a baby is New York. They melt away every summer. People are so thick in the tenement houses that they breed discomfort and disease and inflict them upon one another. There is no water on the upper floors; or if there is it is tepid. In small rooms six, eight and even ten people are huddled, and they cannot get a draft by opening their doors through. They are handiworking people, tired out at night, and the irritated children keep them awake. The streets and roofs are thronged with women striving for a breath of fresh air. Sometimes the mother falls asleep from sheer exhaustion, and policemen have rescued their babies from the gutter in which the little ones tumbled from the mother's relaxed arms. The vermin swarm on hot nights with special virulence. Exasperated by the heat, and vermin and want of rest, the inmates of these places quarrel, and often come to blows. The promiscuity of the sexes driven into a herd to sleep or rest, is the source of immorality.

New York, according to the census, is the greatest manufacturing city in the United States. Nothing that the New York *Tribune's* protection agent, Mr. Porter, can find to say of the English workingmen is more horrible than can be told of the tenement districts in New York. And if any English people should care to advocate free trade as the *Tribune* advocates protection, it need only have one of its representatives write up these crowded New York streets in the great manufacturing centre of the United States.

A PRIZE STORY.

It Entitles its Teller to be Called Chief Liar.

It is related that Mr. Sam McCurdy of Louisville, Ky., was sitting 'neath the shade of a tree talking to some friends, when his attention was called to a hen with a brood of young chickens and a large rat that had just emerged from its hole and was quietly regarding the young chickens with the prospect of a meal in view. As the rat came from the hole the house-cat caught sight of it. At the appearance of its ancient enemy, the cat, a Scotch terrier quietly made for the place were the cat stood. At this moment a boy named Andy Quaid came upon the scene. The chickens were not cognizant of being watched by the rat, nor did the rat see the cat, nor the feline the dog, who had not noticed the coming of the boy.

A little chick wandered too nigh and he was seized by the rat, which in turn was pounced upon by the cat and the cat was caught in the mouth of the dog. The rat would not cease his hold on the chicken, and the cat, in spite of the shaking she was getting from the dog, did not let go the rat. It seemed to the boy that the rat was about to escape after a time, and getting a stone he hurled it at the colony. The stone struck the dog right between the eyes. The terrier released his grip on the cat and fell over dead. It had breathed its last before the cat in turn let go of the rat and turned over and died. The rat did not long survive the enemy, and beside the side of the already dead chicken he laid himself down and gave up the ghost.

The owner of the dog was so angry at his death that he is said to have come near making the story complete by killing the boy that killed the dog that shook the cat that caught the rat that bit the chicken in a yard on Clay street.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

"May I?"

When she was asked to express an opinion on some trivial matter she looked timidly round with her clear gray eyes upon each of the masculine persons and said:

"May I?"

Here we had the ivy and the oak reduced to practice.

Every man in that group grew an inch or two in stature and in girth without knowing it. A new magnanimity stirred in him and he cried: "Certainly! certainly!"

I have met that "May I" woman a good many times since, and she always walked over the stoniest places of life with sylph-like comfort, for all the masculine persons put their necks down for her to step upon.

She is the superb phantom of the social circle, the mistress of the mob, the empress of the masculine persons everywhere.

Your ordinary masculine person doesn't want to be conjured. He wants to be cajoled. And in every set of pretty women who tyranize with their black eyes and coerce with their saucy conduct there is one gray-eyed "May I" creature who locks up all the men's hearts; and then in her own sweet and docile way, tortures and pawns and burns them afterwards, without so much as a protesting squeak.

Don't ask me to name them all. I have one in my mind now who clung to an observer with the delicacy of a tear and the sweet softness of an odor. But she put $200 a week in the bank and always said to the receiving teller with a winning pathos: "May I?"

And the receiving teller, feeling a thrill of masculine sympathy, always responded with an assuring "Certainly."

Such superb women are created to keep alive the masculine ideal of woman.

It would utterly die out if men could not go at intervals and refresh their memories with the angelic, impalpable character, set like a lambent flame on a most palpable physique.

I admire the "May I" woman. She not only wears an expression that, as Emerson says, appears to be looking for something better than she has ever found, but her innocent conduct always assures us that she has found something better than she has has ever looked for.—*New York World.*

A Plucky Fool.

A curious bet which was made by two New Yorkers one day this week illustrates, as well as possible, the point which has been reached in dressing at the Branch. During the afternoon concert at the West End the son of a wealthy banker appeared in a curious combination of clothing which attracted attention from everyone. Not to be outdone in this respect, another young fellow immediately repaired to his room, and shortly afterward emerged in an entirely different suit. The coat was a seal brown, with a large green collar trimmed with braid full two inches wide, while the trousers were "polka-dot," but so large were the "dots" that they might easily be mistaken for saucers. His appearance created a general laugh among the people assembled on the veranda, and he indignantly aked one of his friends to explain the cause of it. In reply the young man offered to bet fifty dollars that he dared not enter the dining-room that evening in such a dress. The bet was made, and, as it soon became noised about, everybody was looking for him during the dinner hour. The doors of the dining-room had hardly opened when he made his appearance, looking somewhat nervous and sheepish, but nevertheless dressed in the same suit. After gazing anxiously around the room as if trying to gather courage for a final effort, he walked boldly down the room and took his accustomed seat in the rear. It was indeed a victory over the crowd, and as he walked from the room two or three people applauded him.—*Long Branch Letter in Philadelphia Press.*

Joaquin Miller on the Model Farm, Ontario.

The Province pays $30,000 a year to maintain a school for the practical education of farmers. This school turns out annually from 200 to 300 well disciplined and splendidly equipped men to take charge of the most important, healthy and altogether honorable pursuit on earth. We, in the States, are accustomed to think if a man is fit for nothing else he can settle down on a farm and get on. We have made the farm the last refuge of the tramp. They here are making the farm the first place for the true gentleman. And this is right. We must have one of these institutions in every State of our Union, a dozen if necessary, to dignify and make easy and intelligent the office of the farmer. The trade of war is out of date, the lawyer's office is of doubtful calling, for what does it give to the world in return for his bread? The doctor's place is hardly desirable for a refined nature; but the Canadians have decided that the farmers hold the world on their shoulders and are standing truly by them. They have altogether more than eighty associations devoted to the culture and development of stock and grain. The Province of Quebec has an institution not widely unlike that of Guelph, Ont., only on a smaller scale. I did not visit this, but am told that it is conducted entirely by a lady. The Province pays $5,000 bounty towards its maintenance. As against them we have only little to show except the school in Michigan. Yet it is true that we have many institutions that profess farming. But I fear they do not practice it as at this model farm. Of course I cannot enter into details or attempt to digest the big book making their annual report on this place. But I may say as a cardinal idea they seek to be solidly practical; severely so; to keep the feet of the students down firmly down on the hard earth. They ignore Greek and all such nonsense, and try to teach common sense. Yet no ignoramus is admitted here by a great deal. Each applicant must be at least 16 years old, must be of sound morals and good health and pass a very severe matriculation examination if not a graduate of the many high schools in the country.

Joseph Cook hopes the day will come when "we shall have only one postage-stamp for the whole world." And then a nice fix we'd be in if some fellow should fold that one up in his vest pocket, and perspiringly fuse it against a small square of hard tobacco and two or three newspaper clippings. And that is just what would happen if the world got down to its last stamp.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST, 16 1883.

THE CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Two weeks ago we made the announcement in these columns that the men on the Central Ontario railway north of Madoc had "struck" work in consequence of the company failing to pay back wages. Laboring men in this neighborhood have good reason to be wary railroads, of as on all built so far they have either been defrauded out of their hard-earned wages or have had a great amount of trouble in getting it. In these times workingmen cannot afford to take too many chances at losing their earnings, and, no doubt, this was the cause of the little "trouble" to which we referred, but which is satisfactorily explained in the following letter from Mr. G. W. McMullen, the general manager of the road, in reply to an anonymous communication which appeared in the *Intelligencer*. In justice to the company we cannot refrain from giving part of the letter a place in our columns:—

The Central Ontario Railway has paid out vast sums of money to men, and is not nor never has been behind two months nor one month with them. The whole truth in the above is that the payment due on and after July 20th was not in the hands of the men until a few days in August, in consequence of the illness of Mr. D. S. McMullen, who takes that part of the work. It is not an easy matter to break in a new man to handle correctly from 500 to 1,000 vouchers, and carry the necessary large amount of funds through a wild country. He has just returned from completing the payment. The only real inconvenience, I fancy, was to the whisky vendors who hang like harpies around the poor laborer and take his hard-earned wages for their vile compounds. Perhaps the *Intelligencer*'s correspondent is of this class, or he may be an unusually dry "Lookeron" who responds cordially when a treat is called, and was disappointed at a temporary postponement of a monthly drunk which lamentably follows pay day. In either event neither the publisher nor the correspondent need be unduly alarmed. The Central Ontario Railway will be speedily completed, and they will not be numbered among its creditors.

Yours truly,
G. W. McMULLEN.

Trenton, July 8, 1883.

CROP REPORTS.

The Ontario Bureau of Industries report the wheat crop throughout the province as not at all satisfactory—that both as regards quantity and quality it is much inferior to last year's crop. There will be a large quantity of straw, but in some localities the presence of the midge and the Hessian fly is noted. The prolonged wet season during June and July has also been the cause of considerable rust, the western counties being the worst in this respect, it being estimated that at least 60,000 acres were ploughed up on account of the disheartening outlook for the crop. Spring wheat is also liable to be affected by rust and insects, the midge, the weevil and the Hessian fly being reported in all the best spring wheat districts. On high and well drained lands, however, it promises a larger yield than last year's crop. The whole area under wheat crop last year, according to the statistics collected by the Bureau, was 1,775,337 acres, the produce, 40,921,201 bushels, and the average yield per acre, 23 bushels. This year the area is 1,691,603 acres, the produce (as estimated by correspondents) 27,398,393 bushels, and the average yield per acre 16 bushels. For the two years the average would therefore be 19.7 bushels per acre. It is possible, however, that the results, of the threshing season may modify to some extent the figures of this year. The area of fall wheat sown in this County, as collected by township assessors, is given at 9804 acres; spring wheat, 186,22 acres. Last year it was fall wheat, 12833; spring wheat, 13072, the yield being 243789 bushels of fall wheat and 261440 bushels of spring.

In regard to other crops in this locality, so far as we can learn from the farmers, they will be found generally satisfactory. Hay, of course, is far above the average crop, in fact the majority of farmers have been unable to find cover for the whole crop and were obliged to stack part. Rye is expected to be a fair average crop. Oats give promise of a large yield, while barley will not quite come up to the average. With good prices this season farmers will on the whole be satisfied. Rain is now wanted for the potato crop. Altogether throughout this part of the country the lookout is satisfactory.

SWINDLERS.

THE LIGHTNING ROD TRICK SUCCESSFULLY PLAYED.

The Picton *Times* tells the following:—George Phillips, of Hallowell, has been badly swindled. Two men, agents for lightning rod company, so pictured the profits to be made by selling rods that he consented to act as agent for the company. An innocent looking paper was presented and he signed it. This paper was an order for $150 worth of rods, and in a few days Mr. Phillips was astonished by the appearance of the agents with a pile of rods which they proceeded to unload. He protested that he did order and would not accept them, whereupon the men exhibited the order and threatened to sue Mr. Phillips. They convinced him that they could carry out this threat and put him in an expense of $50 or more in addition. He gave a note for the $150. He can probably realize only a small fraction of $150 on the rods delivered.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

Showers and genial weather have greatly improved crops back here within the last three weeks, and grain of all kinds looks remarkably well. The hay crop will be from fifty to a hundred per cent above the average, but there is a large amount of it laying in the swath, which cannot be raked up, as we have had rain every day for over a week. One of our farmers has 40 acres in this condition. Hands are also scarce and wages high. I don't know whether it is owing to the N. P., but it is certainly O. K., for the employed.

Mr. B. Spurr of L'Amable, to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing business, has made a large addition to his place, by building a new residence and doubling the size of his store.

At Bancroft Mr. W. Mullett is about to start a blacksmith and waggon shop, and Mr. Haas has commenced store keeping.

We feel much surprised here at the supine manner in which Belleville City Council treats the subject of Railway extension back to the north. One would think that the trade of a population of 8,000, and the carriage and shipment of the produce of the richest mines in the Dominion was worth an effort to secure. But whilst the Council sit with folded hands, and others dispute as to the most favorable route for a railroad, it is some consolation for us back here to know that surveyors are now exploring in Faraday, with a view to extending the railway from Kinmount to Bancroft, so if we cannot have an outlet by rail to the south, we may by way of the west.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, August 4th, 1883.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

FARM FOR SALE.

PART of lots 11 and 12, 14th concession of Huntingdon, containing about 88 acres, a portion of which is in the corporation of the village of Madoc. All cleared but about 12 acres, which contains valuable mixed timber. Would make a valuable dairy farm. Terms moderate. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to the undersigned on the premises.

JOHN BAILEY

Madoc, August 14th, 1883. 330-2m.

THE TORONTO WORLD.

THE only one cent morning paper in Canada. Fearless and independent. Special inducement for 1884. The WORLD will be sent to any address from October 1st, 1883, to January 1st, 1884, on the receipt of $3.00. Terms $3.00 per year, $1.50 for six months; and 25 cents per month.

WORLD PRINTING COMPANY,
18 King Street east, Toronto.

VOTERS' LIST, 1883.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE UNITED TOWNSHIPS OF TUDOR, LIMERICK AND CASHEL, COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Millbridge, on the 13th day of Aug., 1883, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediat proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

CHAS. DONALDSON,
Clerk of said Municipality.

Millbridge, 14th August, 1883.

—Insure your lives in the Fedral. Fred. Davis, Agent, Madoc.

—Extract Logwood cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

GIRLS WANTED.

THREE OR FOUR good girls wanted by the 1st of September, for general kitchen and house work, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville. Girls from the country preferred. Wages $8.00 a month.

Apply to the MATRON.

Madoc, August 7th, 1883. 329 3w

RECEIVING NOW:

Watermelons, Harvest Apples, Pears and Peaches,

Fresh Tomatoes, Peanuts and Lemons,

Hair Oils, Perfumerey, Combs, &c., &c.

We have a full stock of COMMON CANDIES; and our Fancy Candies are altogether of the CITY STYLES.

—OUR—
ICE CREAM
needs no puffing.

Luncheons as usual.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, Aug. 1, 1883.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

BEST GRADES OF

MACHINE OILS,

—ALSO—

CARBON SAFETY COAL OIL,

—AT—

BOTTOM PRICES.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of
AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES
of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine
COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!
for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of
SOLID GOLD RINGS,
from $2.00 up to $22.00; the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

Farmers!

—x—

IF YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS

Reaper or Mower,

—GO TO THE—

MADOC

Agricultural Works!

AND SEE WHITE'S IMPROVED

HARVEST QUEEN!

Price $80.00,

equal to any in the market. The

NEW | MODEL | MOWER

HAS NO SUPERIOR.

HORSE RAKES, CULTIVATORS, AND DRAGS,

and all kinds of PLOUGHS.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

Madoc, June 14th, 1883. .103-6m

Remnants! Remnants!

For the next few weeks the undersigned will hold a sweeping

CLEARING - OUT - SALE!

of Remnants and summer goods to make room for fall stock. Goods marked down to cost. Call and see for yourselves.

M. McLEAN, & CO.

Madoc, August 8th 1183.

Latest Local News.

New Law Office.

Mr. W. H. Hastings, Solicitor, &c., of Belleville, has opened a law office in O'Flynn Block, in this village in the rooms formerly occupied by Peterson & Peterson. No doubt he will be able to work up a lucrative practice.

Schools Re-opening.

The public schools re-open on Monday next, 20th inst., to the regret no doubt, of both teachers and scholars. Mr. Clark of Weston has been engaged as head master of the Model School in this village, Mr. Jardine having failed to keep his engagement. The other teachers are Miss McDermid, Miss Jones and Miss Billies.

Intermediate Examinations.

The following are the names of the successful candidates from Madoc Model School who passed the recent intermediate examinations:—Beatrice Cross, Jennie Sinclair. For Third Class: Crozier Moore, Frederica Tuller, and Eliza Maynes. The papers were all examined at Toronto, four thousand candidates throughout the province submitting to the ordeal. Inspector Mackintosh was one of the board of examiners.

I. O. O. F. Excursion.

The Oddfellows of Belleville, Stirling, Peterborough and Madoc have in contemplation the running of an excursion over the Midland to Moira Lake in about two weeks. This will be the first excursion ever coming here from the Peterborough end of the line, and it ought to be quite successful. The proceeds of the excursion are to be donated to Stirling lodge, which lost all its furnishings, regalia, &c., at the late fire. The particulars will be given next week.

Brigade Camp.

Capt. Volume last week received official notice that the 49th Battalion had been ordered into camp at Cobourg on Tuesday, 11th September, for 12 days' drill. This definitely settles the question of the location of the camp. No. 4 company will parade at the armory in this village on Monday evening, 10th, so as to get in readiness, and every member must attend. We expect the company will make the finest appearance of any in the battalion this year. The total force in the brigade camp this year will comprise about 2,500 men of all ranks.

The Game Law.

The only season during which the following game may be hunted, taken or killed is as follows:—

Deer—1st October to 15th December, inclusive.

Partridges—1st September to 1st January.

Quail—1st October to 1st January.

Woodcock—1st August to 1st January.

Snipe—15th August to 1st January.

Grey, black and wood ducks—15th August to 1st of May.

Hare—1st September to 1st March.

Our Fire Engine.

Yesterday, in company with Mr. E. A. Maybee, Captain of Alert Fire Co., we made a visit to the new engine house put up by the Council for the use of the company, and for storing the engine and hose. When we say the arrangements for turning out the engine in case of fire will compare favorably with any country town in Canada, we mean what we say. Everything is a model of neatness and readiness. A lamp is kept ready for lighting; the engine is ready primed; the hose sections are all coupled together, ready to attach to the engine; ladders and axes are ready to be picked up; in fact, the engine is ready for work as soon as the boys can draw it to the water. The engine is now in first class working order, and with such a company as we have in Madoc, can be expected to do good service in case of necessity. The firemen deserve great credit for the admirable manner in which the appliances are kept.

A Disappointment.

The Sioux Lacrosse Club regret the cause of what ever disappointment the public may have felt at the match not being played here on Tuesday as announced last week. The fault was not their's, however, the Trenton Club had announced their intention of being here, but found afterwards that they could not make the arrangements expected for coming up on the Central Ontario construction train, so as to get back the same night. It is expected, however, that the match will be arranged in a few days, and also a match shortly with the Norwood club, of which due notice will be given.

Alert Fire Co., Attention.

By order of the Captain there will be no drill no Wednesday evening next, but a regular meeting of the company will be held instead. Every member is requested to be present on that evening, 22nd inst., as questions will be brought up in which it is desired that all should take part in discussing them. One matter of particular interest is that of deciding upon holding a mammoth excursion, picnic, or concert, shortly; and another is to consider the advisability of despatching a "team" to engage in the Tug of War contest at Toronto next month. Let there be a full attendance.—S. F. Weaver, Secretary.

Presentation.

The following has been sent us for publication:—After Sabbath School on Sunday, August 5th, some of the friends of Miss Emma J. Fox met in Best's Church and presented her with a beautiful album and a music book, accompanied by an address, in behalf of the congregation of the Methodist Church in that place, to show their appreciation of the valuable services rendered the church and Sabbath school by her in her capacity as organist. The address was as follows:—

Miss Emma J. Fox.

We the congregation of this church do now present you this album and note book, hoping you will accept them as a small token of our appreciation of your faithful services as organist here in the past. Hoping you may long be spared to fill the position you now occupy. We tender you our best wishes for your welfare and wish you reward and success in your work.

Signed in behalf of the congregation of Best's Church,

Mrs. Joseph Christie.
Sarah E. Maynes.

How to Eat Green Corn.

The Toronto *Mail* and some other leading journals of the Dominion lately devoted some of their space to a question regarding the proper method of eating certain vegetables. An exchange adds the following as a new and improved way for disposing of green corn, the season for which is now near at hand:—

"The proper way to dispose of green corn is first to fix the ear firmly in a vise. Then procure a cold chisel and mallet and hold the chisel in the right, and mallet in the left hand, remove each grain of corn from the cob. This being done, the cob must be removed by an attendant in full dress, and carefully placed with the potato skins and other bric-a-brac in the scullery sink. The grains are then loaded into a shovel, worked by a derrick and crane, and then unloaded into the mouth and swallowed. It is very important that the corn must be taken into the mouth before being swallowed. To do otherwise is to give evidence of gaucherie and il comme d'esprit. We remember once the Prince de Rhiwiski was dining with Lady Soapsuddsat her beautiful chateau in Touquin, when his cold chisel slipped, and a grain of corn was knocked into the salt cellar. The incident created a great deal of talk in fashionable circles at the time. Her Ladyship never referred to it without a shudder."

Everythings.

—Rain wanted.

—Fine harvest weather.

—Cheese continues to decline in price.

—Sunday last was the anniversary of the relief of Derry.

—It is a pity our next door men have to work so hard, as they are excellent singers.

—Shipments of hematite ore from Mr. Coe's mine are made nearly every day now.

—Where to spend a few days holidays is now agitating the minds of a number of our hard-worked citizens.

—Mr. J. B. Cleak, of Deseronto, who had been spending a week at his home at Bancroft, gave us a call on Tuesday.

—Potato rot is reported in different sections of the country. We have not heard of anything of the kind in this neighborhood, the crop so far being generally satisfactory.

—The *Ontario* says Mr. Wm. Coe will leave for Kentucky in a few days and will bring six thoroughbred horses home with him. Mr. Coe will then have a valuable stable in this village.

—A handsomely executed map of the rising "city" of Brandon, Manitoba, has been received at this office. It was executed by Messrs. Poudries & Brownlee, city engineers. Judging from some of the buildings shown, Brandon must be a flourishing place.

—Some one reports to us a large crop of thistles between the Presbyterian Church and the station—enough to seed the whole township. This village corporation cannot afford to be a respector of persons, and all owners of thistles ought to be made cut them down.

—A man giving his name as John Corcoran was arrested in this village on Friday evening last for creating a disturbance on the evening train. He was sent down to the county gaol for one month, constable Langman introducing him to the officials on Saturday morning.

—Mr. John White, M. P., was present at the celebration in Hamilton of the relief of Derry. Mr. White had a grand reception, and was presented with addresses from the Hamilton Orange District Lodge and the junior Orange ladies in Hamilton, to which he made a suitable reply.

—A large and correspondingly happy wedding party was in the village on Monday. There were a dozen rigs in the joyful procession. After the wedding they had a dance in the Masonic Hall, having brought their own fiddler with them, then had dinner, then had their pictures taken, and then for home. The fiddler played them out of the village.

Promoted.

We notice the following in the Brandon Daily *Sun*, of August 4th, a copy of which has been sent us:—"Mr. Jenkins, agent of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Co. here, has been appointed Superintendent of the C. P. R. commercial line, with headquarters at Winnipeg. He will leave on Monday to enter upon the duties of his new position. We are sorry to lose Mr. Jenkins, who has been uniformly attentive and courteous in his public relations; his friends, however, will rejoice to hear of his promotion." We must also congratulate "Stock" on his promotion, which he no doubt deserved. We understand he has appointed Mr. Arnold Sine manager at Brandon.

A Work Unfinished.

Our local exchanges have been envying the editor of the Review for some weeks past, on account of the quantity of fruit, etc., generously presented us by our friends, and some of them are mad because they are not running a paper in Madoc instead of in Belleville, Trenton and other places, where the sight of a basket of cherries in an editor's sanctum would put thdm in convulsions. The Napanee *Express* says:—

"It may be nice to be a Madoc editor but we are not certain on that point. Instead of serving writs upon the Review man the people of that section deluge him with "garden sass" and fruits. Perhaps they are not so kind as they appear. It may be a case of cholera morbus they are working up. After all we don't know but the writs are preferable."

To show that we are "doubly blessed" we can inform our cotem that we have also the writs as well as the "garden sass." If our friends are trying the cholera morbus "racket" on us, however, they will have to prescribe a larger dose of apples, pears or peaches before we succumb.

—Madder, Alum, Madder Compound, Indigo and Indigo Compound, sold at cheaper rates by the single pound than anywhere in the county, at Deans' Drug Store.

—The "Tontine Investment" Assurance Federal Life Assurance Co., Fred. Davis, Agent, Madoc.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

—The Diamond Dyes and all Aniline Dyes cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

Mr. John Macdonald, of the Township of Sebastopol, met with a sad accident when gunning last Sunday. It appears that Mr Macdonald with his gun in his hand was going over a bush fence, when the lock and trigger of the gun became entangled, a discharge followed, lodging the contents in a part of Mr Macdonald's arm. The accident is not serious, and he is doing well.

—Machine Oil at G. A. Rollins.

—Very finest quality of Dutch Madder, only a york shilling per pound at Deans' Drug Store.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

—:oxo:—

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.

Please give me a call.

(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

A LARGE STOCK OF

Rixford's Celebrated

SCYTHES

just to hand at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, July. 1st, 1883.

Crompton Corsets

—IN ALL THE—

LATEST STYLES,

—AT THE—

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE.

STELLA;
OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES

CHAPTER X. (CONTINUED.)

STELLA LOSES HER TEMPER AGAIN.

"Mrs. Finch is my housekeeper and my slave in bondage; she is also my cousin by marriage." It will be understood that this explanation failed to convey to her a very distinct idea of the lady's social standing in the establishment. "You will find her along the second passage to the left, by knocking at the third door to the right."

"As I have never been in the house before, and there seem to be a great many passages, don't you think if you were to ring the bell for the footman and tell him to take me to her, it might be a better plan?"

And Mr. King was so much taken back by the absolute coolness of the suggestion, that he actually took her at her word and did so.

In this fashion Stella was shown into the smaller of the great drawing-rooms which ran along the whole of the garden side of the house, and where Mrs. Finch was accustomed to spend her solitary evenings after the master of the house had retired to his study.

As a rule, when Norman was at home, he sat here with her; but this evening he had not followed her after dinner, but had retired to his own room. Thus Stella was left to introduce herself to the only lady of the establishment.

"My grandfather sent me to you. May I have something to eat, and will you show me my room?" she said, rather hesitatingly, for it was natural that she should be less at her ease with this lady, whose existence she had never even heard of till now, than with the grandfather whom she had been long schooling herself to meet.

Mrs. Finch was not disposed to be very friendly with this girl, who had come, as she well knew, to be a rival to her own daughter; nevertheless, she was too wise to show the want of cordiality which she felt. To smile upon everybody was Mrs. Finch's maxim, and she received Stella with a certain amount of effusion.

"You poor dear, you must be tired out with your journey; of course I will order you something to eat, and come with me, dear Miss King, and I will show you your room. I had a fire lighted for you, though don't mention it, please, as Mr. King is so particular, and we all have to humor his little ways, you know. Ah! well, old gentlemen are all alike, you know."

"I don't think I know many old gentlemen," said Stella, coldly, for at the first words she felt instinctively how insincere was the woman before her.

"No? Ah! you will soon learn to like your dear grandfather very sure, my dear," answered Mrs. Finch, hastily.

"I like him now," answered Stella, rather to her hearer's surprise.

She had no desire to discuss her grandfather's character with anybody, and she felt that it was very bad taste in this Mrs. Finch to attempt to draw her into such a discussion.

"Come up-stairs and take off your things, Miss King," said that lady, with a trifle more of respect in her tone, dropping at once the subject that seemed distasteful to the strange young lady.

When they reached the bedroom that had been prepared for her, Stella asked her conductress one question:

"Is my Cousin Norman at home?"

"Yes, I dare say you will see him when you come down-stairs;" and Mrs. Finch lit the candles upon her dressing-table and left her alone.

But it was not until the next morning that Stella encountered her cousin upon the staircase upon her way down from her bedroom.

Norman colored like a girl; Stella drew herself up to her full height.

"How do you do, Stella?" said the young man, holding out his hand somewhat awkwardly.

Stella could not refuse to take it.

"I hope you are rested after your journey."

"Quite, thank you."

"You will not, I hope, find us very dull company at Wrexham."

"I do not mind being dull," answered Stella, quietly.

And Norman felt so utterly nonplussed in his little efforts at conversation that he showed her the way into the breakfast-room without making any further attempt to be agreeable.

Poor Stella! her pride was a real punishment to her. She could not forget that, to her, dreadful leaf of her past life, now more than a year ago, when Norman Allingham had dared to kiss her because he thought her a common girl, and had told her to her face the next morning that she was a virago for being angry about it.

All through the first breakfast at Wrexham the sense of shame that was upon her was almost more dreadful than she could bear. All through her grandfather's occasional questions and Mrs. Finch's little gush of amiable chatter she seemed to feel her cousin's eyes upon her, and to fancy what he must be thinking about. Every detail of that foolish escapade came back to her, painted by her disgust and dismay at herself in strong and exaggerated colors. How Norman must scorn and despise her; and what a bad opinion he must have of her!

His thoughts, had she known it, were of a very different nature.

Norman made up his mind once more that Stell's eyes were the very loveliest that he had ever seen, and that her beauty was so great that a wiser man than he was might be forgiven for trying to make his peace with her. Perhaps her temper was not as bad as he had imagined. Perhaps her recent sorrow had softened and improved her. Possibly a few kind and gentle words would efface her past displeasure to him. In short, Norman told himself, impetuously, what was the use of waiting for the other sister, whom he had never seen, when there was this deliciously fascinating Stella, with her blue eyes, and her tempting rosy lips, and her pretty, graceful figure.

If only she would smile upon him, Norman, just as she is smiling now at one of the old man's crabbed, half-angry speeches! How charming she would be if she would only send her blue eyes flashing round to his side of the table! There, she actually is looking this way!

But no; Stella meets the young man's eager gaze with a cold and unresponsive sternness, which provokes and attracts, even whilst it repels him.

But, after breakfast is over, he watches his opportunity, and finds her alone, standing listlessly by one of the long French windows.

"Are you not going to be friends with me, cousin Stella?"

She looks up startled. Her cousin is standing close to her, looking down at her wistfully.

"I am quite willing to be friends," she begins, coldly.

"Only that you have never forgiven me," he objects. "Is my crime to be always unpardonable? Are you always so vindictive to other people as you are to me?"

"I cannot tell you that, for no one but you has ever insulted me," she answers, flushing hotly.

He bites his lip, and controls himself with an effort.

"You must not use such ugly words, Stella. Gentlemen do not like to be told they have insulted any one."

"People never do like to hear the truth about themselves when it is not pleasant," she says, scornfully. "No, I will live at peace with you, and I will speak to you politely when necessity obliges me to speak to you at all; but it will be better that you and I should exchange as few words as possible. And, as to our being on intimate cousinly terms, pray do not think of such a thing, for I can never forget your past conduct, and I can never forgive it!"

She looks very lovely as she utters this speech. Her cheeks are flushed, her eyes flash proudly, her lips tremble a little with her own agitation.

Norman, looking at her face, forgets the bitterness of her words, and thinking only of her great beauty, says a very foolish thing.

"You look so lovely when you are angry, that I have a great mind to repeat my offence, and take you in my arms and kiss you again!"

Stella turns upon him white with passion.

"How dare you!" she cries, furiously—"how dare you say such a thing to me! Oh! I wish my hard fate had never driven me to take refuge in a house where I am condemned to meet you."

"I will rid you of my society, Miss. King," answers Norman, who has turned very pale.

He makes a low bow and goes suddenly from the room.

He marches straight up into his own, and packs up his portmanteau, then seeks his grandfather's study.

"I am going up to town, sir," he tells him. "I shall go by the twelve o'clock train, I think."

"That is a very sudden resolve," answers the old man, looking up from his writing-table, where he is busy revising the weekly account-books which Mrs. Finch has just brought to him for payment. "What is the reason of it, pray?"

"I can't stand that girl's temper," said his grandson, looking down rather sulkily, and pushing away a footstool with his foot.

"Do you mean Stella? What is the matter with her temper?"

"It is dreadfully bad, sir," answers the young man with a short laugh.

"I have not discovered it," replies Mr. King, gravely. "I think her a very nice, clever girl."

Norman is somewhat surprised at this favorable verdict, for the old man is not given to taking sudden fancies.

"It is rather rude to go away just as she has arrived," he continues.

"Oh! I thought it was the other sister I was to be attentive to; there is surely no occasion to stay here for this one."

"Oh! very well; do as you like, of course.

Mr. King is evidently not very well pleased; but for all that Norman Allingham goes up to town by the mid-day train, and after he has gone Stella King, at the very bottom of her heart, is a little bit sorry that she has driven him away.

CHAPTER XI.

MAUD'S COMMUNICATION.

"It was a most improper and indecorous proceeding, Miss Finch."

"I am very, very sorry, Lady Dyson."

"Well, I beg it may never be repeated. I don't wish to say any more about it now, but pray remember that young women in your position should be very careful indeed in their conduct with regard to the gentlemen of the house they are living in. If it had been one of the servants, for instance, instead of myself, who had found you alone in an out house with Sir Edgar, whilst your pupils were running about, Heaven knows where, and in lesson-hours, too, it would have been enough to have made a scandal."

"My mother was with us," pleaded Lily, tearfully.

"Yes, and I am willing to allow that that was some mitigation of your fault; but you had no business to go out walking with Sir Roger at all. However, I will say no more about it now, as I see you are sorry; but I hope you will remember that if Sir Edgar is kind enough to notice you, and to talk to you occasionally, it will be wise and modest of you to be extremely reserved in your manner to him. Gentlemen are often very thoughtless, but it is your place to recollect always the very great difference there is between his position and yours. You may go now, Miss Finch."

Still trembling almost as much as at the first awful summons into her employer's presence, which she had received half an hour ago, the little governess went swiftly and noiselessly out of Lady Dyson's boudoir, and sought the retirement of her own bedroom.

She sat down on the end of her little white bed and wept bitterly. Oh! how miserable she was! Lady Dyson had not been harsh or cruel to her, she had indeed found fault with her in words that were well chosen, and even kind; but oh! how dreadful to be found fault with at all on such a topic! More than ever did Lily Finch realize the immeasurable gulf that lay between herself and the man she loved.

Nothing she felt would ever bridge over this yawning chasm. No miracle that could be worked would ever serve to transform that cold and haughty patrician dame into her own mother-in-law. To recollect the superiority of class over class, to bear in mind her own littleness, to be good in the position of life in which Heaven had placed her; but not to dare to lift her eyes above it—that had been the gist of Lady Dyson's exhortation. And Lily had understood her perfectly. Oh! how vain and futile were all her foolish dreams of happiness; how hopeless those wild visions of joy which sometimes, in the dead of the night, would make her heart beat tremulously when she remembered his words and his looks, and which made her now and again believe, despite her reason and her common-sense, that all would end happily for her some day.

Poor Lily cried till her pretty eyes were red and swollen, and her cheeks as pale as the while curtains of her bed.

"Oh! how I wish I could go away and forgot him," she cried aloud in her misery.

But she knew she could not go away, because her mother and Mr. King had placed her at Barfield, and would never allow her to leave it. Neither, at the very bottom of her heart, did she desire to go.

Meanwhile, down-stairs, in Lady Dyson's boudoir, the subject of Miss Finch's delinquencies was not yet done with. Not more than ten minutes after the governess's silent and tearful exit, the door opened softly, and Maud Dyson crept into the room.

"Mamma, may I speak to you?"

"Yes, my dear, what is it?"

"It is something I think I ought to tell you, mamma—something I think it right you should know," said, Maud, mysteriously. She stood behind her mother's chair, fidgeting her feet about upon the hearthrug.

Lady Dyson was an eminently practical woman; she prided herself upon being utterly free from nonsense herself and upon detesting it in other people. She glanced sharply at her young daughter.

"Keep your feet still, Maud, and for goodness sake don't carry yours arms akimbo. I never saw anything so unlady-like in my life. Well, what is it you have got to say to me? Make haste, because I am very busy with my letters this morning, and have not much time to give to you."

Thus adjured, Maud, feeling that her dignity was compromised by her mother's unfeeling allusions to her feet and her arms, blurted out her intelligence with an abruptness that had the effect of well-nigh startling Lady Dyson out of her presence of mind.

"Mamma, I came into the school-room yesterday, and saw Edgar kissing Miss Finch."

For half a minute Lady Dyson was so struck dumb with astonishment that she did not know what to say; but with a rapid and comprehensive train of thought her resolution was taken almost immediately.

"Maud, you are a very silly little girl," she said, severely.

"It is quite true, mamma; I thought you would have been pleased with me for telling you," cried Maud, in an aggrieved tone.

"I am quite sure it is not true, and I am not at all pleased with you for telling me such a ridiculous story."

"But, mamma——"

"Please hold your tongue, Maud. I suppose you fancied you saw your brother and Miss Finch standing close together; they were probably looking over photographs. Gentlemen don't kiss anybody but their mothers and sisters," explained Lady Dyson, drawing somewhat upon her fancy for the boldness of the statement, by which it is needless to say that Maud was not in the very least misled. "You could not possibly have seen such a thing, therefore I beg that you will never speak of this silly fancy to anybody. Now run away, my dear, I am too busy to talk to you any longer."

But after her young daughter was gone, Lady Dyson laid down her pen, and sat for some time plunged in meditation. She pondered very deeply indeed upon what Maud had just told her. Of course she knew it must be perfectly true, for the child was not likely to have invented such a thing, and a girl of fourteen is quite as well able to judge whether two people are kissing each other or not, as though she were forty.

Lady Dyson had no doubt whatever as to the truth of what she had just heard; but she had not chosen to allow it to Maud, because she did not want to send Miss Finch away, and of course, as long as Lily was Maud's governess, it was necessary to uphold her authority to her pupils.

It would be very inconvenient in many ways to send Lily away. She was a good, industrious little thing, and did her work very well; and Lady Dyson knew how difficult a business it was to find a governess who would teach almost everything to four children for thirty pounds a year. It was long since she had had a governess who suited her so well as Lily did. Before her arrival everything had been chaos and confusion in the school-room arrangements. Once she had three different young ladies in the house in six months, and then there had been an interregnum, and for one melancholy month in her life Lady Dyson had to teach her own children herself, an occupation that she decidedly disapproved of. But ever since Lily's arrival everything had gone on smoothly and quietly, and she had had no trouble at all from the school-room.

Moreover, Lily was related to Mr. King, and it was he who had recommended her to Lady Dyson, and it would be very unpleasant indeed to risk a quarrel with her neighbors at Wrexham, to say nothing of Mrs. Finch, who would be down upon her like an infuriated wild cat were her daughter to be sent away for such a cause. No, altogether she did not at all see her way to dismissing Lily.

Nevertheless, Lady Dyson felt that if her son had actually gone to the length of kissing Lily Finch, it was quite time that his attentions to the pretty governess should be put a stop to.

She felt very glad that Maud's communication had been made after her lecture to Miss Finch upon the comparatively mild misdemeanor of her being found alone with her son and the turnip machine, for she had said quite enough already to her upon the subject, and she knew that it was not Lily who must now be spoken to.

To speak to Sir Edgar, however, was a more difficult matter, and one which Lady Dyson well knew might only bring about that very dreadful contingency which she was most anxious to avoid.

On the whole, Lady Dyson decided that it would be safer not to speak to her son about Lily.

That evening, however, as the mother and son lingered at the table together after the servants had left the dining-room, Lady Dyson said something to him about a little plot that had been in her head all day.

"Edgar, my dear, I am thinking of asking Lady Honoria Rosett to stay here for a little while—shall you mind?"

"Not in the least, mother," answered her son, as he cracked his walnuts. "Lady Honoria is a very handsome girl, and I have a weakness for handsome women. Ask her by all means."

This was hopeful. Lady Dyson waited a few minutes, and then she said, rather timidly:

"My dear boy, have you ever thought about marrying?"

Sir Edgar looked up over the wine decanters at his mother, and laughed.

"Very often, mother dear," he answered, lightly.

"But I mean seriously, Edger, and with regard to any particular person?"

"Very seriously, mother mine, and with regard to—oh, half a dozen particular persons at the very least!"

Lady Dyson smiled. It was plain that Sir Edgar could not be meditating anything very desperate with regard to Lily Finch.

"I think, my dear, that Lady Honoria would make a very charming wife."

"I am quite sure she would, mother."

"She has beauty, rank, and fortune," continued Lady Dyson.

"Certainly she has; no one can deny her any of the three," assented her son. "Shall I peel you another walnut?"

"No more, thanks. Then I may understand that if she comes here you will think about her, Edgar?"

"I suppose if she is staying in the house my thoughts will inevitably be fixed upon her, more or less."

This was rather less satisfactory.

"I mean, my dear, that you will take it into consideration whether she would not be the most suitable wife you could possibly select."

Sir Edgar loooked down into his sherry-glass, and sipped it thoughtfully.

"I will take her ladyship's case into my gracious consideration," he said, so gravely that Lady Dyson could hardly be sure whether he was laughing at her or no.

Ten minutes later, running lightly up-stairs to fetch his cigar-case, the baronet encountered Lily upon the staircase. She turned away at his approach, and would have fled, but he stood before her, and stopped her.

"I am in capital spirits to-night, Miss Finch," he said, laughingly.

"I am very glad, Sir Edgar," said poor Lily, rather sadly.

"What do you think about?"

"I cannot guess."

"Lady Dyson has been recommending me a wife. She has beauty, rank, and fortune. She is an Earl's daughter, Lily. Don't you think I had better marry her?"

"Of course you will do as you like, Sir Edgar," she said, gently.

"Of course I shall, Lily," replied the baronet, and straightway gave Miss Finch a kiss.

But, of course, Lady Dyson never heard of the sequel to her successful conversation concerning Lady Honoria Rosett.

CHAPTER XII.

STELLA'S ANXIETIES.

It was dreadfully dull at Wrexham after Norman had gone away. As the weary days succeeded each other, one after the other, with interminable slowness, Stella told herself that any amount of quarreling with her handsome cousin would have been better than the utter blank of her present existence.

The great, gloomy house appeared in its desolate emptiness to be larger and drearier than ever. There was an old man shut up reading from morning till night at one end of it, and a middle-aged woman perpetually doing accounts at the other. What was a girl of nineteen to do with herself between two such uncongenial companions?

Stella's time hung heavily upon her hands; her light footsteps echoed weirdly along the silent corridors and up the deserted flights of the wide stone staircase. At meal times she met her grandfather, and the little war of words that generally took place between them on these occasions made the sole amusement of her life.

At other times she sat silently in Mrs. Finch's sitting-room with her needle work, or wandered disconsolately and aimlessly about the park and gardens.

It was on one of these occasions that Stella suddenly encountered a little, light-colored village cart, drawn by a fat gray pony, trotting merrily up through the park towards the house.

There was a pretty, soft-eyed young lady driving, a quiet little girl by her side, and two noisy, laughing boys in the front seat. There was a black retriever rushing on in front, and two little nondescript, broken-haired terriers scampering behind. Altogether it was such a vision of youth and brightness and animal spirits as poor Stella had not been blessed with since her arrival in England. She was so astonished and delighted at this spectacle of happiness and life (which, however, was nothing more wonderful than the young Dysons and their governess driving over from Barfield with a note to Mr. King from Lady Dyson), that she stopped short by the side of the road and gazed at these happy looking young people with their pony and their dogs, as though she had never seen anything so charming and so delightful in her life before.

Some instinctive sympathy of sex and youth made Lily pull up the gray pony when she reached that lovely girl, who stood looking enviously at her by the wayside, and turn to her with a timid smile. The two girls had never met before; but of course they had heard of each other.

"Are you not Miss King?" said Lily, timidly.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The death of Capt. Webb in his attempt to swim the whirlpool at Niagara leaves Capt. Boynton alone in his noble work of foolhardiness. There are a number of things that have not yet been attempted by the indomitable Boynton. When he has rolled over Niagara's brink in a rubber ball, let him swim down the Croton aqueduct, go through the New York water-works and be squirted out the nozzle of a fire engine into a burning building. If he survives that ordeal he can drop us a postal card, and we will suggest something a little more trying on the nerves.—*Detroit Chaff.*

Japanese Workmanship.

The special [illegible] art are to be found in the [illegible] of the workmen to [illegible] love of birds [illegible] Both these features [illegible] the influence of religion. [illegible] made the altar or hearth [illegible] of the deepest reverence and affection, led to infinite patience and ingenuity in the ornamentation; Buddhism, by insisting on the sacredness of animal life, implanted in the Japanese that tenderness of feeling for all animals which makes butterflies alight on the hands of children, and frees even beasts of chase from all fear of man.

Whatever be its origin, the evotion of the Japanese workman to his work, and his intense appreciation of all that is beautiful and of much that is grand in the sensible world, are alike unquestionable; and throughout its history generally the circumstances of the country have greatly favoured the growth of these dispositions. If the principle of division of labour, which is nowadays supposed to be the very foundation of Western civilisation, is not unknown among them, the Japanese workman has always been disposed to carry his work himself through every one of its stages, whether his task be that of working in metal or lacquer, of preparing woven fabrics, or of pottery in any of its branches. Each workman thus looks on his work, while it is going on, as on a child that he loves. It is his creation in the same sense in which a poem or a picture is the creation of a poet or a painter; and the feelings which it excites in him are not less strong. He is striving after beauty in every shape, not after money; and he has his recompense in a way which must cause some surprise to Englishmen. In Japan the merchant, Dr. Dresser assures us, has no status whatever, though he be as rich as Crœsus. Money alone, he adds, buys no position, and a prince will spend hours in conversation with a skilled workman, while the richest merchant would be beneath his notice. Some of the greatest of Japanese potters and lacquer-workers may be said to know nothing of money, the wife or child taking charge of the work when it leaves the hand of the master, who takes no thought for anything else. The establishment of feudalism under the Deimios in no way affected the conditions needed for the growth of the highest art in Japan. The palace of the baron became to the workman what the monastery had been thus far. He became one of the chief's retainers, clothed, fed, and lodged by him, the return expected from him being the production of the best work in his power; and with this golden leisure and freedom from care his power was increased tenfold. Thus has been developed not merely a patience altogether marvellous in the most minute and complete finishing of every detail—not merely a mechanical excellence seldom equalled and never surpassed—but a power of delineating life, especially the life of birds and beasts, which placed the Japanese in the front rank of the artists of any age or country. It is strange to see in drawings which exhibit great defects of general perspective, portraits of animals which actually live on the canvas or the paper. The metal-caster will not hesitate to cast a crowd of birds in their flight, the birds composing it being almost separate one from the other, and yet forming one continuous casting.

No adequate conception of Japanese art can be formed by those who are not acquainted with its colouring. The brightest and the strongest hues, red, blue, green, white, and gold, are employed in all their intensity. The greater part of the space to be covered is broken up by patterns interlacing each other often with astonishing intricacy; but some broad mass of leading colour is always interposed unbroken as definite intervals to impart solidity to the whole. It would not be too much to say that the magnificence of the Sainte Chapelle of St. Louis is but poor in comparison with the splendour of some of the greatest Japanese temples; and for majestic and solemn impressiveness, so far as we refer to colour, the advantage would rest altogether with the latter. We have to imagine the elaborate panelled vault of the ceiling soaring a hundred feet above us, while the overhanging roof, extending nearly to the railings of the balcony surrounding the shrine, softens the intensity of the sunlight, the light which ultimately reaches the ceiling being all reflected from a floor of black lacquer which has received the highest polish.

The art of Japan is, indeed, a subject which will well repay all the care with which we may study it. There is probably no reason for thinking that the study will make any Englishman blindly idolise it. It has wonderful merits. It ought to teach us some important and very needful lessons; but the forms which it employs, beautiful though they may be, fall short of the exquisite dignity, grace, and loveliness which mark the work of the Teutonic races while Teutonic art was still a living tradition, and which remains to us as a rich inheritance, until patient and honest work makes it a living tradition once more.

In mediæval times, when the work of an artisan became part and parcel of his religion, we had the same conscientious care devoted to the unseen portion as to the most prominent. All our great cathedrals and monasteries have examples of this thoroughness of work. The conditions of an artisan's life in Japan at the present day would appear to be parallel to that which prevailed in England in the feudal times, but the race of conscientious workmen has not died out in this country yet.—*The Furniture Dealers' and Cabinet Makers' Guide.*

Womanish Reasons.

"You would laugh to hear the excuses women make for the imperfections of their feet. I measured a nice lady the other day who had a bunion of several years' standing. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, as I was about to begin, 'I am afraid you will have to make my shoe a little larger there. I hit my foot against the doorstep this morning and there is quite a swelling.' A lady told me this morning that something bit her while bathing and she supposed the poisoned water there had got into her foot. We don't pay any attention but go on measuring.—*Shoeseller.*

"Stop kissing me," cried a pretty girl to her bashful beau. "I ain't kissing you," said he. "Well, ain't you going to?" she asked. He ran away like a frightened deer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Are self-made men a fraud? Some folks say that they are. There is an awful fuss made about them sometimes, at any rate, perhaps more than in any case they actually deserve.

It would be difficult to say what will be the result of Cetewayo's death. In any case, he will be found not to have been indispensable. Other chiefs will take his place, and the law of the survival of the fittest will not be set aside.

So the Confederate bonds are thought not to be so worthless after all. In any case a syndicate has been formed in order to realize on them, and it is thought that the Southern States will have to pay a composition, at any rate. It is to be feared that this will end in good money being sent after bad.

Some men have the theory that the times of business depression come and go periodically, and all laws that may be enacted or petition that may be devised cannot prevent these misfortunes. The time usually fixed is once in about each ten years, and if that be true then our next "cycle of depression" cannot be far away. There are already some pretty ominous indications of a time of another general business depression.

We have been hearing not a little lately about "journalistic courtesies," and the "amenities of the press." An Iowa editor has recently been heaping coals of fire upon an esteemed contemporary's head—more like lighted kerosene. "Our dear brother of the Burlington *Gazette*," he begins in the sweetest of tones, only to add in the next sentence, "he will permit us to call him so, since he says we are an ass."

Switzerland and the United States have set a good example to other countries in their effort to agree upon the submission to arbitration of all their disputes with each other. The greater republic has already accepted the agreement, and the Swiss Federal Assembly is now to act upon it. Cynical diplomats may point out that these two countries have very little in common to quarrel about; but there might some day be real use for the agreement proposed.

Fashionable people have been going into agonies over all the grand things said, and done at the meeting in the Fishery Exhibition building got up to raise funds for an English Church in Berlin. "It was so delightful." The heart of every *Jeames* present beat with gratified delight. The Princess of Wales sold tea. The Duchess of Connaught kept a saloon, and, oh, it was all quite too awfully lovely to see her sell cent fruit cakes for a dollar, etc., etc. Of course it was. Could Apollo beat that? or Venus? or—?

Ladies had best understand once for all that the petting of dogs and cats, in which they so much indulge, is quite a risky business. Cats can take hydrophobia as well as dogs, and they can communicate the same quite as easily and quite as quickly. A mere scratch from a cat's claw won't necessarily cause madness even though the animal has the rabies. But in most cases cats lick their claws so diligently that the virus is sure to be on them ready to do its appropriate work at any time. Dear ladies, leave cats and dogs severely alone.

Dhuleep Singh is going to India. Many don't know that this gentleman is the heir and representative of the old "lion of the Punjaub." He is a Christian, and receives a liberal salary from the British Government. Like Oliver Twist and a good many other pensioners, he is always asking for more, and is in a huff at present because he has not got what he wanted. He, accordingly sells off and is going to India. It is to be hoped that he remembers he is on parole as far as India is concerned, and can only stay where the Governor-General may indicate.

There is a hitch in the negotiations regarding Mr. Geo. Stephens' scheme of Irish emigration. The Home Government approve of the scheme, but the Dominion Government decline to assume the responsibility of the loan to be advanced by the Imperial Treasury. It is, however, hoped that the trouble will be successfully tided over. In such case, we hope that proper steps will be taken to secure such a class of emigrants as may be most suitable and likely to succeed. Canada has no desire, any more than the States, for pauper immigrants, be they English or Irish.

It is very difficult to conceive anything sadder than that which the following facts revealed. All took place, as stated not very long ago. A young man, a Canadian, took rooms in a New York hotel, next morning he was found dead, a letter was left which revealed his own and his father's name. The father was a prominent preacher and doctor of Divinity at one time well-known in Canada. And thus ran the message from the dead: "If the 'old boy' has so much respect for his son, he may send for his body and be at the expense of burying it. If not, let it be sold for dissection in order to pay the hotel bill." A whole tragedy!

The conviction of innocent men upon charges of crime has been of such frequent occurrence of late in Germany that the press is calling earnestly for the passage of a law to secure indemnification at the hands of the Government in such cases. Innocent men thus unjustly convicted, and perhaps utterly ruined thereby in fortune, have no redress whatever upon the discovery of the error. The latest reported victim is a man who was adjudged guilty of arson last year by the criminal court at Thorn, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment and hard labor. After serving over seven months of his term, indisputable evidence of his innocence is now discovered, and he is released from prison a ruined man.

What is to be done with the opium smokers? The fact is unquestionable that the number of such is largely on the increase, and already some of the States have passed laws against the importation of the drug. It is said that there are already twenty thousand regular opium smokers in the States. That is all very bad, but how is a remedy to be applied? The damage done by opium smoking is not to be compared with what is attributable to whiskey drinking. Why should the latter not be put down by force as well as the former? It would almost seem as if a great number must have intoxicants of some kind or other, and if one kind is denied they will inconsistently fly to another.

The cholera is spreading rapidly over the whole of Egypt, and the native authorities have requested the British to take the matter in hand. The various countries in the south of Europe are taking effective measures to exclude the dread visitant, and rigid quarantine measures are being adopted at most of the European ports. Spain has granted a million to enable sanitary measures to be promptly carried out, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and France have followed suit through the local authorities, and Britain, Austria and Germany have instructed their officers at ports of entry. It is devoutly to be hoped that the scourge may be confined to the East. In the meantime the sanitary boards and officers nearer home can not be too vigilant.

The Treasury Department of the U. S. has just issued circulars regarding the importation of neat cattle, by which it appears it has been officially determined that such importation, subject to conditions, will not tend to the introduction or spread of contagious diseases among cattle in the U. S. The prohibitory laws regarding such importation are therefore suspended, provided that importers shall submit to such orders and regulations as have been or may be presented. All neat cattle arriving in the United States from any part of the world except North and South America will be subjected to quarantine of ninety days, counting from the date of shipment. No quarantine for cattle imported from Canada is provided, Canada herself maintaining a quarantine for all imported cattle.

There has an agitation been commenced with a view to bring the whole of the telegraphic system of the country under the control of the governments of the United States and of Canada. This, it is to be feared, would be out of the frying-pan into the fire. It would not and could not prevent strikes, while it would so add to the hordes of office holders as to give the Governments, for the time being, any amount of opportunity for corruption and wrong-doing. Then the railways would also have to be bought up. Why all this is just what Jay Gould and his *confreres* are working for. They hope to make "a big haul" and then they can go in for other ways of money-making just as sure and just as oppressive. Government can do some things better than private enterprise can. But other things it cannot, as all experience makes manifest.

We are always rejoiced to get a good hint from any quarter, and it is therefore satisfactory to be told that Captain Webb had been called of God to swim, and that he had therefore accomplished the work for which he was intended and fitted. He must therefore have also been intended to be also unsuccessful in swimming the whirlpool, and as one working out God's purpose, according to the Rev. Mr. Jeffery, is not to be condemned. Yes, and the rev. gentleman might have gone further and said nobody, however foolish or foolhardy, is to be condemned, for in doing what he did and failing as he failed, he was carrying out God's purposes. We are afraid it cannot go that length. Still there is a sense in which it may be all true. But in condemning Captain Webb for a headstrong fool may not others be also working out the purposes of Heaven?

Is it never to be possible to have national disputes settled by arbitration? It would seem so, for the strong, the proud and the headstrong will always rebel against the decision if it go against them, while the league formed to enforce the award is always liable to be broken up, and the war which was to be avoided to be precipitated and embittered through the very means taken to obviate it altogether. And yet one can scarcely give up the hope that men and nations will by and by become so wise and be so animated by the principles of good sense and enlightened Christianity as to reject with horror the brutal butcher plan so long the fashion—of settling disputes by the internecine slaughter of multitudes who, busy as the devil is, have never had the shadow of a quarrel, and whose deaths could not in any way contribute to the solution of any possible difficulty.

We hope that the dictum of the Toronto magistrate "over the Don," to the effect that parents can be made responsible for the misconduct of their children on the public streets will be sustained. Something needs to be done to put down juvenile rowdyism, and that especially among the children of the comparatively well-to-do. Apparently many parents turn their boys to the streets to get quit of them. And how this works anyone can see. There is nothing too bad for these boys to do and say. They have regular pickets to watch for the appearance of the bobby, while the parents take their smoke and their ease at their door steps admiring apparently the precocious wickedness of their young hopefuls. Others who think that pandemonium let loose is not very nice for a quiet neighborhood have to grin and bear it, unless they are willing to quarrel with their neighbors and have their windows smashed and their doorsteps besmeared with filth by the rising glories of Ontario. Is this the issue of all our advances in education and religious instruction? It would seem so. The more's the pity.

In England, in the United States, and in Canada the number of business failures is reported to be increasing rapidly, being considerably larger during the half year than for some time before. In the United States the iron market—one of the most sensitive of any in regard to general business activity—is much depressed just now, and it may be that the lumber market will show a falling tendency next. Whatever may be the causes of these the effects are always felt very severely in Canada. It has been announced that the Robertsville Iron mine, in Frontenac County, one of the largest producing mines in Canada, has just been closed down for the year because of the depression in the United States Iron markets. The company owning the mine is composed of American iron manufacturers, and it is probably in a good position to judge in regard to future business prospects. It is not improbable that other mines may also be closed for the same reasons, and the results will tell considerably in regard to our year's business in the export trade, as well as in regard to our labor market at home.

Teacher—"What do you understand by sinecure?" Pupil—"Without a clergyman. A man who holds a sinecure doesn't have to help support the minister." The teacher was sorry that he couldn't sentence his bright pupil to instant death, sinecure: that is to say, without the benefit of clergy.

Justice Dispensed With.

We often have a good deal of crumbling and delay in connection with our Canadian courts of Justice, but comparing them with similar institutions in the United States there is a great deal to be thankful for. Whoever has taken much pains to read up some important criminal cases in an American court, where there was sufficient money at command to keep the lawyers going, must have been surprised and disgusted with the delays sure to occur. The celebrated Gittesu case was one in point. Never was there clearer evidence of a man's guilt, never were there more ready and respectable witnesses, never was the popular demand greater for speedy justice, and withal the criminal had but little money at his disposal with which to carry on the scheme of delay; and yet a whole year elapsed between the commital of that great crime and the punishment of the criminal. The Star Route frauds furnish a still more lamentable instance. In connection with these the public had no reason to doubt but that great wrongs had been done, and the public treasury robbed of its tens of thousands, but the criminals made themselves rich out of their plunder, and having abundance of money at their command it does not seem possible to bring them to justice at all, through means of the ordinary United States criminal courts. Ever since the early days of the administration of the late lamented President Garfield, the iniquitous facts in connection with the Star Route plunder have been known, and attempts have been made to get a legal conviction of the scoundrels, but, aided by the power of money and cute lawyers, they have escaped scot free, and probably any further attempts will be abandoned. It required months and months before the cases could be brought to trial at all, and twice were the criminals successful in getting the jury to disagree. What potent influence was brought to bear on some of these jurymen is only surmised at. It is now announced that one of them, said to have been almost penniless before, is now building himself a fine house in a fashionable place, and others are giving evidences of much more wealth than they were ever supposed to possess before. The announcement does not surprise many people, however, as that was about what was suspected. The present jury system in the United States is being strongly condemned by many of the ablest and most earnest men of the nation. It is evident, too, that the plan of electing judges and many other leading court officials by a popular vote is attended, in many cases, with most serious consequences. The remedy must necessarily be applied at some time, and the sooner a sweeping reform is made the better for the interests of justice.

The Scott Act.

The only county in this Province where the Scott Act has been put to the practical test is Halton, and there is naturally a great interest felt as to its success or failure by both friends and foes. Recently a convention of the temperance men of the county was held, and from the report of the speeches made and the resolutions adopted it is evident they are reasonably well satisfied with its success, and they have confidence in the law as a prohibotory measure. Of course the very sanguine men who expect great things must be disappointed, but on the whole no important expressions of disappointment were heard at the convention. The difficulties in the way in the start in the enforcement of such a sweeping law are many and discouraging, but so far as the Act itself is concerned it does not appear to have proved defective to any considerable extent, as a practical measure, and with a year's experience in regard to its workings the temperance men of Halton strongly recommend their co-laborers elsewhere to work for its adoption.

The experience in the Maritime Provinces is still more valuable. In some parts of New Brunswick the law has now been four years in operation, and the attempt some months ago to secure its repeal in Fredericton, the capital city of the Province, was a failure. No more conclusive evidence could be furnished that the great body of the people have been reasonably well satisfied with the results so far. The Scott Act is now in operation in more than one-half of the counties of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in the whole of the Province of Prince Edward Island, and while the temperance workers are active in pressing for its adoption in other counties, we have no evidence of any thing like a successful movement towards its repeal any where. These facts are worth many theories in regard to its practical success.

If the friends of entire prohibition are now anxious for practical success their way seems clear in pressing for the adoption of this local option law. It would be somewhat unreasonable to expect Parliament to pass a general law until the present measure has been put to a fair test. If a measure of *local* prohibition can be made fairly successful then it is evident that a general law would be so, for the difficulties in the way of a local law are certainly much greater than of one not so much circumscribed. If it is possible to carry a majority of the counties in a majority of the Provinces of the Dominion for local prohibition then it has been pretty clearly demonstrated that the verdict of the people is for a general law. The agitation has now reached a stage of great interest to all sides, and the results of the agitation of the next year or two will tell very decisively on what may be looked for in the near future.

Boston Bloods.

Mr. C. S. Hollis, Veterinary Surgeon Boston, Mass., certifies that he has made the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, the sole remedy in his practice for horse ailments, and considers it superior to any cure he has known in forty years. He tried the same great pain-banisher on himself for rheumatism and by which he was completely cured.

"Consistency is a jewel," but it does not add to its lustre to see a "consistent" church member make a practice of sitting around on the corners loudly lamenting the alleged violation of the Sunday ordinance, and then on a week day take his old shot-gun and go to another part of town, where it won't disturb his family, and blaze away until he is tired, regardless of the ordinance that he helped to make, and which was to put a stop to such nuisances.

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical doctrine of the day declares that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of imposters, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

Dr. LaFIEUS' FRENCH MOUSTACHE VIGOR Grows a beard on the smoothest face in 30 days or money refunded. Never fails. Sent on receipt of the stamps or silver; 2 packages for $1. Beware of cheap imitations; none other genuine. Send for circular. Address, T. W. BAXE, box 21, Warsaw, Ind. U.S.A.

TO ARRIVE

at the Montreal Horse Exchange, Aug. 1st, per S. S. Cynthia, three Clydesdale Stallions, and four mares (pedigreed). These are all first-class stock, the property of John Dalgliish, of Glasgow, Scotland, and willbe for sale to parties desiring to breed from the best imported Clydesdale Stallions and mares. For further information address C. M. AUER & CO., proprietors, Point St. Charles, Montreal.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—

Montreal, 4th Aug.	Dominion 25th Aug.
Ontario, 11th "	Toronto, 1st Sept.
Oregon, 18th "	Sarnia, 8th "

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool, $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal

NORMAN'S
Electric Belt
INSTITUTION,
ESTABLISHED, - - 1874.
4 Queen St., East,
TORONTO.

Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Paralysis, and all Liver and Chest Complaints immediately relieved and permanently cured by using these BELTS, BANDS & INSOLES. *Circulars and consultation free*

The Great Tonic
FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH
A Blood Purifier

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

AMOUNT REQUIRED TO CURE
As Follows:

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES will purify the blood, eradicating all humours, from the common pimple, blotch, or boil, to the most malignant form of scrofulous ulcer.

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES, by cleansing the Blood, will purify the complexion from Sallowness, smooth out the wrinkles resulting from imperfect nourishment of the body, sweeten foul breath, and renovate the entire system.

ONE TO TWO BOTTLES will cure ordinary constipation or costiveness, thereby removing Headache, Piles, Biliousness and Jaundice, and all diseases resulting from torpid Liver.

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES, by cleansing the Blood, improving the general health, and fortifying the system against taking fresh colds, will in all cases relieve, and in most cases cure that common, loathesome, and dangerous disease, CATARRH.

ONE TO THREE BOTTLES will regulate all derangements of the Kidneys, curing urinary difficulties, prostration, Gravel, Diabetes, etc.

ONE TO FOUR BOTTLES will reinvigorate the entire system, curing nervous and general debility, Female weakness and all its attendant miseries.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

SOLD BY
ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS

AN ENGLISH VETERINARY SURGEON AND CHEMIST, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Also, one spoonful to each quart of soft food, will cure any case of Gapes in chickens. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

$40,000 IN PRESENTS!
GIVEN AWAY.
THIS OFFER GOOD TILL SEPTEMBER 1, 1883, ONLY.

The proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, being desirous of having their already well-known and popular Agricultural and Family paper more widely circulated into homes where it is not already known, have determined to throw off all profit this year, and in addition use a large portion of their capital for the sole purpose of increasing their circulation to 100,000 copies. After deciding to more extensively advertise than ever before, the following plan has been adopted by the

FOR 50 CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE regularly to you for Six Months and immediately send a printed numbered Receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following Presents to be given away at our SEPTEMBER FESTIVAL.

Partial List of Presents to be Given Away.

5	U. S. Government Bonds of $1000	$5000 00	1000 Pocket Silver Fruit Knives	$500 00
10	U. S. Greenbacks of $500	5000 00	1000 Gents' Pocket Knives	500 00
20	U. S. Greenbacks of $100	2000 00	1000 U. S. Greenbacks of $1 each	1000 00
1	Matched pair of Trotting Horses	1000 00	10 Gents' Gold Watches, English movements	300 00
1	Grand Square Piano	600 00	10 Ladies' Gold Watches, English movements	300 00
1	Grand Cabinet Organ	300 00	50 Boys' Silver Watches, American movements	250 00
1	Three-seat Rockaway	250 00	5 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings	250 00
1	Silver Dinner Service	250 00	5 Patent Harmonicons	250 00
1	Top Buggies	150 00	1 Extra Heavy Work Horse	250 00
50	U. S. Greenbacks of $10 each	500 00	1 Gold Mounted Horse	250 00
1	Single Harness	100 00	500 Elegant Cut Glass Albums	500 00
1	Single Albums	100 00	500 Silk Plaid Parlor Rug Furniture	1000 00
2	Village Carts	100 00	1000 Gold Plated Ladies' Bracelets	1000 00
1	Pony Phaeton	100 00	Gents' Scarf Pins, Lockets, Fans and Clothes Wringers	

And 99,935 other presents valued from $5 each to $1000, which makes a grand aggregation of $40,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each subscriber.

All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by a committee of disinterested persons who accept of 50 Cts. or $1 per year subscription, and will be distributed at the Grand Festival to be held in Toronto, commencing on the 4th day of September, 1883, and continuing for six days. It will not be necessary for subscribers to attend the Festival as presents will be sent to the address of each holder of a lucky number, the same as if he were present in person. THERE ARE 240 PRESENTS to be given away each day, and as many will be present as possible. Persons living in Canada will find it to their advantage to attend. Yet it is to be hoped that the majority of subscribers and readers will be content to stay at home and wait for their presents, as we intend to make a very large number of presents to those living in the Province of Ontario, in order to secure your future patronage, as we intend to make the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE the best paper published. OUR PROFIT will be in YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FEE. Get five of your friends to join you in getting up a club of six subscribers at 50 cents each, or $2.50 and we will send you the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for six months, and a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and yourself, entitling you to a present at the Festival. SEND YOUR SUBSCRIBERS with $3 and we will send you 7 subscriptions and twelve numbered receipts. This offer will hold good until Sept. 1st only, as we shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early, as in no case will they be received later than September 1st.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty large pages (Expert Columns), including elegant cover, bound, stitched and cut. And now has a circulation of 42,000 COPIES. It contains Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Farm, Garden, Household and Agricultural Departments by the best Contributors in the country, as well as Illustrated Fashion Department, Needle and Embroidery Work, the latest patterns of paper dress of the LADIES' GARDEN and interesting and instructive Stories for Boys and Girls. In short, it contains that which will interest, hold and please the whole family.

THE PROPRIETORS are men of means, who stake their money on their word, and our paper is here to stay. We intend to carry out and fulfil to the letter any offer we may make.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT ATTEND THE FESTIVAL, we will send a printed List of the Awards, and all presents will be forwarded to the successful holders, free of charge.

ONLY 50 CENTS per year. Send for the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for Six Months, and receive a numbered receipt, entitling you to a present at the Festival. Subscription price, 50 cents per year. As in our estimate we refer that one in all may be entitled to a present, we will not receive subscriptions at less than the regular subscription price. Remit in Postage Stamps if convenient. Money in letters at our risk if registered. Postmaster to Change. Money in letters of $1.00 or less may be sent in ordinary letters at our risk. Registered Letter, P.O. money order or draft, larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter, P.O. money order or draft.

FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, 26 Randolph St., Chicago.

REMEMBER those are Presents to our Subscribers given to those absolutely Free. Get this out and show to friends, as it will not appear again. (Postage Stamps taken if under One Dollar.)

READ THESE LETTERS:

"I like to work for your paper, and do it with a good grace for I think it worthy. I say success to you."
MRS. S. M. SMITH, Shiloh Ground, Ind.

"I think the paper worth ten times the price for an agricultural subscription."
A. H. ALLEN, Jacksonville, Fla.

"I received your paper and am so well pleased with it that I inclose $2 more for the same. I shall try and get more subscribers for you."
FRANK SMITH, Custer, Idaho.

"Thanks for being so prompt. Every one who has seen the last of the kind ever offered."
HENRY WARD BEECHER, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"One article in your paper is worth the whole price of it, yearly subscription. I am glad to add my name to your list."
C. B. HILLHOUSE, North Stonington, Conn.

☞ WE COULD GIVE AN UNLIMITED NUMBER SIMILAR TO THE ABOVE.

Magistrates Court.

On Friday, the 10th inst., a complaint was made by Mr. Kerr, Conductor on the Madoc branch of the Midland Railway, before A. F. Wood, J. P., that on the morning trip up, one John Corcoran had conducted himself in a drunken and disorderly manner and had damaged the seats of the cars to the extent of $15. During the afternoon Corcoran was arrested by Constable Langman and put in the lockup until the arrival of the evening train, when after hearing the case Mr. Wood imposed a fine that with costs and damages amounted to twenty dollars, which the prisoner being unable or unwilling to pay was committed to jail for a term of 30 days.

We learn that on Saturday, the 11th, a disturbance took place at Glen Lewis that has resulted in two complaints to Mr. Wood and one to the Police Magistrate of Belleville. Summons have been issued we understand, and the trials will take place Saturday next at the Town Hall, at 10 a. m. Another matter quite as serious also is to come on Saturday, during the same session, it being given in information that a woman living in Elzevir was fired at by a party evidently intending to do her bodily harm, as she affirms she only escaped by dropping down behind a log and hearing the bullet from the rifle whizzing close by her. This is a serious case, and we understand the case at Glen Lewis has a revolver and threatening connected with it.

—Finest quality Madras Indigo, only one dollar per pound, at Dean's Drug Store. 329 2m.

An Italian Shot.

On Saturday evening an Italian belonging to the camp near the protestant Home, who had a nasty wound on his thigh, complained to Constable Adams that he had been shot two days before. He could speak but very little English, but appeared to say that some one had shot him with a revolver on the leg. A little light, however, was thrown on the affair when another Italian, who spoke English a little more intelligibly, said that the "revolver" was on the rails near the junction on Brock street and that the car wheels shook it, and the case was made clear when one of the hands on the gravel train gave the information that the man had been injured by the explosion of a fog signal.

—The Seasons' Dye Stuffs of fine quality and cheap, have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Notable Facts.—Intense heat augments the annoyances of skin diseases and encourage the development of febrile disorders; therefore they should, as they can be, removed by these detergent and purifying preparations. In stomach complaints, liver affections, pains and spasms of the bowels, Holloway's unguent well rubbed over the affected part immediately gives the greatest ease, prevents congestion and inflammation, checks the threatening diarrhœa, and averts incipient cholera. The poorer inhabitants of large cities will find these remedies to be their best friend when any pestilence rages, or when from unknown causes eruptions, boils, abscesses, or ulcerations point out the presence of taints or impurities within the system, and call for instant and effectual curative medicines.

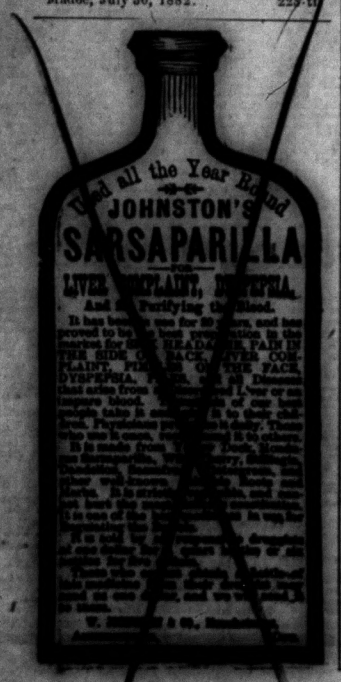
—Coal Oil "American Safety," for sale at G. A. Rollins'.

Teacher Wanted.

FEMALE Teacher wanted, for School Section No. 9, Madoc township, holding a third class certificate. Address applications to

HUGH KETCHESON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Madoc, July 30, 1882. 229-tf



J. H. FORD, PHOTOGRAPHER,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

FRONT STREET,

A call solicited.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,

CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,

$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE—Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:—A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Constantly Arriving at

JOHN ROBERTSON'S

(St. Lawrence street, Madoc.)

JOHN DALE & SON,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

MADOC.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision, Wine & Liquor STORE,

Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858, and now carried on by Mrs. Wright, on the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of first-class

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.

—FRUITS IN SEASON.—

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Porter!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers, also

—CROCKERY, | GLASSWARE, | &C.—

Wholesale and Retail at Lowest Cash Price.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, June 7th, 1882.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. OLR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance.

VOL. VII., No 331. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 28, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

The following is, so far as I have been able to ascertain, a complete list of the names of the successful candidates, from North Hastings, at the recent Intermediate and Teachers' examinations :—

Agnes Weston, Second (A),	Campbellford H. School
Edith Palmer, Second (A),	do
Sarah Bates, Third Class,	do
Reginald Wright, Third Class,	do
T. Bonter, Third Class,	do
Alice Bonter, Third Class,	do
Albert Lettleton, Third Class,	do
F. Talbot, Third Class,	Madoc Model School.
Chester Hoard, Third Class,	do
Sarah Morgan, Third Class,	do
T. Bonter, Intermediate,	St. Mary's Collegiate Institute
Alice Bonter, Intermediate,	Madoc Model School.
Theodore Green, Intermediate,	do

WM. MACKINTOSH,
P. S. Inspector, N. Hastings.

August 22nd, 1883.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, "Anti-Humbug," tries to make a point by referring to the anonymous nature of the replies to his letter. Now, I am not much posted in journalistic etiquette, but it seems to me when a person is called a liar or other offensive and injurious names in a letter to a paper, that a sense of decency and manliness requires that the person so calling him should give his name. If on the other hand there is no particular reflection on any individual by name, the writer may not care to give his name, and does not appear to me to be bound to do so by any sense of honor. For instance, if Lowrie to call the writer of the letter referred to, a coward and a sneak by name, I should consider myself bound to sign my own cognomen at the foot of the epistle. If, however, I merely referred to him as a person who was meanly endeavoring under the shelter of a false name and address, to annoy a man whom he dared not attack under his own name, I should consider myself justified in subscribing myself as before.

Yours truly,
HASTINGS ROAD.

August 21st, 1883.

The School Books Row.

The Assts to adopt any series of school readers when the matter of authorization has not been fully settled smacks of partizanship, and a desire to further the interests of publishers. The *Prescott Messenger* condems the action of the Inspectors of Leeds, Grenville and Lanark in recommending the exclusive adoption of Gage's "Canadian Readers," and adds, "It cannot surely be in the interests of the public to advise the buying of 'a pig in a poke.' Gage & Co. are not the only ones to be benefited by this course, so far as we can see. How do the Inspectors know that even after these books have been 'tinkered up' a *second* time they will prove acceptable either to the department or to the public? The hasty action of the Inspectors under these circumstances, seems to us not only premature, but unseemly and inexplicable."

ARRESTING A WIDOW.

WHO IS CHARGED WITH FRAUD.

(Belleville Ontario.)

Adeline Kerr, living in the Township of Rawdon, was arrested on the train last night by Sheriff Hope, under a capias, and lodged in Gaol. The history of the case in brief. When her husband died some months ago, he left her all his personal property, worth probably $600, but without any will. In this case she would be entitled to one half the property, but her husband's brother and two sisters claim that Adeline sold all the property, with the intention of defrauding them. Hence the arrest. When the widow, who by the way has survived two husbands, was arrested on the train she had purchased a ticket for Michigan. Flint & Sherry are acting for the defendant, and Geo. A. Skinner for the pltfs. His local agents are Clute & Williams.

A young man, John McGuire, went hunting on the Opeongo, and when in the act of getting over a log his gun accidentally went off, lodging its contents in the upper part of his pants and vest, and carrying away the fleshy part of the ring finger of the left hand. He was brought to Renfrew on Sunday and his wounds dressed.

Good News For Wife-beaters.

(Toronto World.)

A woman, a dog and a walnut tree,
The more their beaten, the better they'll be.

In a late wife-beating case which came up before Judge Hughes at St. Thomas, his honor acquitted the defendant, and laid it down as part of the law that a husband possesses the undoubted right to personally chastise his wife when he deems she deserves it. Hear the judge :

At common law a man has a right to resort to the moderate correction of his wife for her misbehavior, but not that I am aware of to turn her out or lock her out of doors. She is entitled to the procection of his domicile, even if he takes her in and administers proper castigation for her faults. It is not, however, for magistrates or courts to step in and interfere with the rights of a husband in ruling over his own household.

Certainly not! When it is settled as far back as the Middle Ages that married women have no rights which their husbands are bound to respect? And of course we in this benighted nineteenth century can't pretend to be any wiser than our enlightened ancestors. True enough, the law allows a married woman to have almost absolute control over her own property, to buy and sell and carry on business on her own account if she will, but it is only a few cranks who claim that this liberty extends to her own person. We are at liberty to think that a man who would lift a finger to an unmarried woman an arrant coward, but marriage changes all that. The moment she becomes a wife her husband may "administer proper castigation" to his hearts content, and we must all applaud the act, Judge Hughes and the law setting the example. Besides, who so fitting a person to wield the lash as the man who vowed before the minister to "love and cherish" the woman by his side? Some scoffing people may say that occasionally husbands would be none the worse of a little "correction" themselves, and ask who is going to administer it; but then there are always those who will persist in putting inconvenient questions. Judges Hughes omitted to state a very obvious argument in favor of his position. As a rule wives are weaker than their husbands, and consequently nature must have intended them to be beaten. When, therefore, nature and common law—and Judge Hughes—combine against the married woman, we are afraid she will have to go to the wall. Let us henceforth see that the big manly fellows who kick and cut the women who have the impudence to be their wives are properly protected. Society owes them a duty, for they are only carrying out the dictates of Judge Hughes and the common law, and the police magistrate who would think of punishing them ought at least to be deprived of that inalienable right of every citizen—the right to pound his own wife.

A Story From Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—It is reported that secret agents of the Canadian Government have been in the city, shadowing prominent Irish Nationalists, and have discovered a design to destroy the Welland Canal by explosives. It is asserted that a request has been made on the United States to assist in thwarting the conspiracy.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 00	to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 65	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 43	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 70	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 15	to	0 18
Hides, per cwt	6 00	to	6 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 90	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 55	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 60	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 37	to	0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	1 65	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 15	to	0 20
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 16
Flour, per bbl	4 75	to	5 00
Shorts, "	0 00	to	0 00
Middlings, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wood, per lb	0 00	to	0 00

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. IA No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
DRUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

HUNTINGVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.

B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 427,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Aug. 27th,

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE old residence of Walter Lackey, lot 7 in 1st. concession of Elzevir, containing 200 acres, about 75 acres cleared on the west hundred, and 30 acres on the east hundred. A good house and barn with a good fruit bearing orchard, and a spring creek running through the land, also a good well on the premises. Under good state of cultivation and well fenced. The farm will be sold in part or whole. For futher particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD
Madoc.

April, 10th 1883. 6. mos.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

I WILL sell or lease 400 acres of deeded property, in the Township of Tudor, on the line of the C. O. R'y. There is pasture for 100 head of cattle on said property ; 20 or 30 tons of hay can be cut yearly. There are 18 bushels of fall grain sown and is in good condition. All the cleared land is well fenced and watered. There is a large quantity of valuable timber, cedar, &c., and also good frame buildings on it. I would sell all or part to suit purchaser. Terms, part cash and balance in yearly instalments. Immediate possession given. Title indisputable. For further information apply to E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc, Richard Farrell, Esq., Madoc, or to myself on the premises. All mineral rights go with the property.

MARY ANN NEWELLS.

Millbridge, May 18, '83. 318-6m

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and

HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, - ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK !

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS!

WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

PONY

Flouring Mills,

MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

RECEIVING NOW :

Watermelons, Harvest Apples, Pears and Peaches,

Fresh Tomatoes, Peanuts and Lemons,

Hair Oils, Perfumerey, Combs, &c., &c.

We have a full stock of COMMON CANDIES; and our Fancy Candies are altogether of the CITY STYLES.

—OUR—

—ICE CREAM—

needs no puffing.

Luncheons as usual.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, Aug. 1, 1883.

GIRLS WANTED.

THREE OR FOUR good girls wanted by the 1st of September, for general kitchen and house work, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville. Girls from the country preferred. Wages $8.00 a month.

Apply to the MATRONESS

Madoc, Aug. 7th, 1883. 329 3w

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Baker's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL - SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 226

Salesmen Wanted.

TO begin work at once on sales for Fall 1883, for the Fonthill Nurseries. The largest in Canada,

Messrs. Stone & Wellington, Prop'rs

We can staff in addition to our already large force

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing Photo, if possible) to

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

April 12th, 1883. 313

W. C. REID,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, &c., &c.

CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO.

DESIRES to return thanks to his numerous customers for their continued and liberal patronage, and hopes, by a system of fair and liberal dealing, to merit a share of the patronage of the fruit-loving and tree-buying public generally. The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for spring planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

A sample of the Prentiss Grape can be seen at the Windsor House, Madoc.

Madoc, Dec. 14, 1882. 226

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P.O.

July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

FURNITURE!

ALL new from the manufacturer and of first-class quality. Hard wood Bedroom Sets, Bedsteads, from $2.50 to $10 ; Parlor Sets, spring bottom Sofas and Chairs, and different kinds of Sideboards ; Couches ; Lounges, covered or plain ; Bureaus ; enclosed or open Washstands ; kitchen Chairs from $2 per half dozen up to any price and quality. See our variety of Rocking Chairs, Picture Frames and Mouldings. Mark ! as we PAY CASH DOWN, we guarantee quality as good and prices as low as any dealer in the Dominion

AT SCOTT'S,

adjoining the Grist Mill.

N.B.—Cash paid for eggs, hides, pelts and fur. Sales and valuations made throughout the County.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

A SINGLE RED HAIR.

The Clew by Which a Florida Murderer Was Identified—A Member of a Wealthy English Family Sentenced to Death.

A letter from Jacksonville, Fla., to the Atlanta *Constitution* says: The trial of one of the most sensational cases ever before the courts of this state has just been concluded in Orange county. A little over two years ago a strange man arrived in that county bearing a letter of introduction to Mr. J. E. Graham, manager of the Sanford company, from Mr. Gray, of London, England, one of the stockholders. The stranger was introduced as a nephew, Archibald W. Newton. Mr. Graham was authorized to advance him $50 per month, any more to be at his personal loss. The habits of Newton were western, and it was not long until he was a thoroughly hated man. Several acts of forgery were charged against him. Rumors reached this country from England that he had dragged and outraged a woman named Polly Bowron. Recently he sent money to England for Kate Bowron, a sister of his alleged victim. Meeting her in New York, he married her. The couple returned to Orange county in the early months of the winter. Newton suddenly became flush of funds. He was wont to exhibit bills of $50 and $100, and negotiated for the purchase of an orange grove on Lake Crystal, $25,000 being the price agreed upon. This sudden acquisition of money was the subject of much talk, which he quieted by saying that a legacy had been left his wife, whose people were very wealthy.

While this was going on another topic of suspicion presented itself. There lived in Orange county, near Crystal Lake, a man named Samuel McMillan, who bore

THE REPUTATION OF BEING A MINER,

and was supposed to carry a large sum of money on his person. He owned a valuable grove, the sale of which he was negotiating with Newton, who, with his wife, lived near by. He knew the habit of McMillan of carrying money about his person. On Saturday evening, Sept. 30, McMillan was last seen alive half an hour after sunset in company with Newton walking towards Newton's house. He never returned to his home, and after some days his neighbors became anxious and instituted a search for him. On the 7th day of October his body was found in Crystal Lake. Around the waist was suspended a sack in which was a pot full of nails. The nails were found to be the property of Newton, who was then put under arrest together with his wife, against both of whom suspicion had already been excited from the fact that immediately after the disappearance of McMillan they were both seen flush of money. Newton paid off all his debts, took a trip to Jacksonville, deposited $430 in bank, bought a buggy and on his return purchased furniture, etc. His wife remained in Sanford, purchased new dresses, etc. The discovery of the dead body with the rope, nails and pot, added to the remarkable behavior of Newton during the search, led to his arrest, and in the preliminary trial it was proven that he had borrowed a revolver from one Fred True, and on the morning of the murder had told True that he had fired one shot from it at an alligator the night before. McMillan's head was found a few days after the body in the water near the same spot, and

A BULLET-HOLE WAS DISCOVERED

in the back of his skull. On the brains being taken out a bullet dropped out, which appeared to fit exactly the pistol Newton had borrowed from True and which Newton's wife returned to True the day after their arrest with one bullet missing. On this evidence Newton was held. On the case being called the accused sought a continuance on the ground that he expected to prove by his wife's brother, James Bowron, that he had invested for her $25,000, which Newton had ordered him to send to Florida to purchase a grove near his (Newton's) residence.

The trial took place before Judge Cocke, well known as a member of Florida returning board of 1876. The state was represented by Capt. St. Clair Abrams, who announced his intention of proving that the money which Newton had been spending was stolen from the murdered miser. Facts regarding both parties, as detailed above, were fully substantiated. The sensation of the trial occurred when counsel for the prosecution walked down the aisle followed by a medium sized, dark-haired woman, evidently A foreigner of the lower class As the stranger got abreast of Mrs. Newton she turned and peered into her face saying:—"Why Kate!" The prisoner, as he looked up and recognized the woman, flushed until it seemed the blood would burst from his neck and cheeks, while Mrs. Newton turned deadly pale, and remained several seconds

WITH UPTURNED FACE AND HALF-OPENED LIPS,

as if petrified by amazement. The presence of this woman in America was a complete surprise to the defence, as the counsel for Newton subsequently admitted in open court. Her testimony was listened to with breathless interest, as she told how, in October, 1883, Mrs. Newton, then Kate Bowron, came with her sister Polly to her house in London to rent a room. They had no baggage with them, and it afterwards transpired that they had no clothes whatever save the suit they had on. They were wretchedly poor. Kate obtained work as a Mrs. Ford, and was employed in making fur hats. When she lost her situation she was for weeks almost starving and could not pay her rent. Newton sent her money while she was there, and soon after Kate returned to Hull to her mother. From this place she wrote three letters to Mrs. Jones, which were produced and read in evidence. The first speaks of her arrival in Hull and her inability to get work and describes her intense dissatisfaction at being again in Hull. The next letter asks her to register a letter to Newton, and states that Newton has promised to send her money to bring her to America, and she looks for it in the next letter from him. The third and last letter reports that her letter has come at last, and announces that she would be in London in a few days to start for America. Sure enough she arrived in London, and went to Mrs. Jones, from whose house she went to the steamer to go to America. In this last visit she told Mrs. Jones that Newton had sent her £30 ($150) to pay her expenses, but she had let those at home have some, and she was afraid she had not money enough to pay for a telegram announcing her departure from England, and she expressed fears that she would have to pawn her brooch. The testimony of Mrs. Jones throughout tended to show the poverty of the Bowron family and to negative the claim that Mrs. Newton brought $900 with her to the United States or that she had any such sum as $25,000 in her brother's keeping. Mrs. Jones was closely cross-examined, but she adhered to her direct testimony. Among other things brought out was the fact that she had

LENT KATE UNDERCLOTHING,

so destitute was she, and had once given her a pair of second-hand shoes.

A single red hair, found in the blood spots on a handkerchief found on Newton, was testified to by Dr. King Wylly. In October last a piece of one of the handkerchiefs was taken and examined by Dr. Wylly. He reported that he had not found any blood; but Dr. Wylly testified that on that occasion he found a single blood crystal. Supposing that he might have scratched his finger, and caused the crystal to get on the handkerchief, he would not accept it as evidence that there was blood there. His last examination revealed the blood corpuscles, capillaries, etc., very distinctly, and under the microscope he discovered a single red hair—coarse red hair. McMillan had red hair.

The case having been given to the jury, the result was awaited with breathless interest. The court-room was filled with ladies. The jury soon returned, and, in answer to the question, the foreman answered: "We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty as charged in the indictment."

All the while Newton had been nervously twitching his moustache. When the verdict was read out he dropped his head and turned deathly pale, while a slight tremor passed through his frame. He then suddenly jumped up and seized his hat, forgetting that the court had not adjourned, but presently controlled himself and resumed his seat. His wife remained quiet for a few moments, when a few tears trickled down her cheeks and she grasped her husband's arm convulsively, but beyond this she showed no emotion. Judge Cooke pronounced the verdict of death. The counsel for the prisoner thereupon moved an appeal to the supreme court, before which tribunal the case will be argued in January. As Newton is a member of a wealthy English family, the case will be fought bitterly.

Music and the Drama.

Gounod, now sixty-five years old, expresses the opinion that music finds its noblest forms in religious ideas and sentiments. "You will see a religious thread running through all my operas and works of importance. For instance, the cathedral scene in *Faust* and *Polyeucte*, which is an absolutely religious opera. It is because of this feeling that I have given up writing for the theatre."

Mr. W. J. Ferguson, who played *Pittacus Green* with the original "Hazel Kirke" company, has just made a hit as the dude, *Sir Chauncey Trip*, in a comedy drama entitled "A Friendly Tip," and, having paid $2,000 for his release from the Madison Square theatre, it his intention to star in it next season.

One of Oscar Wilde's designs for Marie Prescott's *Vera* wardrobe is a vermilion china silk. It is a novelty in that it is cut, like the old Biblical garments, out of one piece of stuff without seams.

The Countess of Folkestone's orchestra consists of twenty-one women, among whom are two viscountesses, four countesses, and a marchioness. She herself leads with the baton.

Miss Hope Glenn, the contralto of the Nilsson Opera Company, has earned golden opinions in London, and is engaged for the Worcester festival in September.

Emily Rigl, Harry Lacy, E. A. Locke, &c., form Harry Lacy's "Planter's Wife" combination, and expect to play that drama all of the next season.

Miss Lizzie Harold and Manager W. J. Comley propose to bring out a new play called "The Princess Couck" during the coming season.

Robert Buchanan intends to come to America next winter to supervise the performance of a play made out of his "God and Man."

Miss Kellogg will shortly return from Europe, and will commence a series of farewell performances in September.

M. B. Curtis will play "Shylock" in London, if Henry Irving will consent to play "Sam'l of Posen" over here.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is preparing a score for Gilbert's libretto, which is a parody on Tennyson's "Princess."

Mme. Sofia Scalchi made a great hit in the revival of Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete" in London recently.

The Vokes — Fred., Fawdon, Victoria and Jessie—come together again this season.

William Castle will join the Abbott opera company in September.

Explaining.

A strapping son of Ireland, from Geddes, called on a leading surgeon of Syracuse, N. Y., the day after the Fourth of July. He had a big lump on the side of his jaw, which he requested the surgeon to examine. When asked what had happened to him he said:

"Oi was out fur a bit av recreation on the Fourth of July, an' Oi got hit wid a shoe in the jaw."

"Get hit with a shoe!" exclaimed the doctor in amazement, as he examined the jaw and found that it was fractured.

"Yis, doothor. Oi got hit wid a shoe. But do ye moind, there was a fut inside uv it."

Cancelling Postage Stamps by Electricity.

Mr. J. Chatenet has invented a new cancelling instrument for the obliteration of postage and other stamps. The instrument is similar in shape to one of the ordinary stampers, but is connected by insulated wires to a battery, the circuit of which is completed in the act of stamping. A zig-zag platinum wire running across the face of the stamp is by this means rendered instantly red-hot, and so burns the postage stamp in an indelible manner without injuring the envelope.

A ruffian was lately treated to a taste of the lash at Montreal. Were the cat-o'-nine tails used more frequently, outrages on women and children would not be of such almost daily occurrence as they are.

PERU AND CHILI.

Caceres Makes His Escape.—The Military Situation Changing.—The Question of Peace.

A New York *Herald* correspondent writes from Lima under a recent date: There has been hurry and rapid marching on the part of the Chilian forces during the past week. The Peruvian general, Caceres, away up in the heart of the Andes, but not the flowery neighborhood suggested by Mr. Church's picture, cleverly doubled on his pursuers around another range of the South American backbone, and at this moment must be within striking distance of Cero de Pasco, three days' march from Lima, and quite uncomfortably near the scattered outposts of the Chilians. When the Chilian assailants moved forward to hem in their prize Caceres was most unexpectedly over the hills and far away, speeding back to the very region from which he had so recently been dislodged. So it is that the military situation has undergone a material change, although no fighting of moment has occurred. Caceres has escaped from the dangerous vicinity of his most powerful pursuers, and by this time may even have gained some further advantages over the weak detachments left to guard the districts from whence he has been driven. We should have stirring news from the interior before many days are over.

Meanwhile the Chilians are still extending a protecting hand to Gen. Iglesias, and endeavoring to second his feeble efforts toward establishing his dominion in the north. The Peruvian flag already waves over the city of Trujilio. Thanks to the generosity of the Chilians, and much to the disgust of the citizens of that town, the national banner was restored to its former place of dignity, saluted by the music of a Chilian military band. The Chilians have handed over to their protege the ports of Salaverry, Pacasmayo, and Malabrigo. Their main body of troops under Col. Gorostiaga was, as we have seen, stationed in Caceres' path in the interior, to prevent his advance towards Cajamarca; but they still have considerable forces at Lambayeque and Chiclayo, and hold the ports of Eten and Payta, while they continue exporting guano from the famous Lobos islands. We have not yet had sufficient time to judge of the effect produced in Chili by the recent action of the Arequipa congress authorizing President Calderon to treat directly with the government of Santiago for peace on the basis of the cession of Tarapaca. Regarding this matter and the advantage to be derived both by Chili and Peru from a peace celebrated with a constituted Peruvian authority, instead of putting a Chilian puppet in power, the *Herald* has been fully advised.

Our last cable advices from Santiago announce that a violent interpellation of the cabinet in the conduct of the war and the delay in securing peace had been set on foot in the Chilian senate, and the subject was deemed of such importance that the sessions were being held with closed doors. Further news from Europe confirms the intelligence already received to the effect that the proposed arrangement between Chili and Gen. Iglesias meets with general protest at the hands of the creditors of Peru, who seem to have some justice on their side when they insist that the mortgage they hold on the guano deposits of Tarapaca must be respected by Chili if she refuses to make peace without the annexation of that province and its vast natural wealth. In this condition of doubt as to whether Chili will persist in her intention of forcing Iglesias on Peru, as her own instrument, or will revoke that determination and treat for peace with the legitimate Peruvian representative, Garcia Calderon, it is not strange that there are rumors afloat of a proposed amalgamation of the two parties. It is stated here, and believed, that Don Aurelio Denegri, one of the most prominent citizens of Lima, and minister of finance during the short administration of Calderon, is engaged in the attempt to harmonize the action of the opposing factions. This might be of easy accomplishment at the sacrifice of some personal ambition. Iglesias has always declared that his object is peace, and Calderon has frequently made the same patriotic assertion. Therefore it is now desired that these gentlemen should jointly sign a preliminary treaty with Chili, calling for the immediate meeting of a constituent congress to ratify the compact and authorize the general elections to be held for the presidential dignity.

Little Worries.

It is pretty generally conceded that the petty worries of life do more to ruffle one's nerves and to employ the recording angel than larger calamities. When a man receives a "facer" in business or in his domestic circle, he just looks at it squarely until he realizes it, and concludes either to remedy or bear it, and there is an end of the matter. But not so with the maddening trifles which, mosquito-like, return again and again to the attack as though bent upon driving one to drivelling idiocy. It is our policy to "point a moral or adorn a tale" upon the handiest text, and the proximate cause of the above moralizing is a rooster. In our youthful days we read that this bird only sang (!) at day-break; but there are a good half-dozen in the immediate vicinity of almost anybody's "roosting-place" who, without regard to time or place, express their opinion on current topics with stertorian voices which would put a stump-orator to the blush. What we have done to deserve this awful punishment we have not the faintest idea. In the meantime he takes leave humbly to suggest that no man has a right to keep birds or animals, bi or quadruped, which are a nuisance to his neighbors. With these unearthly sounds dinned in our ears from "eve till dewy morn," no wonder that we have so oft of late dreamt we were St. Peter. Writing of this antiquated nuisances Dryden says:

"Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
What if his dull forefathers used that cry?
Could he not let a bad example die?

The Comparative Merits of Beer and Water.

A retired Oxfordshire farmer has accepted the challenge of a Wiltshire agriculturist to test the comparative merits of water and beer, and has increased the proposed wager from £5 to £25. The farmer claims the privilege of putting a little oatmeal in his drink, and has accepted the challenge on an agent of the Church of England Temperance Society. The proposal is that both men shall work in the harvest field.

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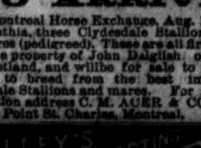

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QUALITY

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GUARANTEED

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE MINUTES SHARP READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic, and War Items.—Pithy, Concise and Pointed.

DOMESTIC.

Kingston bathing grounds have been declared a nuisance.

The firemen's demonstration at St. Catharines was a great success.

Kingston firemen attended by the Salvation Army band went to Cape Vincent on the 15th inst.

There are suspicions that the recent fire at Gilmour's saw mill, Hull, was the work of incendiaries.

Large shipments of cheese to Europe are being made at Montreal. Many Canadian factories have sold out.

Rev. A. McDonald, a baptist minister of ten years standing at Winnipeg, has been called to a Dakota congregation.

Four hundred dollars reward has been offered by the Government for the apprehension of Jas. Bowie, the Tracadie, N. S., murderer.

Ada Bayard, aged 20, a deaf and dumb girl, has been murdered at Guysboro, N. S. While her father was away some fiend killed her with an axe.

An excursion train collided with a freight on the Sarnia branch of the Great Western division of the G. T. R., with great loss of property, recently.

A two-and-a-half year old son of John Stark, at Paisley, fell into the cistern, remained there ten minutes, and was then taken out and resuscitated by vigorous rubbing and wrapping in a warm blanket.

An indignant young lady of London East has secured the arrest of her recreant lover, who was about to leave the country, upon a charge of breach of promise of marriage.

The Sarmatian sailed from Liverpool recently with a large and influential company of passengers for Canada, including Lord Castletown, Sir John Walrond, Canon Anson, Mr. Staveley Hill, and many farmers with capital.

The election of officers by the Grand Lodge of Oddfellows at Ottawa resulted as follows:—Grand Master, W. McDairmid, of Leeds, by acclamation; Deputy Grand Master, A. L. Morden, Napanee, by acclamation; Grand Warden, Rev. A. H. Martin, Chatham, on the second ballot; Grand Secretary, J. R. King, Toronto, by acclamation; Grand Treasurer, W. Badenach, Toronto, by acclamation; Grand Representative, Dr. C. Campbell, London, on the first ballot. St. Thomas was fixed upon as the next place of meeting for the Grand Lodge.

UNITED STATES.

Some of the builders in New York refused to strike at the dictation of the union.

At Syracuse the Salvation army have been arrested for parading the streets contrary to the civic law.

Leopold Bart, a saloon-keeper at Pittsburg, was fatally shot recently by his barkeeper, Mike McCullough.

The Crow Indians have advanced far enough in civilization to put rocks in the bales of hay they sell to the Government.

John Bart has been arrested in Philadelphia for stealing quinine from his employers, Keasby & Matheson. $6,000 worth of drugs were found at his house.

Six million dollars' worth of opium has been smuggled into San Francisco during the past ten years with the connivance of prominent United States officials.

It is stated that an offer has been made by an American syndicate to purchase the South-Eastern Railway for a sum which will pay its floating and bonded debt, and leave Mr. Bradley Barlow three or four hundred thousand dollars in return for the million or so he has expended on the road.

GENERAL.

The Carlists are active in Spain.

The Russians are storing war material in Bulgaria.

Sixteen thousand deaths from cholera have been reported in Egypt.

The Emperors of Austria and Germany have separated and left Ischl.

Official information received in England is to the effect that Cetewayo still lives.

Admiral Pierre, of Tamatave notoriety, has resigned on account of ill-health.

The British Government declines to place further restriction on the importation of cattle.

The Count de Chambord has had a relapse.

Vice-Admiral Peyron succeds Brun as French Minister of Marine and Colonies.

The Committee of the House of Lords considering the Manchester Ship Canal bill has decided to drop the measure this session.

The Chinese are actively engaged in secretly storing rice and other supplies and increasing the garrisons on the Tonquin frontier.

The Editor of *La Gaulois*, France, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for inciting the Socialists to attack President Grevy's residence.

Recent advices from Madagascar are reassuring, and the British Government no longer deems it necessary to hold transport in readiness for active service.

In consequence of the threats against the Phœnix Park informers in the Australian colonies they have been taken aboard a British ironclad for safety.

At the Consistory just held the Pope appointed eight bishops for Portugal, two for France, two for Mexico, one for Columbia, one for Austria, and eight for Italy.

With the exception of O'Herlihy, the dynamite conspirators on trial for treason-felony at Liverpool, have been found guilty, and sentenced to life-long penal servitude.

A hundred paupers petitioned the guardians of the North Dock Union, Ireland, to pay their passage to Canada or the United States, as they are unable to get work at home.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland says the proposed demonstration on Parnell's estate has been abandoned because of a misunderstanding with the railways. The Government has not interfered.

A LONG JOURNEY.

Two Babies Make a Trip of Nearly Four Thousand Miles All Alone.

There arrived in the city yesterday morning two very young voyagers from the old world, perhaps not the youngest that ever came over, but certainly the youngest that ever crossed the ocean in the manner in which they did. About eighteen months ago, a gentleman and his wife left Yorkshire, England, and came to this country. Not knowing where they would locate permanently, they left behind two children, both girls, one 2½ years old and the other 4. They were left in charge of the gentleman's mother, who took the best of care of them, and the two little orphans, as it were, enjoyed excellent health and prospered finely. The father and mother came to this city some time ago and concluded to make it their home here a permanent one, and naturally enough they wanted their little darlings with them. The father, some time ago, called upon Col. Will. S. Hays, agent of the Inman line of Steamships, and asked him "if he could bring them over." The colonel told him they were rather small to come so far alone, but that he thought it could be done. So on the 19th day of June Col. Hays towed the ticket to bring them from Liverpool, England, to Louisville, Ky., with instructions to the agents and officers of the Inman line to watch over and provide for their comfort and safety.

The two little girls accordingly left Yorkshire, England, eighty miles beyond Liverpool, and forty miles beyond Manchester, and arrived at Liverpool about ten days ago bearing letters from Col. Hays, and each one worked with a tag bearing his address in this city. The Liverpool agents took charge of them, put them on board the City of Richmond, and after a safe and pleasant voyage across the Atlantic arrived in New York on Saturday last, where they were met by the Inman line agents. They were supplied in New York with first-class through tickets to Louisville and put in charge of the sleeping-car conductor, who brought them through safely, arriving, via the Short-line railroad, yesterday morning. They were delivered to Col. Hays at his office, both wearing the tags which they left home in England with and bearing the address in full. The gallant colonel met them with a welcome kiss and notified the parents by telephone of the safe arrival of the little ones, and, after giving them a hearty breakfast, took them back to his office to await the arrival of the father, who shortly after came, and there was a meeting of happiness and joy.

Those little girls had left England alone, crossed the Atlantic, and made a safe and pleasant journey of nearly four thousand miles. They did not experience any sickness on the entire trip, and seemed cheerful and happy on their arrival here. They were bright and beautiful children, smart as they could be, and their presence created a sensation on Main street.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Gentlemanly Brigands.

Mr. Alexander Corpi, who reached the capital this morning after twelve days detention among the brigands in the neighborhood of Ismiut, gives the following narrative of his misadventure: "On the afternoon of Thursday, I was giving orders for some alterations outside the building occupied by my silk factory, when suddenly I was surrounded and seized by nine individuals of suspicious appearance. I asked what object they might have in securing my person, whereupon they stated that they wanted money. I remarked that I had none on me, but if released I would give a promissory note for a reasonable amount. That the brigands, for such they were, declined, and finally they hurried me off on foot to a spot eight hours' distant, where a halt was ordered by the chief of the party. The brigands then formed a council to decide upon the most suitable place to take me for the purpose of communicating with my family, in the near vicinity. Ismidt was selected, as offering every facility in this respect. On Sunday, we reached the spot agreed upon, which is situated in a mountainous district some two hours from the town of Ismidt. Negotiations then commenced for the purpose of fixing the amount of ransom. The first figure named was £50,000, but finally, after several days' bargaining, they consented to take £1,000. Means were then found to dispatch a messenger to my family with the news of my whereabouts and a request that they would forward the last-named sum in order to effect my release. According to agreement, I had explained in my letter that the amount of the ransom was to be accompanied by not more than three men. These formalities being complied with, two trusted servants of my family in charge of the money at length reached the scene of my captivity. The gold pieces were counted, and I was declared a free man. The captain of the band returned me the cash I had with me at the time I was captured, and handed my servants four liars for their trouble in bringing the ransom. Indeed, from first to last, I had no reason to complain of my treatment. A man servant and a woman cook were told off for attendance on me, I had many chats with the brigands, who were all Greeks. They showed considerable forethought for the welfare of the rural population by expressing the hope that my misadventure would not lead me to give up working the silk factory, as such a decision on my part would entail misery upon a number of villagers who depended upon their employment therefor their daily bread. 'You need have no fear in future,' they added; 'we will guarantee your safety.' Before separating from the band we became such excellent friends that the chief hinted he had an important capture in view, and that, if successful, he would return the whole of my ransom." Immediately that Mr. Corpi was out of the hands of the brigands the Turkish troops were sent off in pursuit and every effort is being made to capture the band.—*Constantinople Dispatch to London Standard.*

The French Government has introduced into elementary schools the study of dressmaking, and has provided means for the instruction of teachers, all expenses being defrayed for them, while they have in Paris a twenty days' course of lessons in cutting and fitting. Not merely are the pupils thus enabled to wear better dresses, but they are taught economy in material.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Rambler's Interesting and Graphic Description of the Saguenay.

I had long heard, as many of you have no doubt, of a dark and mysterious river away to the northeast of Quebec, called by many the "river of death." And I resolved to visit it, since it is very easy of access, and the two hundred miles of travel one round of rest and pleasure on board of spacious steamers. . . . A dozen or so of us were Americans, mainly from the eastern States, induced here by Mr. Howells' description of the weird "Styx;" as he names the dark and silent Saguenay in his brilliant "Chance Acquaintance." Here we met a dozen or so Englishmen from across the sea; some journalists from almost anywhere like myself, and then forty or fifty native English-Canadians. We notice French-Canadians travel but little, save in the way of making pilgrimages to the little shrines and churches that here and there bless the shore of this beloved river.

. . . . . .

Fifty miles further on is Murray bay, the Newport of Canada. A pretty place, peaceful, restful, the air full of ozone, and the pame of malaria unknown to the inhabitants. I find I can get a furnished cottage here for one hundred dollars for the season, while it would cost me fully one thousand at Long Branch, or Newport; living proportionate; cabs fifty cents and one dollar a day. The society good, moral, and honest. And at least, I think, cultivated, if not wealthy. The diversions are fishing and shooting and hunting. The Americans are quietly getting a foot-hold here, as well as at some of the similar, but less important points.

. . . . . .

This river of death, or Saguenay is bottomless. You might, if possible, drain the St. Lawrence river dry, says Mr. LeeMoine, the Canadian authority, and yet this dark, still river would be able to float the Great Eastern and all her Majesty's ships of the maine. "A bottomless river," sounds strangely new, indeed were it not so, I should not trouble you or myself to mention it. But this river is thus far unfathomed. It is full of counter-currents, swift, perilous in the extreme.

. . . . . .

Then as we rounded another weary and eternal cape of overhanging granite, in its few frightened and torn trees, the dark way would open before us. And then ten, twenty, thirty miles more of silent, gloom, river of death. No sound. No sign of life is here. Summer or winter., springtime or autumn, all seasons alike, no bird, no beast, not even the smallest insect, save only a possible housefly that may harbor in the steamboat and so be brought with you, is ever seen here. This is literally the river of death. I know no spot like it on the face of this earth. Our deserts with their owls, horn-toads, prairie dogs and [rattlesnakes, are populous in comparison. And yet this awful absence of all kinds of life cannot be due to the waters. They are famous for fish of the best kind. The air is certainly delicious. But all this vast river's shore is as empty of life as when "darkness was upon the face of the earth."

. . . . . .

And no man has settled here. For nearly one hundred miles not a sign of man is seen. You seem to be a sort of Columbus, as if no man had ever been here before you. At every turn of a great granite cape these lines rhymed incessantly in my ears:

We were the first that ever burst
Upon that silent sea.

An hour past midnight and we neared the central object of the journey, Cape Trinity, a granite wall of about two thousand feet, which in places literally overhangs the ship. Our captain laid the vessel closely against the monolyth, and for a moment, rested there. We seemed so small. The great steamer was as a little top, held out there in the hollow of God's hand.

. . . . . .

Here, turning about we saw the glorious sun burst suddenly and in full splendor over this amber river, which now in the full light looked as tawny as the desert tiger.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

Noah's Ark Found Sticking out of a Glacier on Mount Ararat.

A Constantinople contemporary is responsible for a cheering item of news from the east, which at the present moment will do much to divert people's minds from dwelling on the subject of cholera, the Suez Canal, and other pleasant subjects of that sort. This is no more or less than the discovery of Noah's Ark. It appears that some Turkish Commissioners appointed to investigate the question of avalanches on Mount Ararat suddenly came upon a gigantic structure of very dark wood protruding from a glacier. They made inquiries of the inhabitants (Q. 1,725 in their report.) These had seen it for six years, but had been afraid to approach it because a spirit of fierce aspect had been seen looking out of the upper window. Turkish Commissioners, however, are bold men, not deterred by such trifles, and they determined to reach it. Situated as it was among the fastnesses of one of the glens of Mount Ararat, it was a work of enormous difficulty, and it was only after incredible hardships that they succeeded. The ark, one will be glad to hear, was in a good state of preservation, although the angles—observe not the bow or stern—had been a good deal broken in its descent. They recognized it at once. There was an Englishman among them who had presumably read the Bible, and he saw it was made of the ancient wood of Scripture, which, as every one knows, only grows on the plains of the Euphrates. Effecting an entrance into the structure, which was painted brown, they found that the Admiralty requirements for the conveying of horses had been carried out, and the interior was divided with partitions fifteen feet high. Into three of these only could they get, the ark being full of ice, and how far the ark extended into the glacier they could not tell. If, however, on being uncovered it turns out to be 300 cubits long it will go hard with disbelievers in the book of Genesis. Needless to say an American was soon on the spot, and negotiations have been entered into with the local pasha for its speedy transfer to the United States.

A TORONTO TRAGEDY.

Shot Through the Heart at His own Doorstep.

Plucky Arrest of the Assassin—Almost a Double Murder—A Policeman's Close Call.

Just as the sombre stillness of midnight was settling down over Toronto, and none but a few belated pedestrians could be seen on the almost deserted streets, the sharp report of a revolver, followed by two others in quick succession, told that a tragedy was being enacted. York street, so long notorious, was the scene of what was apparently a cold-blooded murder, and the victim, a sober, industrious young man, who found a sudden termination to his day's labor in the bullet of an assassin. James Maroney, a young unmarried man of twenty-four years of age, was the support of his mother, a widow residing at 59 Pearl (formerly Bolton) street, with a younger son and two daughters. For some time employed as driver for the Rossin House 'bus, he latterly transferred his services to Mr. George Trimble, who describes him as one of the best, most attentive, and industrious of his employes. Tuesday night he was down to meet the Grand Trunk train, and having stabled his horses for the night, proceeded on his way to the home he was fated never to reach alive. Arriving at King street, he crossed over, and while passing up the west side of York street, he met a friend named Jordan, and walked along with him as far as the north-west corner of Pearl and York streets, when he met a man named Charles Andrews, who was also accompanied by a friend. The quartette stopped on the above corner and engaged in conversation. An altercation sprang up between Maroney and Andrews, and a struggle ensued. They wrestled in deadly earnestness for a moment, when Andrews fell, with Maroney on top of him. Maroney was heard to exclaim, "Oh, you've got a revolver—," but the rest of his words were stopped by

A LOUD REPORT

of a revolver, and Maroney ceased to struggle. They both arose together, and Maroney ran south across the road to Montgomery's saloon, saying, as he ran, "I'm killed." Just as he uttered this sentence he fell, and never uttered another word, nor moved. Police Constable Caddy, who was in the vicinity, on hearing the report at once ran towards the spot, and on reaching the corner saw Andrews running at full speed along Pearl street. The two or three horrified spectators of the act were only able to exclaim:—"Catch that man; he's shot Maroney!" Cuddy instantly gave chase, but in the meantime Andrews was headed off before running a hundred yards by two men who were on the sidewalk, and compelled to turn off into a short lane on the south side of the street, and about forty yards west of York street. He had just got about twenty feet into the lane when Caddy turned the corner in full chase. Quick as lightning he wheeled round, and presenting his revolver, fired point blank at the policeman, but without effect, the ball passing under the arm-pit and grazing the sleeve of his coat. Before he could fire another shot the plucky officer closed on him, and catching him by the right wrist and neck dashed his head against a wall. The villain, however, with a quick motion, had cocked his weapon for a second shot and fired again, but luckily the ball passed between Cuddy's legs and was buried in the ground. The revolver was quickly wrenched from his hand, and with the assistance of Constable Bell, who just then arrived, Cuddy brought him to police headquarters. As soon as it became known that a murder had taken place, a large crowd immediately began to assemble from all parts, and collected around the postrate form of Maroney, who lay on the sidewalk on the south-west corner of Bolton and York streets. No sign of life nor motion was perceived, and, though nobody went near enough to feel the body, the almost universal opinion was that the man was dead. A cry for a doctor went up, and immediately a man boarded a hack, and drove to Dr. Thorburn's house. The latter, accompanied by Dr. Cooke, arrived shortly on the scene, but on taking a short look at the form

PRONOUNCED LIFE EXTINCT.

and the body was conveyed to his mother's house, 59 Pearl street. Here the physicians had the body stripped, and a more careful examination of the wound was made. It was found that the bullet had entered the left breast just a little above the nipple, and immediately opposite the heart, and had gone clear through the body, wounding the apex of the heart, and coming out near the spine. Death, in the opinion of the physicians, must have ensued immediately on his falling. The wound bled but little, the bleeding being almost all internal. The dead man wore a peaceful expression on his face as he lay on the sofa in his mother's house, as though the death was painless if it was sudden. At his family's house a

MOST HEARTRENDING SCENE

took place when the shooting was announced. They were momentarily expecting Maroney's appearance, and when apprized of the shooting evinced some alarm, but could not realize at once the tragedy that had taken place. When, however, the stiffening form of the bread-winner was brought in, and the terrified family saw too plainly the features of Maroney fixed, and the ghastly pallor of death settled on his face, they were overcome, and the scene which followed was piteous to witness. The mother threw herself beside the lifeless body, and speaking to it hysterically endeavored vainly to obtain some answer to her appeals for him to speak. When she was finally convinced that he was dead, she sat down beside the body, and rocked herself to and fro, almost crazy from the terrible event. His sisters were almost demented from the sudden bereavement, and could not be consoled. The door was besieged by curious neighbors, who flocked around to express sympathy, and converse with each other about what they knew of the shooting.

THE PRISONER

is seemingly about thirty years of age, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, of dark complexion with heavy black moustache. He was dressed in a gray suit of tweed and looked like a well-to-do mechanic. He spoke with a strong English accent and said he was a stranger in the country. His actions were indicative of an attack of *delirium tremens*, and while in the station he would now and then glance around in a frightened sort of way as if he was afraid of something jumping at him. He spoke in an excited manner, and a peculiar twinge of his right eye gave him an appalling appearance. He said he had been living in the American Hotel, but no such name could be found on the books, and the proprietor and employes knew of no such guest as the house. When put in the cell he calmed down greatly, and lay down on one of the benches, and after muttering to himself for a time sank into a sleep broken by frequent tossings.

THE WEAPON.

The revolver with which the deed was committed is a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson, of splendid workmanship. It had been pulled to half-cock in the scuffle, and has five chambers, all of which contained cartridges. Three of them had exploded, and the other two were loaded. The cartridges were of rim fire pattern, and held conical bullets of great weight. The barrel of the weapon was a very long one, and in the hands of an experienced man the weapon would be a dreadful one. It was quite new, and the two chambers which held the unexploded cartridges did not bear any signs as if they had done any work. The handle was highly chased and the steel mountings were as bright as if they had just left the maker's hand.

CONSTABLE CUDDY.

Alfred Cuddy, No. 58, the plucky policeman who boldly faced the shots of the murderer and secured his arrest, is a young man, being slightly over twenty-four years of age, about 5 feet 10 inches in height, and not by any means stoutly built. He is an Irishman by birth, and graduated from the Royal Irish Constabulary. He came out to America three years ago and joined the police force in this city a year ago last April. It is said that he had some difficulty in entering the force on account of his youthful appearance. Both he and his brother, Constable John Cuddy, have before this earned for themselves a reputation for courageous conduct in the path of duty. He was not in the least excited over his miraculous escape, or elated over the bold arrest he made. He and Constable Bell, who brought the prisoner to the station, lugged him in as though they were but handling a common drunk.

AT THE HOUSE.

The arival of the corpse of one who had been its main support was the signal of a touching outburst of grief. Sympathising neighbors crowded in on the half-awakened family, and gathered around the board where covered by a sheet, lay all that remained of the murdered man. The face was calm and placid, shewing no signs of the terrible ordeal, but pointing to a sudden and almost painless death. Just over the left breast a small round hole showed where the fatal bullet had found its way to the heart, and scarcely a trace of blood could be seen on the body. Sitting at the feet of the corpse was a sister of the deceased, who, with her mother, could scarcely realize the dreadful truth. A white haired grand dame endeavored to console another daughter, while the sobs of a ten-year-old boy told that he was just beginning to understand the extent of his loss. Altogether the scene was a touching one, and in itself would be a heavy punishment if witnessed by the author of the grief.

The appearance and bearing of the prisoner indicate that he is an old hand at rough work. His face is anything but English and wears a hard set look peculiar to the "tough." Detective Newhall has long had in his possession an accurate description and likeness of a notorious cracksman known in detective circles all over the continent as Charlie Morgan who recently figured in a deadly row at Detroit. When he saw the prisoner he at once recognized in his appearance a remarkable similarity to Morgan. Additional investigation bore out his indentity to such a degree that the detectives have now little doubt that "Andrews" is no less a personge than the notorious Morgan. Only last summer he was shot in the leg in a bar-room brawl in one of the lowest dens of Detroit, from the effects of which he is still slightly lame. A peculiar shade over his right eye was caused by a blow received in a scrimmage for liberty a few years ago. The city detectives supppose that he has been one of the principal directors in the operations of the gang of burglars who have been infesting the city of late.

The "Thousand" Islands.

Why they are called the Thousand Islands is not known, for there are about 1,800 of them on the average, the number being determined by the height of the water. "In an extra good season," says a correspondent of the New York *Times*, "there are over 2,000. The island season is good when the water is low. When it is high the season is poor. This year the water is very high, and I do not think there are over 1,700 islands, the 100 being under water. A fall of three feet would more than double the number of islands. None of them rise to a great height above the surface of the river. There is one that runs up to a height, perhaps, 150 feet, but the average of them all would not be more than six feet above the water level. They vary in size from that of a piece of chalk to eight or nine miles long and two miles across. Some of them are no bigger than a Quebec mosquito, which measures two inches from tip to tip of wing, and a rise of an inch in the water would cover them up. A great many are egg-shaped, about 100 feet long, and nearly all, of any size, are covered with Christmas trees.

Shakespearian Notes.

Shylock is a fair exemplification of how pound foolish a man may be.

"Season your admiration for a while" is rather a spicy way of putting it.

When Hamlet said "But I have that within, which passeth show" it is believed that he had in his pocket a complimentary ticket to the circus.

Hamlet was probably on a fishing excursion when he said "The air bites shrewdly," and the inference is that he was successful in "catching cold."

"Forever and forever farewell, Cassius. If we do meet again, why we shall smile," said Brutus, and how pleasant it is to contemplate that "age does not wither nor custom stale" this delightful habit of "smiling" when friends meet.—*Philip H. Welch in Life.*

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 23, 1883.

Municipal Statistics.

The return of the assets, liabilities, revenue, expenditure, etc., of the municipalities within the County of Hastings, which is annually forwarded by the County Clerk to the Provincial Secretary, contains much matter that is of interest to the general reader. The following summary of the returns contains its most important features:—

No. of acres assessed	850,484
No. of ratepayers assessed	10,507
ASSETS.	
Real estate	$10,102,157
Personal property	530,270
Taxable income	10,850
Arrears of taxes	69,896
Other assets	97,317
Total assets	$10,810,490
LIABILITIES.	
Corporation debentures	$275,096
Other liabilities	17,772
Total liabilities	$292,868
REVENUE	
Am't raised for schools	$50,006
Taxes collected within the year	96,860
From Gov't. for schools	11,495
" " administration justice.	1,505
Other revenues	15,732
Total revenue	$175,398
EXPENDITURE.	
Interest on debentures	$16,998
Educational	60,862
Salaries, and other expenses of municipal government	24,453
Administration of justice	10,993
Roads and bridges	39,473
All other expenditure	28,943
Total expenditure	$171,722

It appears that the quantity of land for which each ratepayer is assessed is nearly 80 acres, and that the assessed value of real property reaches about $1,000 for each person assessed.

Marmora and Lake has the largest number of acres assessed, namely 116,907, whilst of the rural municipalities Bangor, M'Clure and Wicklow have the least, namely 22,193 acres.

Thurlow heads the list of ratepayers with 1,404, and Wollaston is at the foot with 139.

Sidney stands first in assessed value of real estate with $2,532,356, and Bangor *et al* is lowest with $26,595.

In personal property, Tyendinaga takes the lead with $105,050, and Carlow and Mayo stands last with but $900.

Sidney's rate of taxation is the lowest, namely, 6 1-10 mills, and that of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe is the highest, namely 2½ cents.

The largest amount raised for educational purposes was Tyendinaga's $6,766.31, and the lowest was Monteagle Herschel's $137.

Thurlow stands first in taxes collected within the year, with $22,995, and Dungannon and Faraday last with $605.29.

Trenton received the largest amount from Government for schools $872, and Carlow and Mayo the least, $110.97.

From Thurlow no return is furnished of the total amount expended for educational purposes, but of those municipalities which made their returns Tyendinaga heads the list with $7,746.68 and Bangor *et al* foots it with $155.57.

Of the rural municipalities Hungerford pays the most ($1,123) for salaries and all other expenses of municipal government, and Wollaston the least, $225.

Tyendinaga paid the greatest sum for roads and bridges, $1,826.46, and Huntingdon the least, 62.50.

Expenditure on all other accounts is very imperfectly returned, but in Tyendinaga it ran up to $8,892.52, whilst in Stirling it reached only $21.

These figures are worthy of preservation for future reference.—*Intelligencer.*

Farmers Beware.

Among the many traps of various sorts for farmers, is the following, related by the North Buxton correspondent of the Chatham *Tribune*:—

"For some weeks past a tall looking gentlemen may have been seen going to and fro hunting up people who had farms to sell, something in this way:—You paid him $2 to commence with, he then drew up a plan of your farm, taking down the price you want, and so forth. He then proposes to advertise your farm throughout the United States Canada, and England, and find you a buyer if possible, in which case he retains 2½ per cent. of your price, and if he gets more he pockets the same, with the per centage. This agreement lasts for 20 years, and you cannot sell yourself without paying him the 2½ per cent. To our mind people making such agreements as the above are either born fools or entirely blind."

A DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

HOUSES AND BARNS STRUCK BY LIGHTENING—GREAT DAMAGE DONE.

BELLEVILLE, Aug. 18.—A very severe thunderstorm passed over this section this morning. In Ameliasburg the barn of Nicholas Paterson was struck by lightening and burned, with the greater part of the season's crop; loss about $2,000, insured for $300. The shed at the Centre church was also struck, but the damage was light. Mr. Jacob Wilson's house, near Rednorsville, was struck and slightly damaged, and an old lady in the house was prostrated. In the city Wm. Knight's house was struck and the shingles torn off the roof. The rain was very heavy.

Elzevir and Grimsthorpe Council.

Bridgewater, July 30, 1883.

Council met pursuant to the call of the Reeve—all the members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The petition of A. Sager, for grant to help build a road between lot 18 in 2nd con. and 18 in 3rd, was presented, and $23 granted on it. $8 was granted Samuel Gratrex for making a road to his place; a supplementary grant of $2 was given to John Alexander for work done on a side road between 15 and 16 in 4th con., and $5 to M. Tummeny for ten weeks' support.

The Road Surveyor was instructed to examine and lay out road between 15 and 16 in 5th and 7 and 6th, and examine road allowance and report at the next meeting of the Council.

A By-law to make an open road from s e ¼ lot 4 in 6th till it intersects old Kaladar road at Storing, was introduced and read twice, the further reading was postponed.

On notion Dr. Johnston and A. Thompson were appointed to audit the Collector's Rolls for 1879 to 1882 inclusive, and report at next meeting of the Council, and $20 was expended in repair of old Kaladar road, $19.60 paid into Treasury by Collector, being the amount remaining on hand from a seizure for taxes, and after all expenses were paid the balance was ordered to be paid to Mr. J. J. B. Flint, he having been proven the owner of the property.

Council adjourned.

—Machine Oils at G. A. Rollins.

—Extract Logwood cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

—Very finest quality of Dutch Madder, only a york shilling per pound at Deans' Drug Store.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GIRLS WANTED.

THREE apprentices to learn tailoring, also one pants hand.

Apply to JOHN MOUNCEY.

PUPS FOR SALE.

A FEW thoroughbred hound pups for sale. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

Madoc, Aug. 20th, 1883. 331

Estray.

CAME into the premises of the undersigned, lot 12, 14 concession of Huntingdon, in May last, a DARK RED HEIFER. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

JOHN BAILEY.

Madoc, August 20th, 1883.

Farm For Sale.

LOT No. 13, 4th concession Madoc, a good farm of 200 acres of which about half is cleared and in workable condition; well watered, well fenced and for Dairy purposes, excellent. For further information apply to GEORGE ADDISON.

Madoc, Aug. 20, 1883.

ESTRAY.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned on or about the last of May, FOUR SHEEP AND THREE LAMBS, two of the sheep black, and all marked by three cornered nick in both ears. Any person returning same or giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

THOMAS QUIVLIN,
Lot 1, 1st con. Tudor.

Madoc, August 18th, 1883.

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

VOTERS' LIST, 1883.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE UNITED TOWNSHIPS OF TUDOR, LIMERICK AND CASHEL, COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Millbridge, on the 13th day of Aug., 1883, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

CHAS. DONALDSON,
Clerk of said Municipality.

Millbridge, 14th August, 1883.

JUST | ARRIVED !

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID

BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug, 23, 1883.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
— FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

BEST GRADES OF

MACHINE OILS,

—ALSO—

CARBON SAFETY COAL OIL,

—AT—

BOTTOM PRICES.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY! for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of **SOLID GOLD RINGS,** from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

This - Space

RESERVED FOR

J. & J.

WHITE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT

Next Week.

Remnants! Remnants!

For the next few weeks the undersigned will hold a sweeping

CLEARING - OUT - SALE!

of Remnants and summer goods to make room for fall stock. Goods marked down to cost. Call and see for yourselves.

M. McLEAN, & CO.

Madoc, August 8th 1183. -329

Latest Local News.

Township Council.

The next meeting of the Council of the township of Madoc, will be held in the Town Hall in this village on Monday next, 27th inst. School Trustees are notified to have their estimates handed in by that date.

For the Woods.

Last week several loads of tenting materials for Gilmour & Co's men passed through this village on their way north, where lumbering has already commenced.

Prospering.

We learn that the assessment of the township of Wollaston for 1883 is over $3,500 more than for the year previous. This is a very creditable increase for the municipality.

No. 4.

Mr. Hugh Ketcheson, of Madoc township, has been appointed Second Lieutenant of No. 4 Company, of the 49th Battalion. The company will therefore go into camp this year with the full complement of officers and men.

Wollaston Agricultural Society.

We are pleased to learn that the attempt to organize an Agricultural Society in the township of Wollaston has been successful, the first fair under the auspices of which will be held some time during the coming month of October. H. T. Miller, of The Ridge, is Secretary.

Ontario Crown Lands.

The crown lands department of Ontario have just issued a circular showing how to obtain title to public lands under the "free grants and homestead acts." The pamphlet contains complete information on the subject, a list of townships open for location, lands for sale, systems of survey and general directions, besides an appendix containing forms and regulations.

Fire in Huntingdon.

The lightening on the morning of the 19th inst., struck Wm. T. Bird's barn on Lot No. 6, second concession of Huntingdon, and destroyed the buildings and sheds with their contents, which included the whole of this year's crop and four hogs. Mr. Bird's loss will be a heavy one, in all, probably $2,000. He had an insurance of $550 in the Agricultural, of Watertown.

A Costly Spree.

Last Friday a farmer came into this village and unfortunately got on a "spree." Not getting home when expected, his wife despatched his son to look him up, but the latter was also overcome by too heavy imbibitions of "tanglefeg." The two started home during the night, but had not gone far when they managed to upset the wagon which caused the horses to run away. When found the man had his collar bone broken, and one of the horses, a valuable animal worth $150, was discovered lying on the roadside with a broken leg, and had to be killed. Moral—the expense was too great for the amount of fun.

A Mining Grievance.

The *Ontario* of Monday says:—"Mr. William Coe, who is shipping iron ore from this port, complains of bad treatment at the hands of the railway companies. At first it was the Midland authorities who failed to furnish the cars, but now the fault lies with the Grand Trunk. One that is sent in from the mines in the afternoon has to remain at the Grand Trunk depot frequently until noon the following day, and sometimes it does not reach the vessel until late the next night. This is not only annoying to the shipper, but is also rather expensive. The large gang of men who handle the ore when it gets to the dock have to remain idle, while the vessel is detained so long getting a cargo that in most instances the captains refuse to take a second load.

—The Diamond Dyes and all Aniline Dyes cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

Taking a Holiday.

Everybody wants a holiday sometime during the year. Revs. Messrs. McAmmond and Baker of this village evidently thought they ought not to be an exception to this kind of reasoning, and both they and their families left last week for a trip to the Thousand Islands, consequently there was no service in either church on Sunday last. They will be in their accustomed places on Sunday next, refreshed, we hope, in both mind and body.

Mammoth Picnic.

The members of Alert Fire Co'y have decided to hold a mammoth picnic on Wednesday, 5th September, at Moira Lake. Ample accommodation for the conveyance of all who wish to enjoy a pleasant day's outing, will be made. Among the various amusements contemplated on this occasion, are boating, swinging, dancing, croquet, &c., in which all who desire may participate. There will also be tug of war contests, boat races, tub races, swimming races, running, jumping, &c. In fact the committee will spare nothing that will contribute to the interest and enjoyment of the party. Every arrangement will be made complete, of which the full particulars will be announced by posters in a few days. This is expected to be the most pleasant and enjoyable holiday offered to the fun-loving people this season, and it is to be hoped it will meet with that manifest appreciation due the laudable purpose for which it is gotten up. The object of the enterprise is to raise funds to assist in defraying the heavy expense entailed thus far by the company, and of purchasing helmets, which are very necessary for the completion of their outfit. Look out for bills.

A Travelling Fraud.

We have received the following description of an individual travelling in the northern part of this county, who appears to be making a living by imposing on the credulity of the settlers. He calls himself Dr. Moore, but if there is no one sick in the house he calls at, he says he is exploring for mineral for a Toronto company. He has taken sums of money from $5 to $15 from parties in the townships of Marmora, Chandos, Wollaston, &c., and was last heard from in the township of Clarendon, and is travelling east although he always says he is going west. He is now in the region of the Kingston and Pembroke railway and Mississippi river. He neglects to send the promised medicine and fails to call again with the money. His age is about 40 or 45 years, and he is stout and fleshy with red face, sandy hair and whiskers. He is about 5 feet 10 to 11 high, speaks quickly, fond of asking many questions, tells what he sees in a neighbor's house, has on a white straw hat and white linen coat, vest and pants drab colored and light plaid pattern, wears light laced boots tied with strings, carries a little square, black leather satchel and revolver, and says he is a nephew of the late Dr. Moore, of Picton. He avoids the towns, telegraph lines and post offices, and carries samples of ores or minerals with him. Information may be sent to this office from parties to whom he promised to send medicine and failed to do so. Papers, especially those having a circulation in the northern part of the counties of Hastings, Peterboro, Addington, Lennox and Renfrew, would confer a favor on the public by passing this around.

Married.

CLARK—WHITE.—On the 15th inst., by the Rev. W. B. Tucker, at the residence of the bride's mother, Daniel A. Clark, to Miss Hattie A. White, all of Madoc township.

GAREY—MORAN.—On Thursday, Aug. 9th, at the residence of George Dalmage, Esq., Madoc, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B.A., Henry Garey, of the township of Madoc to Hannah Moran, of Madoc village.

Died.

HOUSTON.—In Madoc village, on the 11th inst., Ethel, younger daughter of Mr. and Mr. F. Houston, aged 2 years and 4 months.

Everythings.

—Firemen's drill next Wednesday ev'g.

—The warm weather is making its presence felt.

—There are now three steam threshers in the township of Madoc.

—The rain during the past week has been productive of much good.

—School teachers throughout the county got into harness again on Monday last.

—Mr. Sinclair has removed his harness shop back to his old stand, north of the Windsor Hotel.

—A copy of the REVIEW for July 26th is wanted to complete our file. Can any of our subscribers oblige us.

—The first load of barley of the season was delivered in Belleville on Tuesday morning, by a Thurlow farmer. The sample was a fair average one.

—A team of the 49th Batt. is competing at the matches of the Ontario Rifle Association at Toronto this week. The 49th turns out one of the best Rifle teams in Canada.

—It is expected the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise will visit the volunteer camp at Cobourg in September. They will then be on their farewell tour to the principal cities in Canada.

—The residence of Mr. James Haggerty, ex-Reeve of the township of Huntingdon, was struck by lightning on the morning of the 19th and considerably damaged. Loss fully covered by insurance.

—The Central Ontario R. R. was inspected by the Government railway inspector last week from Trenton to Eldorado, 40 miles north, as the company intends running regular passenger trains shortly.

—One or two spicy law suits were tried last week before Mr. Reeve O'Flynn, wherein some of our citizens figured. We understand the particulars would scarcely make proper reading matter.

—Mr. G. A. Rollins challenges any member of Alert Fire Co'y to row him a mile race on Moira lake, on the occasion of the firemen's picnic, for from $10 to $20.

—Mr. Thomas Roberts left this week for Toronto to purchase a stock of Boots and Shoes with which he intends to commence business "on his own hook" in the store lately vacated by Mrs. White, in Weiss' Block.

—The Sioux Lacrosse Club of this village have been endeavoring for some days past to arrange a match here for next week, with either Trenton or Norwood, even offering them $15 towards paying expenses. Neither club have accepted.

—His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointment, under the provisions of "the Division Courts Act, 1880," viz.:—James C. Brown, of Marmora, in the county of Hastings, to be bailiff of the Tenth Division Court of the said county of Hastings, in the room and stead of T. Warren, resigned.

CHEESE MARKET.

The Liverpool cheese market has steadily declined in price during the past week, and now stands at 48s.

Robbery.

A daring robbery was perpetrated at Scouten's Hotel, on the Perry Road north of Flinton, near the line of the Ontario and Quebec Railway, by two men, on Monday morning. It appears that Mr. Thomas Tappan, Reeve of the Township of Barrie, County of Frontenac, had driven to the hotel, and thoughtlessly left his coat (in a pocket in which was his purse, containing $90 and some valuable papers) in his waggon. The men above referred to, who had been employed on the road, discovered the coat with its valuable contents and taking possession of the money and papers, went away. The loss was discovered soon after their departure and their sudden disappearance led them to be suspected of the theft. Pursuit was soon instituted, but at this writing they have not been found. It is thought they will come to this city. —*Intelligencer.*

—Finest quality Madras Indigo, only one dollar per pound, at Dean's Drug Store. 329 2m.

—The Seasons' Dye Stuffs of fine quality and cheap, have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

FARM FOR SALE.

PART of lots 11 and 12, 14th concession of Huntingdon, containing about 88 acres, a portion of which is in the corporation of the village of Madoc, all cleared but about 12 acres, which contains valuable mixed timber. Would make a valuable dairy farm. Terms moderate. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to the undersigned on the premises.

JOHN BAILEY

Madoc, August 14th, 1883. 330-2m.

—Madder, Alum, Madder Compound, Indigo and Indigo Compound, sold at cheaper rates by the single pound than anywhere in the county, at Deans' Drug Store.

—Coal Oil at G. A. Rollin's.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:OXO:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,

House Furnishings & Hardware,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.

Please give me a call.

(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

A LARGE STOCK OF

Rixford's Celebrated

SCYTHES

just to hand at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Madoc, July. 1st, 1883.

Crompton Corsets

—IN ALL THE—

LATEST STYLES,

—AT THE—

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE.

STELLA;
OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Stella King and her sister Cecily, with their mother, are living for cheapness at Valency, where the girls are going to school. At the opening of the story the two girls are watching a fancy dress ball going on in the rooms below. An accident enables Stella to assume the character of a Swiss peasant girl, in which character she meets Mr. Norman Allingham, who, charmed by her pretty manner, kisses her after a dance, and thus secures her undying dislike. Mr. Allingham, however, turns out to be her cousin, sent by his grandfather (and the girls') to visit the unknown cousins, in order to make up a match between the two families. When they meet next day, both recognise one another, and Stella indignantly refuses to have anything to say to him, much less marry him; and Norman goes off in a huff. Mrs. King shortly afterwards meets with an accident which leads to her death, and the two girls are left alone, to look to their grandfather. It is arranged that they are to start for his home, but at the last moment Cecily refuses to do so, having been "adopted" by the French people with whom they have been stopping, and who take her to Paris. Stella starts for Wrexham alone, where she finds her crabbed old grandfather, her cousin Norman, and Mrs. Finch—a cunning sort of personage, who has ulterior views of her own regarding Norman and her daughter Lily—a poor little governess at Lady Dyson's, in love with Sir Edgar, her pupils' big brother, who amuses himself by kissing her whenever he gets the chance, and is caught in the act by Maud, the eldest of the pupils; and horrifies his lady mother by being found alone with the governess while ostensibly explaining to her the merits of a new turnip machine. Lily gets lectured by her mother, and Sir Edgar is diplomatically sounded by his mother. Norman and Stella's meeting is not a friendly one. He threatens to repeat the kissing experiment; she loses her temper again, and he leaves the house in a huff the morning after her arrival, after which it becomes rather lonesome for Stella, until she makes the acquaintance of Lily.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

STELLA'S ANXIETIES.

"Yes; and you are Mrs. Finch's daughter. How happy you all look!" with a little sigh.

"It is nice driving—it is such a bright morning," explained Lily, feeling almost sorry to look happy when that beautiful Miss King appeared to be so sad.

"What a darling pony," continued Stella, patting the animal's fat sides.

"Isn't he a stunner!" cried Willie; "he's my very own. Edgar gave him to me last birthday, and I ride him nearly every day—only sometimes I allow him to be put into this cart when we all want to drive together."

"That is kind of you," said Stella.

"We are taking a note to Mr. King, from mamma," volunteered Tom.

"Yes, and it's to ask you all to a party, and there are to be twenty people to dinner, and more in the evening; and Lady Honoria Bossett is come to stay with mamma, and this party is to be for her." This was from Alice with much eagerness.

"And there'll be lots of ices and creams," cried Tom, "and we are sure to have some of them sent into the school room, and Maud, lucky girl, will go in to dessert, and get grapes and peaches; but mamma does not think us old enough for that yet."

Stella and Lily exchanged a laugh.

"I hope I am going to be asked to this wonderful party," said Stella.

"Oh! yes, I know you are," cried Alice, for I heard mamma say you were to be, and your sister too."

"I am sorry my sister is not here yet, she will enjoy it."

"Oh! no, she won't, because it is nearly three weeks off, and mamma says she felt sure she would be at Wrexham then."

"I think we had better perhaps drive on," said Lily, who began to wonder what further revelations Miss Alice would proceed to make.

"Oh! wouldn't you like to have a drive Miss King?" cried Willie, who was a pretty mannered boy; "because Tom and I can get out and walk, and you can go on in the carriage."

"Thank you; I should like it very much," said Stella; and the exchange was instantly effected.

That was how Stella and Lily began to be friends.

In that short drive across the sunny park up to the door of Wrexham Hall these two girls, who were both upright and good in their natures, although their characters and dispositions were widely different from each other, began to experience a sympathy and an instinctive attraction one towards the other, which in time ripened into a firm and fast friendship.

Stella was astonished to find that Lily was so unlike her mother, on whose account she had naturally felt undesirous of making her acquaintance; and Lily was delighted to meet in Miss King, of Wrexham, so simple and pleasant a companion, whose envy of herself—the poor little governess—filled her with unbounded surprise.

They had not, however, much opportunity on this occasion of improving the mutual liking which they felt for each other, as Mrs. Finch carried off her daughter to her own room, there to lecture her at leisure; whilst Mr. King sent for Stella almost immediately to go into his study.

"Have you heard from your sister, Stella?" he asked as she entered.

He was standing by the fire place with an open note, the one, evidently, which Lily had just brought, in his hand.

"Not since last week, grandpa."

"Then I must beg you to write to her to day, and tell her that she must be here without fail by the 24th, as I am going to accept an invitation for you both to dine at Barfield that day."

"I will write, of course, grandpapa, but I am not at all sure that Cecily will come; she must, of course, consider Monsieur and Madame Halevy's wishes."

Mr. King frowned.

"I would manage bring up ten boys than one girl," he said, irritably.

"Fortunately for you, grandpapa, you have not been tried, or I think you would prefer the one girl," said Stella, laughing.

"As if there were two alike," replied the old man, with good-humoured impudence.

He was getting considerably fond of this blue eyed granddaughter, with her frank, downright speeches; they were a refreshment to him after Mrs. Finch's sweet worded flattery and universal subservience to his slightest suggestion. Like most autocratic old people who threaten and bully everybody about them, Mr. King despised those who stood in awe of him, even whilst he delighted in frightening them.

"I wonder how you *dare* speak to your grandfather," Mrs. Finch had said more than once to Stella. "I should die of fright before I could contradict him in the way you do!"

And as to Lily, she literally shook from head to foot whenever the old gentleman came near her, and had never in her life been known to make him any other answer than Yes or no.

So Mr. King disliked Mrs. Finch and her daughter, whilst Stella's sharp retorts and bright independence charmed and pleased his fancy more and more every day that he knew her.

"You will write to your sister directly, Stella?" he said, once more.

"Yes, grandpapa, but I doubt whether she will come; besides——"

"Besides what? I hate people who don't finish their remarks. What are you afraid of saying?"

"I am sorry to have incurred your hatred, and I am not the least afraid of saying anything. I think we neither of us ought to dine out so soon after our mother's death."

"Fiddlesticks! you have got black frocks, I suppose? You may depend upon it Miss Cecily has been galivanting about with your fine French friends to all sorts of entertainments. You will certainly go to this dinner party; it is my particular wish that you should."

Having relieved her conscience by uttering her little protest, Stella was content to let the matter rest. After all, she was only nineteen, and she had tasted but very few of the pleasures of her age, and the prospect of going out anywhere could not fail to be delightful to her.

She went away and obeyed her grandfather's orders by writing immediately to Cecily.

Now Cecily's letter had been a source of some trouble and disquietude to Stella. It was now nearly a month since the sisters had been parted. At first Cecily wrote, constantly and fully, long letters of delight at the novelty and enjoyment of her life. But of late her letters had become shorter and rarer, and now for a whole week she had not written at all.

Her last letter had been disjointed and incoherent. There was something in it about a handsome Englishman, whom Cecily said was worth more than all the Frenchmen she had ever met, and something about the mistake she had made in supposing that any friend of good Madame Halevy's would ever be nice enough for her, Cecily, to marry; and then, apparently, she had been called away in the middle, and had come back and had added a few blotted and blurred lines that had astonished and puzzled Stella very much indeed.

"I may not be able to write for some days," ran this incomprehensible postscript. "I can't quite explain to you why—some day I shall be able to tell you *everything*. Don't be anxious about me, I am quite well, and so happy, and I think so differently about things now to what I used to. Oh! Stella, do you remember the old days at Valency when we used to make such lovely day-dreams about what we would do when we grew up? Dear old Stella, I wish I could have you here just for ten minutes, to talk to you. Good-bye——"

And that little outburst of affection and tenderness surprised Stella more than the whole of the rest of the letter. For Cecily was not given to spontaneous expressions of feeling.

She had written every day to her sister since then; but had received no answer from her. Of course, Stella knew that Cecily must be quite safe and well, or Madame Halevy would have written to her; nevertheless, there was a vague uneasiness in her mind with regard to her sister, which she could not quite shake off.

She wrote to her according to her grandfather's wishes, and told her that he desired her particularly to come to England by the 24th, and she patiently but somewhat anxiously waited for the next few days, hoping to receive an answer.

A whole week, however, went by, and Cecily made no sign. Stella was beginning to be really fidgety about her sister. Still, she did not want to annoy her grandfather with her vague fears, which, after all, amounted to nothing of any consequence; and to make any confidences to Mrs. Finch, whom she disliked and distrusted, was clearly impossible. But, nevertheless, she was so uneasy and fretted by Cecily's unaccountable silence, that she almost made up her mind to write to Madame Halevy.

One morning there came to Wrexham a letter addressed to Cecily in a foreign handwriting, and bearing the Paris post mark. Then Stella was really frightened. She did not think it was from Madame Halevy; but it was evidently from some French friend who believed Cecily to be in England. Was it possible that she was no longer in Paris? And, if so—where then could she be?

In her confusion and disturbance of mind Stella put on her hat and jacket, and walked over to Barfield, and laid bare her trouble to Lily Finch.

Fortunately, lessons were just over, and Lily was at liberty to listen to her story. She was full of sympathetic interest and concern.

"What am *I* to do?" cried Stella, "I may be, of course, only making myself unhappy for nothing, and I can't bear the idea of making a fuss if it should turn out to be only imagination. Cecily would be so vexed. But oh! if I could only find out for certain that she was still at the Halevys—if I only knew anybody at Paris!"

"I think," said Lily, blushing deeply—"I think I know some one—at least that someone I know does. I mean Sir Edgar's brother is at Paris. I have heard Lady Dyson say he was coming home, but I am not sure when; and I am sure if he—I mean Sir Edgar—could help you he would be so glad."

The upshot of which confused and ungrammatical sentence was, that Lily, undaunted by the fear of meeting Lady Dyson, went her way, tested out of the school-room, and knocked bravely at the door of Sir Edgar's study.

Ten minutes later, however, she returned with rather rosier cheeks than usual, but otherwise, with regret and disappointment written in her face.

"I am so very, very sorry," she said; "it is very unfortunate; Mr. Walter Dyson has just left Paris; Sir Edgar Dyson has just heard from him from London this morning, and he is coming here this evening."

So there was nothing more to be done in that direction.

Late that evening Stella sat by herself after dinner was over, in a little sitting-room on the ground floor, which her grandfather had allowed her to make her own. Mr. King had gone to his study; Mrs. Finch was in the third drawing-room; Stella sat by herself and pondered over the mystery of her sister's silence.

She made up her mind that she would write to Madame Halevy the next day and find out for certain whether her sister was with her. She felt sorry indeed that she had waited so long; but she determined not to lose another post.

All at once the fancy came to her to look out at the weather. It had been a wet afternoon, and the little Dysons had planned a drive to some distant woods in the morning, and as Stella had half promised to go with them, they had been dreadfully anxious that it should be fine. Stella remembered this proposed expedition, and flung back the curtains and drew up the blind in order to look out. The window looked toward the front of the house; the light from her lamp streamed out over the gravel drive. It was a beautiful starlight night, clear and frosty.

Outside in the moonlight stood the dark outline of a woman's figure, wrapped in a long cloak, and a face peered closely into the room.

Terrified as she was, Stella recognized her instantly, and with hurried and trembling hands she opened the window.

It was Cecily who came in out of the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

CECILY'S ARRIVAL.

"Cecily," said Stella, in a terrified whisper, "has anything happened? What is the matter? For Heaven's sake tell me what it is!"

Stella was white as a sheet, and trembled in every limb; Cecily, on the contrary, looked full of spirits and life, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled; she seemed to be brimming over with excitement. As she stepped into the little room, she gave one rapid glance around it, then, seeing that her sister was alone, she uttered a short laugh of contentment.

"What good luck to have found you alone!" she cried, holding out her cheek for her sister to kiss. "I was wondering how on earth I should effect my entrance into this veritable Dragon's Castle. I really had not the courage to ring at the front door; the guardian of the fortress might have turned the dogs loose upon me. When I saw the light of your lamp, and your face looking out of the window, I could have jumped for joy."

"But what has brought you like this?" stammered Stella, in a bewildered way. "Why have you not written for so long? why did you not let us know you were coming? and what have you done with your luggage? How did you get from the station?"

"What a lot of questions all at once!" laughed Cecily, merrily. "Poor Stella! you look frightened out of your wits! Here, take hold of me—pinch me! You see that I am not a ghost, don't you? I really am my very own self in the flesh! Why, you don't look a bit glad to see me, and I thought you wanted me so much to come——"

"Of course I did! But for pity's sake enlighten me——"

"Now, please don't ask me all those bewildering questions over again—I am going to answer them. I thought I would take you by surprise, you see; besides, I was not quite sure if I should come to-day or to-morrow; and there was no fly at the station, so I have walked——"

"*Walked!* why it is two miles!" and Stella involuntarily glanced down at Cecily's boots. They were dainty little boots, and were scarcely soiled; they certainly did not look as if they had tramped along two miles of country lanes that must be very muddy after the rain of the afternoon. "And how did you find the way?"

"One of the aborigines directed me, and carried my bag—you see I have a dressing bag—as far as the park gates."

"But your box, Cecily—what has become of your box?"

"Oh, Madame Halevy was to send that on; it will arrive to-morrow, I have no doubt."

"Madame Halevy!" repeated Stella. "Have you not, then, come from Paris? Why, where have you been?"

For the first time Cecily seemed a little disconcerted, and her eyes lost something of the merry assurance with which she had been giving her rather incredible explanations; her voice shook a little too, although she evidently tried to pass it off lightly.

"Oh, dear, how silly I am not to have told you before! Yes, of course I have come from Paris, only I spent the last two days with some other friends—Monsieur Halevy's sister, in fact—a charming woman, who was very kind to me. I have come from there, of course."

Stella felt that this explanation was rather unsatisfactory, but she did not know how to express her uneasiness, so she said nothing.

Cecily sat down and flung off her long cloak upon the sofa, and took off her bonnet. Stella could not help but remark that she was very handsomely dressed—almost too much so for a girl whose allowance was of the slenderest; however, she quickly recollected that her sister's dress was probably a present from Halevy. Cecily was altered too; there was a certain self-confidence and womanliness in her manner which was new to her, and which Stella set down to her experiences in the great world of Parisian society. She was looking very well, but seemed almost too excited to sit still.

She kept jumping up and down, examining everything, and chattered incessantly.

Cecily was taller than Stella, and was certainly a pretty girl, although her features lacked the great regularity and the charming expression which made Stella so singularly fascinating.

She had not Stella's sincere and candid eyes that looked so fearlessly and truthfully into the world about them, nor was there so much feeling in her mouth. Cecily's hair, too, was several shades darker than her sister's, and though it might be called fair, it lacked the golden gleams that crowned Stella's lovely head as with a diadem.

"What am I to do about explaining your arrival?" said Stella, perplexedly.

"Why, say, of course, that I arrived unexpectedly."

"But the servants—what will they think of you not having come in by the front door?"

Cecily laughed.

"Oh! you can easily say that you went to the door yourself to look out at the weather, and found me just coming up the steps. You can say that I've lost my luggage, and it is quite true that there was no fly at the station."

However little Stella cared about falling in with these ingenious and plausible inventions, she was bound in some measure to countenance the explanations which Cecily chose to make of the mysterious manner of her arrival at Wrexham. She was, however, a good deal disturbed and disquieted in her own mind.

"I must get you something to eat," she said, perplexedly; and she wondered whether she had better attack Mrs. Finch boldly upon the subject, or whether a private interview with the butler might not, under the circumstances, be a more politic proceeding.

"Oh! I don't want anything to eat at all," cried Cecily, settling the difficulty for her. "I have had a very good dinner, and I am not in the least hungry."

"A good dinner, Cecily!" repeated Stella, in amazement. "Why, where on earth——"

"Oh! I got some dinner in London," interrupted Cecily, hurriedly—"at the station hotel. I had an hour to wait, you know, so I thought I had better have something to eat."

After some further discussion, Stella settled that it would be better for Cecily to share her room that night, and that she would account to her grandfather for her sister's arrival in the morning in the best way she could devise.

Cecily made no objection to this, and the sisters retired to bed.

The difficulty of Cecily's arrival was got over more easily than Stella anticipated. Stella sought her grandfather's presence early the next morning, and in a few words announced the fact of her sister's presence in the house.

"Arrived last night, did she?" Why was I not told?" was Mr. King's remark.

"It was too late to disturb you, grandpapa," replied Stella, evasively.

"Umph! Well, I am glad she has come at last. Send her to me."

"Cecily was so tired this morning, she is remaining in bed for breakfast."

"Then she can come into my study as soon as she is up. I suppose Mrs. Finch has looked after her properly."

Stella murmured an unintelligible reply, and withdrew.

She found Mrs. Finch in the dining-room, making the tea, and dashed boldly into the subject on her mind.

"My sister arrived last night, Mrs. Finch."

"Your sister? Does Mr. King know?

"Of course he knows. If you will pour out a cup of tea for her, please, I will take it to her; she is not going to get up till after breakfast."

Thus things, somehow, were never enquired into, and Stella managed to account satisfactorily for the mysterious arrival of the traveller, and also for the appearance of the box, which came duly to hand at about noon the same day, by having recourse to that wise principle which tells us that, in any bad business, "least said is soonest mended."

Mr. King was under the impression that Mrs. Finch had known, and Mrs. Finch supposed the same of Mr. King, and neither of them, fortunately, thought the subject of sufficient importance to cross-question the servants about it. Only Stella had that uncomfortable and unsatisfied feeling about her sister, which comes to us when we know, by an unerring instinct, that we are being tricked and cheated into believing things that are not true.

Mr. King was at heart delighted by Cecily's arrival, and he was very impatient to see her; for, after all, it was upon the youngest sister that were now centered all his hopes for the fulfilment of his pet scheme.

But when he did see Cecily, he did not take a fancy to her.

She looked timid and nervous, and answered his somewhat rough cross-questioning with trembling monosyllables—not at all in the dauntless manner in which Stella had so happily taken his fancy.

"So you've come at last, miss?" were his first words to her; "and high time, too. What have you been doing with yourself, pray?"

"Nothing, Mr. King," said Cecily, tremulously.

She was genuinely frightened by the gaunt old man and his scowling eyes.

"What do you call me Mr. King for? I'm your grandfather, I suppose you know?"

"Yes."

"Very well then, call me so. And what do you mean by 'nothing?' I suppose you have had some reason for stopping at Paris with a parcel of foreigners, instead of coming here, like a good girl, with your sister, as you ought to have done, eh?"

He looked at her sharply; but Cecily made no answer, she kept her eyes cast down, and her color came and went rapidly.

"She's a goose," reflected Mr. King, disdainfully; "not a quarter so pretty and so clever as the other. I don't like her much. What a stupid mistake it was for Norman to take a dislike to Stella! she is worth two of this one. However, I won't grumble if he marries her—after all it is all I have ask him to do."

"Do you know," he said, aloud, "that I have plans for your future, Miss Cecily?"

"Yes, grandpapa."

"Oh! You know it? Well, I hope you will make no difficulties, and do what I wish."

"Yes, grandpapa."

"There, go away now—I've nothing more to say to you."

He turned from her impatiently; and Cecily, thankful to be released, fled from the room, with its oppressive book-cases and brown leathern chairs, into the comparative freedom of Stella's little sanctum.

Mr. King was very cross; he loved trying to strike awe, but he liked to see people really terrified in his presence. [illegible] as he drew [illegible] writing case toward him.

"Fancy the other [illegible] water! 'For goodness's!' I should like to see her if I told her to marry her cousin! little spitfire! I do like a girl with a spirit of her own—this child is like a doll stuffed with cotton wool. However, she is my boy's child all the same. Ah! what a pity Norman didn't fancy Stella!"

And thus he began to write to his grandson:

"Come back as soon as you get this; the other sister has arrived. I am sure I don't know if you will like her; but as she is very different from Stella, you probably will. At any rate, she is as meek and as mild as a mouse, and I don't suppose she ever said an angry word or lost her placid little equanimity in her life; and that I believe, is what you like."

Meanwhile Cecily was exclaiming: "Oh, what a horrible old man!"

"Oh! no, Cecily; he really is kind at heart. It is only his manner. Do you know, I am getting quite fond of grandpapa!"

"Are you?" cried Cecily, opening her eyes. "Well, I think he is quite detestable!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[THEY CUT HIS ROPE.

The Wonderful Adventures of an Artist Who Relies on Precipices.

"Give me a good silk rope—silk because a very small silk rope will carry a man, and a painter don't want to lug a heavy rope around with him—and I'll paint your name on the steepest precipice that ever was.

"When I'm sitting down my brush has got a seven foot swing, and I set out to paint the words 'Love's Lung Lozenges' in seven-foot letters. I didn't care if it took me a week. I wasn't going to be bluffed by them Tombstoners.

"Well, sir, I was brushing away and singing to myself like a mocking-bird when a stone came down and hit fair in the paint-pot, splashing paint all over my sign. I looked up madder'n a hornet, and there I see two dirty Apache heads grinning at me.

"I didn't say anything, but the sight of them took the life out of me so that I dropped my brush, and I could hear it bounding along from rock to rock until finally it struck bottom. It seemed to me ten minutes from the time that brush left my hand until it struck the ground. Every time it bounced from one rock to another I seemed to say to myself, 'You'll strike there and there and there.'

"I knew the Indians were Apaches the minute I saw their heads, and I knew, too, that the Apache is the bloodthirstiest animal on earth.

"They grinned at me with their heads stuck over the precipice, and then one of them swung out his right arm and began making passes at the taut rope with a butcher-knife in his hand.

"I watched the knife flying about up there with its sharp edge always turned toward the rope, until it made me sick, and I looked down for relief. Below me there was nothing but a little mesquit bush growing out of the precipice about half way down, and under that bowlders.

"Suddenly I thought of something, and whipping my whiskey flask out of my breast pocket I held it up toward them. They stopped grinning, the knife stopped wheeling around, and I saw in a minute that they were two thirsty Indians, and that I had a chance yet. But like a blamed fool I was too sure, and didn't take enough care of the bottle, and the first thing I knew it slipped from my hand and smashed to flinders on the rocks below.

"The Indians gave one howl and then zip went the knife across the rope, and I followed the whiskey bottle.

"Did I get killed? Well, not hardly. You remember that mesquit bush? Well, the end of the rope managed to get wrapped around that bush in the fall, and it brought me up so sudden that the shock broke out four of my front teeth."

"But you were still a hundred feet above ground, and your rope only fifty feet long."

"To be sure; but everything was plain sailing now. I just shinned up the rope to the bush, got the rope out of the snarl and unravelled it so as to make two ropes, only half as thick each as the other was. See? The rope was plenty strong enough to bear me, thin as it was, and down I came like greased lightning, and then footed it back to Benson, where I bought a new outfit and went on ahead to 'Frisco.—*An Awful Liar, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Reducing a Broken Neck.

Time was when a man's neck was broken that man was dead, but the time seems to be past now. One of the most remarkable surgical operations of the day was performed the other day at York, Pennsylvania, on Mr. Edward Swartz, whose neck was dislocated by the limb of a tree falling upon him. The case was a critical one. The man might die in the operation, and die without doubt he would at any rate if left untouched. Drs. Weist and Gross informed the unfortunate man of his condition, and he was willing to have the operation performed. Mr. Swartz calmly had his family called to bid him good-bye, expecting that the result of the operation might be a fatal one. Drs. J. W. Kerr. Hay, Long, Smyser, Bacon, Myers and Charles Eisenhart were present during the operation. Upon making a thorough examination it was found that the fourth joint of the neck had been dislocated and fractured. The Rev. J. G. Deininger held religious services in the room, asking the blessing of God upon the work to be done and praying for a successful result of the operation. Dr. Hay took hold of the patient's head, and Drs. Weist and Long at the neck and shoulders, and the reduction of the fracture was successfully performed. The patient immediately said he felt relieved; that he had more feeling in his body, which had been paralyzed, and felt less pain. It is yet impossible to tell the result of the operation. If the spinal cord was not injured the patient may recover. The case attracts much attention among the medical fraternity, and considerable interest among the people generally, owing to the singular and critical nature of the injuries.

The Customs receipts at New York for July show no reduction on account of the new tariff.

A Bill to establish a system of tramways in Ireland, and including a clause for the appropriation of £100,000 in aid of emigration has been introduced in the English House of Commons.

A demonstration took place recently in Trafalgar Square, London, in favor of Bradlaugh. There were 30,000 present, and a volley of resistance by Bradlaugh was fraternized. Copies of the resolutions were sent to Her Majesty, Mr. Gladstone, and the Speaker of the House.

Lord Shaftesbury is no pessimist. He thinks that notwithstanding "the enormous amount" of infidelity and scepticism, there never was so determined an effort to advance the kingdom of Christ, so much respect for the human race, and so great a desire "to look upon the poorest sort, and lift them from their misery."

In a letter to His Holiness President Grevy, while justifying the position taken by the French against the attacks of the clergy, declares that France has no intention of warring against the Church, and trusts that an agreement will be arrived at between his Government and the Vatican.

Another enthusiast is anxious to try his luck at the Whirlpool. It is to be hoped steps will be taken to prevent any further attempts to fight the whirlpool. There is no lack of fools, apparently, but they should not be allowed to throw away their live recklessly, however valueless such lives may be.

The attempted insurrection at Badajoz has fizzled out. The garrison seized the arms in the fortress, and proclaimed a Republic. They were not, however, supported by the inhabitants. The leader of the revolt was a colonel of cavalry. Authority has been restored and everything is tranquil.

The British Colonial Minister has received from the Australian Agents General in London a statement that, on account of the existence of anarchy and the danger of the formation of a French penal settlement, Australia desires the annexation of a portion of New Guinea, and a portion of the adjacent islands. The paper is favorably commented on by some of the London papers.

An exchange contains a humorous account of a service in a Presbyterian kirk at which a dog assisted. The minister hinted that its owner should turn it out, yet none of the congregation responded to the appeal. So the worthy divine proceeded to the task himself, and then delivered his sermon. The paper, however, does not state that the text was taken from 2nd Kings, viii, 13, *quod vide*.

An Ontario village parson last Sunday announced that "a prayer-meeting will be commenced at half-past seven o'clock next Sunday morning, *and will be continued for two months.*" Rival churches must look to their laurels. Even the long windedness of the Rev. Mr. Sixteenthly would be sorely tried at a two months' prayer meeting. Peradventure the occasion is meant for the introduction of some brother who can pray "without ceasing."

A musical wonder is exhibited in London It is called the canina. The notes are produced by dogs, twelve of whom are seated in a row inside a long box. Keys on the outer board communicate with wires, which touch each animal's head, and when the performer strikes the ivory, and the contact warns the dog, a whine, a yell, a bark, or a bass growl is the response. The harmony is defective, but the laborious training has given the strange orchestra a moderately tuneful facility.

What is one, even if he be at home in the French language, to make of an *entree* entitled "Palais de beuf en allumettes," —viz., a palace of beef in lucifer matches? We never heard of lucifer making a good garnish to a pie, though that plat might happen to be a beef palace; and yet we saw this *entree* figuring as one in a public *table d'hote* the other day, and wondered who wrote out or composed the *menu*, and also whether the *chef* could be a Frenchman.

The fate of Carey, the informer, has brought to mind the Nemesis which followed some of his more notorious predecessors in the same line. It is curious that Ireland, where the informer is looked upon with more loathing than perhaps in any other country, should produce such a prolific brood of these creatures, who, however useful they may be, are certainly not desirable acquaintance for honest people. At the the same time, their crime does not palliate the crime of those who think it patriotic to rid the world of their presence.

Though no *laudator temporis acti*, the advent of harvest time to a fanfare of Eurucan gales and floods does imbue one with envious recollections of the "good old times" when, as the poet Young sings, "Mother Earth, pregnant with food for man, was sweetly fanned "with breath Favonian, from warm chambers of the South." And to turn from this picture to the meteorological arrangement which Vertumnus presents to us this present is to realize that either "the times are out of joint," or that old Time's seasons and humanity are equally subject to mutation.

By the way, what funny names the French do give to some of their dishes to be sure! Take, for instance, "Vol au-vent a la financiere," apropos of which we once heard an exceedingly witty illustration. We had taken a young lady into dinner, and the conversation fell upon France, when at that moment this dish was handed to her. We asked her if she could give him a sensible translation of such a title, as he could not think of one, and after a few moments' hesitation she said: "I suppose it would be flying down the wind after an heiress." Wits who dine out much can make a note of this.

Two brothers became engaged to sisters of a neighboring family in Kentucky. The parents sanctioned the first engagement, but objected to the second. The younger of the couples determined to elope. One night the young man met a veiled girl whom he supposed to be his affianced in a picturesque grove and drove off with her in a buggy. He had not gone very far when he discovered that his companion was the desired one's sister, who had overheard them when they planned the elopement, and had come before the appointed time to perpetrate a joke. Appreciating the humor of the situation, [illegible] and the [illegible] laughed. The families seem to be of a humorous turn, for when the brother heard of the escapade he offered himself to his sister-in-law, who accepted him.

We do not remember to have seen it stated upon what authority Mr. Beckwith bases his claim to be the champion swimmer of England. "One Who Knows" says that his title to that position is not of the clearest, and that in England it is perfectly well known that Jones, of Leeds, can give him a long start and then win; but that the latter natant has retired, and Beckwith claims to be the champion because he will not come forth from that retirement. Our informant has apparently had many opportunities of seeing Beckwith in the water in London and elsewhere, and readily grants that he is a good and clever ornamental swimmer, though Miss Beckwith is considered the more graceful of the two. But, says the gentleman referred to, "I hope Canadians and Americans will not swallow the tale that Beckwith is our champion swimmer on his own *ipse dixit*, for we have more than one who can beat him hollow at a distance."

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Para and Amazonas, whose diocese includes the valley of the Amazon, has a plan for evangelizing the wild tribes along that mighty river. He proposes to construct a large ship. It will be suberbly decorated, and so contrived as to serve as a church. The most precious woods with which the Amazon region abounds will wainscot the interior. The floating cathedral will possess its pulpit and confessional, its organ and baptismal font, and all the church furniture requisite for a splendid exercise of Catholic rites. The Bishop hopes to make it, by reason of its elegance and splendor, "an object of just pride and glory to the Amazonas and of edification to the whole Christian world." Propelled by steam and drawing but little water, it will carry the zealous missionaries along the natural highway to the most distant parts of the country, as far as Bolivia and Peru, Ecuador and Colombia and Venezuela, and even to the most distant European colonies of Guiana.

"Knowledge is power,' said Lord Bacon, but we doubt if even his very learned lordship was ever aware of the tremendous power contained in a thorough knowledge of the snobbishness of mankind. Poor Tom Moore was not the only man who "dearly loved a lord." The Canadian papers have been full of particulars of an English swindler who has lately been "doing" the smart Canucks wholesale, simply by playing on their love of all that pertains to blue blood. He called himself by the most aristocratic names; said that he was the son of an earl, a duke, of we know not whom, and talked so delightfully of high life in England that he found ready admittance to some good Dominion circles. Albeit he met his match once or twice, and got a most unceremonious *congé*. Had he not, it is allowed, indulged in the most delicious gossip about society at "home in England," he would never have come over his snobbish dupes; but as he was able to give minute particulars of the ways and doings of "the old nobilitee," he was taken to the very hearts of several families. We wonder if he obtained his knowledge of things aristocratic, as did a brother swindler who some years ago "had" the "gawks" on a similar "lay." This latter had been valet to an English lord!

A private letter from London says that the fading season is bravely maintained by the presence of many Americans. "Good Americans," Mr. Lowell says, "when they die, go to Paris," but many of them previously go to London. The lobby of the House of Commons, says our informant, is becoming a great resort of the male members of the family. Amongst others who have been there lately is Mr. Garatt, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Mr. Garatt has just earned distinction in a characteristic manner. When in Italy last year he had an interview with King Humbert, who, recognizing a brother sovereign, paid him many courtesies. Mr. Garatt devoted some time to consideration of how he would worthily repay this kindness. At last he had a happy thought. King Humbert, like his father Victor Emmanuel, is very fond of horses. Mr. Garatt was possessed of an almost priceless animal, an Arab steed, said to be the finest horse in the world. Certainly Mr. Garatt had £9,000 offered for it, which, considering it is neither a racer nor a trotter is pretty well. He determined to offer "Damascus" to the King. So delighted is his Majesty with the present, and so profound is his admiration for the beautiful horse, that he means to have a model of it, life size, carved in pure marble.

It is not always safe to quote without first intimating that you are going to do so. It is not very long since a member of the English House of Commons called down upon his head the thunders of authority by saying that "some damned good-natured friend" had told him so and so. Of course when he explained that he was only quoting from Sheridan, nothing further could be said, and laughter took the place of denunciation. We are reminded of this incident by something which happened in a house where we were visiting not long ago. He was in the drawing-room waiting for a summons to luncheon, when from below there issued an appalling sound as of the smash of a whole trayful of glass and crockery. All were either relations or intimate friends, so, ladies included, all ran down to see what had happened. Some of the children were dancing round the wreck in huge glee, and were promptly accused by the hostess of doing the damage. But mine host arrived at once at the conclusion that the maid was the culprit, and had fled in hopes that the blame would be laid upon the youngsters—as was the case. And that wicked paterfamilias cried aloud in his wrath: "Destructible, damnable, deceitful woman!" Horror on all sides, indignant protestations from the ladies, and no condonation of that atrocious language, until mine host, astonished at the tempest he had created, explained that his words were neither his own, nor were they personal, but merely a quotation from the poet Otway! Then a calm of despair, and a picking up of the pieces.

Chinese ingenuity has invented a new plan of protecting carrier pigeons from birds of prey. A whistle, consisting of ten small bamboo tubes, is, by means of a thread which passes under the wings, fastened to the pigeon's tail. In flight the rush of air through the tubes produces a shrill sound, and it is said that birds of prey are thus kept off.

What the World of Great Folk are Saying and Doing.

The sons of the Earl of Essex are travelling through Wales in gypsy caravans and camping in the open air.

Mrs. Sarah Lippincott (Grace Greenwood) is said to be in London engaged in writing a biography of Queen Victoria.

William Black says that to feel as well-dressed as the other women round her sets any woman at ease, but to feel better dressed adds radiance to that ease.

Rosa Bonheur, in her sixty-first year, lives retired as ever, dresses in semi-masculine garments, and paints continuously.

Of two descendants of Martin Luther whose lineage is undoubted, and who bear his name, one is a carpenter of Kloster Allendorf, and the other a theological student in the university of Jena.

The King of Bavaria is building a secluded palace for himself, which he intends shall be the most elegant, commodious and magnificent human abode on earth, and with the largest banqueting hall.

Mr. Burne Jones, the great colorist among living British painters, has not humbled himself to design a curtain for the back of a piano. The work is outlined in crewels, and has been publicly exhibited.

Lady Wilde is tall, large, and usually dressed with a tendency towards her son's æstheticism. When she gives a reception in the day-time, she shuts out all sunlight, and by means of red shades on the gas throws a soft pink glow over everything.

Lord Salisbury is going himself to farm several of his farms now vacant. Close by the grand entrance of his ancestral Hatfield House, one of the grandest places in Great Britain, is a row of cottages that would disgrace an impoverished Irish landlord.

The death of King Mtesa of Unganda removes a very picturesque African potentate. His chair used to be placed on a leopard skin in the hall of audience, so that the hind claws served as a footstool, while the tail stretched along the floor in front. A number of charms and a tusk were piled in a heap beside him, and his Grand Vizier and other courtiers were constantly employed in smoothing down the creases in his trousers. The late Khedive sent two sheikhs to convert him to Mohammedanism, but in vain.

At the ball in Paris Millionaire Mackay hired the King of Sweden to dance with the American ladies, paying him $1,000 an hour for the work. The Prince of Wales telegraphed for an invitation, but was refused. Several descendants of the Buonaparte party who attempted to climb in through the windows were thrown into the basin of the fountain. This information is from an account in the Nevada *Appeal*, "based on reasonableness and an intimate knowledge of Mackay."

The Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, for many years Bishop of Lincoln, and well known as a Biblical commentator, has resigned in his seventy-sixth year, because of failing physical health, and "especially because I am overburdened with a sense of solemn responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the county of Nottingham, particularly of its great town containing a population of two hundred thousand souls, and requiring the vigilance and energy of a bishop in full vigor of mind and body."

Lord Londesborough, who recently took a party of actors and actresses, including some Americans, on his drag into the country for a rural feast, has a fancy for mimetic animals, and keeps in his residence in Berkeley square a wonderful monkey and a black squirrel from the Rocky Mountains, which are great artists in their line. His blue drag, with a team of two browns and two grays, is a London institution, and may be seen regularly at Lord's, Henley, and all the racing meets. He was an occasional companion of the late Dundreary Sothern, but when he heard that his brother-in-law, the Duke of Beaufort, was going with Sothern on a fishing expedition for months, he remarked, "Very pleasant for three hours, but not for three months."

A long letter from Leigh Hunt to Robert Browning appears in one of our foreign contemporaries. The writer justly accuses himself of "terribly digressing," and promises that in future his letters shall be "of reasonable dimensions," if Mr. Browning encouraged him "with a few words in answer to them." About two-thirds of the communication is occupied with extravagant praise of Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, and with first and last lines (or half-lines) of the passages that Hunt most liked in Robert Browning's poems. "Did it ever strike you," he asks, "how frightful it would be to be wholly prosperous and happy?—happy all your life? I think or fancy it would have made me look upon myself as a sort of outcast from the general lot and its claims, doomed to perish wholly and be put out, as a thing completed and done with. The incompleteness argued against us all here is surely our claim hereafter—incompleteness of joy, incompleteness of knowledge, incompleteness of nature. I think God means to round all these things in human want and aspiration, just as He rounds orbs or oranges. He does not incomplete anything else. Why should He leave us poor and anxious imperfections incomplete?"

The Wide, Wide World.

LIMA, REPUBLIC OF PERU.—Senor A. de La E. Delgado, L. L. D. and Counsellor, Tribunal of Justice, Lima, Republic of Peru, says: One single application of St. Jacobs Oil, cured me completely of rheumatic pains in my left arm. I recommended it to two of my friends, the Mrs. Donna Juana Garcia, widow, and Mr. D. Herman Decker a German gentleman. Madam Garcia was relieved entirely by the pain-cure from terrible neuralgic pains of ten months standing Mr. Decker was cured of inexplicable pains by a single application of the cure. My brother used the great remedy for a species of paralysis of the arm. He was entirely relieved from his ailment by one or two applications, after having tried numberless other remedies without effect.

A *gourmet* explained the other night the reason why he always had a dinner of three courses: "I eat the first," he said, "because one must eat to live; the second, I eat for eating's sake, and the third I eat for the sake of drinking."

General Debility and Liver Complaint.—R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife has been taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets" for her liver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from Liver Complaint, Sour Stomach, and General Debility. Yours fraternally, N. E. HARMON, Pastor M. E. Church, Elsah, Ill.

Sweden has given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to the daughter of an army officer.

Bed-Ridden and Cured.

W. E. HUESTIS, of Emporia, Kansas, says that his wife had been sick nearly seven years, and for the last four months bed-ridden. She has been treated by a number of physicians and only grew worse. Her attention was called to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," which she commenced using. In one week she could sit up, and in three weeks could walk about. By druggists.

A mimic and ventriloquist terrorized an Omaha prison, in which he was confined, by raising ghostly voices at night.

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Father Hyacinth will arrive in New York next month, to make a lecture tour.

CORNS! CORNS! CORNS!—Discovered at last a remedy that is sure, safe, painless. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of many cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. See that it is made by Polson & Co., Kingston.

Six cowboys went up from Pecos to Dallas, Texas, to take the town. Four of them were taken to the cemetery in a box.

Stick a Pin Here.

It is difficult to grow old gracefully, but you can do it by using the prince of all Hair Renewers, Carboline, made from petroleum and guaranteed to prevent the hair from falling out.

Two loads of mines have arrived at Government house for the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 650 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"Fifty and thirteen have just been married," is the brief announcement over a Texan wedding.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A town in Dakota has been named "Ouida." The next mud-hole should be called "Zola."

Cholera in Canada.

The best medical authorities state the cholera is making rapid strides towards this continent. We strongly recommend any preventive Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters, which cleanses the system, leaving no foothold for disease. 50 cents per bottle. All chemists have it.

The girl whose bean is a telegraphist is beginning to have presentiments as to ice-cream.

"When all other remedies fail" for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, etc., "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue." Thus writes W. H. Crooker, druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing." (6)

In the place where the murders were committed in Phœnix Park, Dublin, the grass for several yards is trampled out, and the two deep crosses, dug by pious hands, are almost effaced.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint, incident to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist. (3)

The first woman to arrive in Carbonate, Col., received an ovation, marked by such substantial tokens of welcome as a town lot, a mining claim, and the money with which to buy a silk dress.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—One of the most valuable discoveries in medical science, for the benefit of mankind, was made when Burdock Blood Bitters were invented. This medicine positively cures all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin and Blood. 25,000 bottles have been sold during the last three months.

Copy of a letter received from Dr. R. R. Maitland Coffin, F.R.C.P., &c. To H. SUTHERLAND, Esq. Having taken Sutherland's "Rheumatine" myself, I can bear testimony that it will prove a boon to persons who suffer from rheumatism. R. MAITLAND COFFIN, F.R.C.P., &c. Barton Court, S.W., May 17, 1883.

"I marry that fellow!" exclaimed Miss Mitinice; "no! I would rather die than have him—that is, if I could get somebody else."

"A. P." 128

It is now [illegible] to write our readers [illegible] the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramps, Colic, and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for those troubles. (2)

"Aunty, vat makes the little baby cry so? Do it want its mudder?" "Yes, dear, and its fodder too!"

Do not attempt to remain over night without a bottle of Dr. Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry near at hand. This is the season for Bowel Complaints, Colic, Cholera Morbus, etc., and the remedy above named is the unfailing specific. (5)

A jury in London forbade a woman the administration of her own affairs because of the peculiar bird-like formation of her head, which they believed was an indication of insanity.

Practise economy by using the Triangle Dyes. Perfect in both dark and light shades. Ask for three cornered package. 10 cents.

When a woman smiles from ear to ear, it's real mean to say that her mouth goes back on her.

TORONTO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—The advertisement of this exhibition, popularly known as "Canada's Great Fair" appears in another column. It will take place this year from the 11th to 22nd September. Prize lists will be sent to anyone requiring them by dropping a post card to Mr. Hill, the manager at Toronto. All entries must be made on or before the 25th August. The prizes for live stock, agricultural and dairy products, and ladies' and children's work, are very liberal, and large prizes are offered for horseback riding and driving by ladies. The special attractions this year will be numerous and of a novel character. Full particulars of all the special features in connection with the great fair will be published in programmes shortly. An electric railway, balloon ascensions by a lady aeronaut and electric lights are among them. Others are being arranged for. Cheap rates and excursions will be granted on all the railways. This will be the best time to visit Toronto, and take in the exhibition at the same time.

MOULDINGS, Picture Frames, Mirrors and Pictures, Artists' goods supplied. MATTHEWS BROS. & CO., Toronto.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO. Students can enter from October until January. PROF. SMITH, V. S. Edin. Principal. Fees, fifty dollars.

COUNTRY STORE-KEEPERS.—Have money by using the celebrated Walker Butter Worker; all sizes in stock; prices on application to JAMES PARKER & SON, 41 to 47 St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED LEATHER. Durable, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, J. DOAN & SON, Drayton, Ont.

Galt Collegiate Institute, Galt, Ont.

Autumn Term commences Sept. 1st. Staff of Specialists in every department. Preparation for Law, Medicine, and Universities, and commercial life. Classes for teachers' certificates of all grades. Unsurpassed facilities for cricket, football, and boating. Excellent supervision for younger pupils. Fees $33 a year. For Institute announcement, address Principal, JOHN E. BRYANT, M.A.

A FORTUNE.

Any one who will return this slip to the address below, with 50 cents in stamps or coin, will receive 4 articles worth 10 times 50 cts., which will enable them to clear from $5 to $20 per week. Money refunded to any one dissatisfied.

JAMES LEE & CO.,
MONTREAL, CANADA.

Dominion Line of Steamships

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—

Montreal, 4th Aug.	Dominion, 25th Aug.
Toronto, 11th "	Toronto, 1st Sept.
Oregon, 18th "	Sarnia, 8th "

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool, $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $95, $105, $127, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal

CANADA'S GREAT FAIR

THE POPULAR

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of Live Stock, Agricultural and Industrial Products, Fine Arts, and Ladies' Work, &c.

TORONTO, SEPT. 11th to 22nd, 1883.

The programme of special features and novelties will be the best yet presented by this association.

Prize Lists and Entry Forms can be obtained from the Secretaries of all Agricultural Societies and Mechanics' Institutes, or they will be sent anywhere on application by post card to the Secretary at Toronto.

☞ Entries should be made at once.

Cheap Rates and Excursions on all Railways. The best time to visit the city of Toronto.

WAIT FOR IT!

J. J. WITHROW, *President.* H. J. HILL, *Manager and Secretary.*

And all complaints of a Rheumatic nature.

SUTHERLAND'S is not a secondary remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but for RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and complaints of Rheumatic nature.

IT IS A SURE CURE

Sold by all druggists. The Rheumatine Manufacturing Co., Niagara Falls, Ont. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Wholesale Agts., Toronto.

The Grand Trunk Company are purchasing about 30 acres of land near the depot, at Belleville, for a yard and union depot, but the latter will not be built this season.

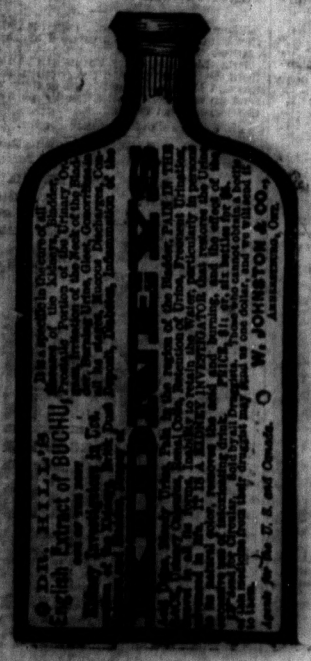
Thos. Sherman, a young Scotchman, was drowned while working on the dredge at the western entrance of the Murray Canal, last Tuesday afternoon. He had been in the employ of Messrs. Sloox & Mawby for six weeks, and came out from Scotland with his brother six months ago. The latter is working for the Messrs McMullen at Trenton.

Gilmour's mill at Ottawa took fire at ten o'clock, p. m. on the 8th, and was totally consumed in three hours, $150,000 damage being done. There is $75,000 insurance on the building and machinery. Nothing but the mill was burnt, the fire system of the company, together with the favorable wind, keeping the fire from spreading to the piling grounds, where 20,000,000 feet of lumber was piled.

A card bearing the following instructions hangs conspicuously upon the safe in one of the stores on Water street, Naugatuck, Conn.—"To burglars. We keep no money in this safe. This is for fire only; our money is up to the house. Come up. We have four shot guns, two rifles, three horse pistols, and one revolver, all loaded and ready for use, and warranted to kill at ten rods. Time spent here is time wasted. *Verbum satis sapienti.*" Then follows the figure of the combination, so that if the burglar is determined to get in any way he can do so in a decent way, without spoiling the door.

FRANCE has, apparently, a serious war on her hands in Tonquin. It is not certain whether the Chinese or only their subjects, the Annamese, are really engaged at present, but a very severe encounter is expected by those who are best informed in regard to native preparations. The Chinese have pursued an extremely conciziator course in their negotiations with the French, but the latter refused to be pacified. It seems possible that their insane jealousy of English influence is at the bottom of this disposition. The English Government, which does not wish to have commerce in Chinese seas interrupted, has been zealous in its endeavors to preserve the peace, and its influence in China has been successfully exerted. The French have, however, made fresh demands the instant others were conceded, until even Chinese patience, which is proverbial, is exhausted. The Chinese have, however, never during the course of negotiations slackened their war preparations, and it is now said that they are better prepared for immediate hostilities than the French. The final result of a quarrel between France and China can hardly be doubtful, but will be at a cost which she cannot easily afford that France will gain either glory or material advantage from China.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Though it is impossible, in this climate of changing temperature, to prevent ill-health altogether, yet its form and frequency may be much mitigated by the early adoption of remedial measures. When hoarseness, cough, thick breathing, and the attending slight fever indicate irritation of the throat or chest, Holloway's Ointment should be rubbed upon these parts without delay, and his Pills taken in appropriate doses, to promote its curative action. No catarrhs or sore throats can resist these remedies. Printed directions envelope every package of Holloway's medicaments, which are suited to all ages and conditions, and to every ordinary disease to which humanity is liable.



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FRONT STREET,

A call solicited.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,

CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,

$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
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OFFICE—Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Venders of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:--A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882. **N. M. MAYBEE.**

NEW SPRING GOODS!

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Constantly Arriving at

JOHN ROBERTSON'S

(St. Lawrence street, Madoc.)

JOHN DALE & SON,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

MADOC.

—WRIGHT'S—

Grocery, Provision, Wine & Liquor

STORE,

Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858, and now carried on by Mrs. Wright, on the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of first-class

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.

—FRUITS IN SEASON.—

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Porter!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers, also

—CROCKERY, | GLASSWARE, | &C.—

Wholesale and Retail at Lowest Cash Prices.

Madoc, June 7th, 1882. JANE WRIGHT.

R. B. Casement & Co. Marble Ironpillia AND GENERAL EDWARDS Mfg. Co., Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 332. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 30, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Knowing the interest you take in this back country, I send you the following:—

Last week (August 14th,) the first picnic that was ever held, by the Sunday School children in the Vankleek Settlement, Faraday, took place.

Dinner was served in Mr. J. Vankleek's barns, and the viands were both plentiful and excellent, and reflected great credit on the ladies of the settlement who furnished the repast. After dinner speeches were delivered by the Rev. R. L. Ockley, Methodist Minister of Bancroft, Messrs J. Vankleek, A. C. Barker and J. Wilson, the latter gentleman acting most efficiently as Chairman, the speeches being interspersed with a number of vocal selections given by the choir of the settlement. A variety of sports and games were then indulged in by the young folks, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The day was a pleasent one, and everything passed off so remarkably well, that it is to be hoped this will be in future an annual gathering.

Mr. J. Vankleek, (formerly of Madoc) was the first settler to come in here seven years ago, since then the settlement has grown very rapidly, and a road has been laid out from this direct to Bancroft, which will be completed as soon as possible. Mr. Vankleek and his two sons have worked well and have a clearance of over 60 acres, and a barn which is said to be the largest from here to the Township of Madoc. The barn is 50 feet long, and 38 feet wide, with 16 feet posts, the barn floor being 18 feet wide. The barn is built over the stable, the stone walls of which are 7 feet high, and contains stabling for 20 head of cattle besides horses. I mention the above facts merely to show the rapid manner in which this country is settling up, and if the railway was only extended back here there is little doubt but that the population would soon be doubled.

Yours &c.
SYLVANUS.

Faraday, August 23rd, 1883.

School Law.

The following extract from section 12, School Law of 1881, may be of timely interest to some teachers or trustees:—"No teacher shall substitute for any authorized book in actual use in his school, any other text book on the same subject, unless and until he shall have obtained the written approval of the public school board of trustees, and the public school Inspector, to such change; * * * and in case any teacher *or other person* shall negligently or improperly substitute any text book in actual use upon the same subject in the school, he shall for each such offence, on conviction thereof before a police magistrate or justice of the peace, as the case may be, be liable to a penalty not exceeding ten dollars, payable to the Municipality for public school purposes, together with costs, as the Police Magistrate or Justice may think fit.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Diseases of the most formidable and chronic characters have been cured by Holloway's remedies. Ulcerations which have healed kindly under and purifying the regenerating influence of this excellent Ointment. Sprains, stiff joints, contracted muscles, and glandular swellings can be most safely and effectually healed by Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which can do no harm under any circumstances. Neither of these medicaments has anything deleterious in its composition; both are essentially purifying and strengthening in their nature. The combined power of these noble remedies enables them successfully to cope with most descriptions of impurities, and to cure, or at least relieve, most varieties of diseases.

A family have been poisoned in Minnesota by eating cheese cooked in a brass kettle.

—The Diamond Dyes and all Aniline Dyes cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

A cotton warehouse at Liverpool, with two thousand bales of cotton, was partially burned on Monday.

A French nobleman is reported to have lost his life on Saturday while ascending the Engadine mountains in Switzerland.

The Shapira MS. of the Book of Deuteronomy, lately alleged to have been discovered, is declared by an Oriental expert to be a forgery.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

The Council of the Township of Madoc met in the Town Hall in the village, on Monday 27th inst., Present—John Caskey, Reeve; Wm Thompson, Deputy; Councillors Jas English, John A. McKinnon, and Joshua Broad.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Ordered that the account of E. H. Bristol, $9.10 for gravel, be paid.

The clerk was instructed to give orders to the different road beats for gravel, to be put on the road by them.

Joseph Toben, was refunded $2.00 for over-paid taxes in 1882.

Mr. Thompson, introduced a petition from Mr. McCallum and others praying to have a road out in Madoc in lieu of the town line of Tudor. The Road Surveyor was instructed to examine the same.

The Treasurer was ordered to pay the interest on the debt to the County, $193.90.

On motion of Messrs. Thompson and English, Peter Vankleek was refunded the sum of $28.50 for over-paid taxes on w ½ 7, in the 2nd concession.

John Moorcraft was allowed to expend $10.00 on Harts' flats, Mr. Broad to examine the job.

On motion $15.00 was granted on a hill between lots 20 and 21 in the 1st concession.

The Road Surveyor was instructed to examine the road north across Mr. Chas English's farm and report at the next meeting.

Moved by Mr. Thompson and second by Mr. English, that the levy for 1883 be as follows:—8½ mils for county purposes, 3½ mills for railway interest, and 3½ mills for municipal purposes. Carried.

Estimates for the year.....	$8692.65
Assets	437.39
Amount to be levied for.....	$8255.26

On motion of Messrs. Broad and English, $10.00 was granted to Union S. S. No. 2.

Mr. Hugh Ketcheson gave notice that he would tender his resignation as Road Surveyor, at the next meeting of the Council.

The Council then adjourned until, Saturday, September 8th.

The following are the totals for the population of the great cities of Europe. London, 3,832,440 inhabitants; Berlin 1,222,500; Vienna, 1,103,110; St Petersburg, 876,570; Moscow, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 555,940; Liverpool, 552,430; Naples, 493,110; Hamburg, 410,120; Birmingham, 400,750; Lyons, 372,890; Madrid, 367,280; Buda Pesth, 360,580; Marseilles, 357,520; Manchester, 341, 520; Warsaw, 339,340; Milan, 321, 840; Amsterham, 317,010; Dublin, 314,660; Leeds, 309,430; Rome, 300, 470; Sheffield. 284,410; Breslau, 272, 910; Turin, 252,830.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 00	to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 65	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 43	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 70	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 70	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	6 00	to	6 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 55	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 60	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 37	to	0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 90
Butter, per lb	0 15	to	0 20
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 16
Flour, per bbl	4 75	to	5 00
Sheepskins,	0 30	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 20

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

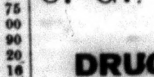
QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.



MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Aug. 27th,
At 8 o'clock.
LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE old residence of Walter Lackey, lot 7 in 1st. concession of Elzevir, containing 200 acres, about 75 acres cleared on the west hundred, and 30 acres on the east hundred. A good house and barn with a good fruit bearing orchard, and a spring creek running through the land, also a good well on the premises. Under good state of cultivation and well fenced. The farm will be sold in part or whole. For futher particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD
MADOC.
April, 10th 1883. 6. mos.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

I WILL sell or lease 400 acres of deeded property, in the Township of Tudor, on the line of the C. O. R'y. There is pasture for 100 head of cattle on said property; 20 or 30 tons of hay can be cut yearly. There are 18 bushels of fall grain sown and is in good condition. All the cleared land is well fenced and watered. There is a large quantity of valuable timber, cedar, &c., and also good frame buildings on it. I would sell all or part to suit purchaser. Terms, part cash and balance in yearly instalments. Immediate possession given. Title indisputable. For further information apply to E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc, Richard Farrell, Esq., Madoc, or to myself on the premises. All mineral rights go with the property.
MARY ANN NEWELLS.
Millbridge, May 18, '83. 318-6m

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and

HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, - - ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS!
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.
Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE(21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."
Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.
Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.
S. ROLLINS.

RECEIVING NOW:

Watermelons, Harvest Apples, Pears and Peaches,
Fresh Tomatoes, Peanuts and Lemons,
Hair Oils, Perfumerey, Combs, &c., &c.

We have a full stock of COMMON CANDIES; and our Fancy Candies are altogether of the CITY STYLES.
—OUR—
—ICE CREAM—
needs no puffing.
Luncheons as usual.
S. A. DAVIS.
Madoc, Aug. 1, 1883.

GIRLS WANTED.

THREE OR FOUR good girls wanted by the 1st of September, for general kitchen and house work, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville. Girls from the country preferred. Wages $5.00 a month.
Apply to the MATRON.
Madoc, August 7th, 1883. 329 3w

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V.S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Salesmen Wanted.
TO begin work at once on sales for Fall 1883, for the Fonthill Nurseries. The largest in Canada,
Messrs. Stone & Wellington, Prop's
We can start in addition to our already large force
100 Additional Canvassers,
and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing Photo, if possible) to
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.
April 12th, 1883. 312

W. C. REID,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, &c., &c.
CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO,
DESIRES to return thanks to his numerous customers for their continued and liberal patronage, and hopes, by a system of fair and liberal dealing, to merit a share of the patronage of the fruit-loving and tree-buying public generally. The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for spring planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
A sample of the Prentiss Grape can be seen at the Windsor House, Madoc.
Madoc, Dec. 14, 1882. 295

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to
JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.
July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

FURNITURE!

ALL new from the manufacturer and of A first-class quality. Hard-wood Bedroom Sets, Bedsteads, from $2.50 to $10; Parlor Sets, spring bottom Sofas and Chairs, and different kinds of Sideboards; Couches; Lounges, covered or plain; Bureaus; enclosed or open Washstands; kitchen Chairs from $2 per half dozen up to any price and quality. See our variety of Rocking Chairs, Picture Frames and Mouldings. Mark! as we PAY CASH DOWN, we guarantee quality as good and prices as low as any dealer in the Dominion
AT SCOTT'S,
adjoining the Grist Mill.
N.B.—Cash paid for eggs, hides, pelts and fur. Sales and valuations made throughout the County.
THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

The Delightful Climate which Entranced the Princess Louise.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* writes: Crossing over the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the pretty city of Victoria, we stood on British soil and enjoyed the far famed climate of Vancouver's Island. Seen from the sea the whole place presents a different character from the raw towns along Puget Sound, where shingles and shavings, paint and mortar-beds surround nearly every finished structure to tell of its newness. The solid red brick warehouse fronting along the harbor and the unmistakable signs of English solidity and stability on every hand carried convincing proof of the Briton's rule, without the Union Jack flying from all the official flagstaffs and buildings. There is a little bother with the custom-house inspections if you wish to land any baggage at Victoria, but as duty falls alike on articles imported from England or the United States, the stranger can not grumble more than the colonists themselves.

Whenever you hear anyone descant upon Victoria, the drives come in for chief mention after the climate, and in these two respects Victoria is entitled to precedence over any small spot on the continent. English rule had nothing to do with the climate which is mild and equable the year round, with an average temperature of 42 degrees for the month of January and 64 for the month of August, and every citizen relates with royal pride that the Princess Louise came here to spend two days and became so delighted that she remained two months and then left with regret that she could not stay longer. English rule is demonstrated, however, in the excellent roads that extend in every direction from the city, and the summer visitors, who come here from different parts of the Pacific coast, never find their longest stay half long enough to include all the attractive points within easy drive from Victoria. Convict labor has been employed in making the macadamized highways, and convicts are constantly at work now keeping them in perfect condition. A favorite drive is that leading from Victoria to the naval station on Esquimault Bay, which is known commonly as 'Squimo. The 'Squimo road follows part way beside a narrow and curving arm of the sea, through which the tide rushes like the swift current of a river, and half the way it unrolls its length between hedges of fern and undergrowth and walls of solid forest trees. Picturesque rocks, tangles of wild rose and sweet brier, and forest nooks dappled with sunshine here and there, make one continual picture along the road, and the occasional red jackets of the English marines and soldiers illuminate the landscape with brilliant touches of color. At 'Squimo the flagship Swift-Sure, under command of Admiral Lyon, lay at anchor, with its port holes open, and a general war-like and business air pertained to the huge man-of-war and the lesser ships and corvettes at the station. On the Swift-Sure alone there are 600 men, and looking at the great vessel, even the most patriotic American must blush for our own little navy and join in the chorus of "Britannia Rules the Sea."

All Victoria breathes the atmosphere of a past and greater grandeur, and the citizens feelingly revert to the time when British Columbia was a separate colony in itself, and Victoria the seat of the miniature court of the Governor-General and commander-in-chief of its forces. Those were the good old days to which no latter-day progress can approach, and it is with no heartfelt joy that the people celebrate "Dominion Day," when British Columbia and the two Provinces of Canada were made one. The recent visit of the Marquis of Lorne and all the flattering things he found time to say have gone far towards restoring the political complacency of these people, and it requires no insistance to make them believe that you consider Victoria the most charming spot in the country. English traits and English customs are maintained as well here as in the home island, and a charming friendliness exists between this colony and the United States. "Dominion Day" falls on July 1, and the celebration of it hardly exceeds the spirit with which the glorious Fourth of their American cousins across the line is observed, and the first week of July is the gala season at Victoria. With only twenty-three miles of salt water separating them from American shores there is one material difference that no one fails to observe. In Victoria everyone takes life easily, and things move in a slow and accustomed groove, as if sanctioned by the customs of centuries on this same spot. The stores close every afternoon at 6 o'clock, although at this season daylight lasts for three and four hour later, and business men go home to their comfortable roast beef and pudding as if the fever and activity of American trade and competition were far away and unheard of. Every separate article that you wish to buy is kept in a different kind of store than in America, and between the chemist, the stationer, the haberdasheries and the green groceries many of the perplexities of London shopping assail you in Victoria. The climax comes, however, when the young man at the postoffice window turns on you a look of surprise and bids you go to the bookstore to buy postage stamps, forsooth!

A Household Word.

Nothing distinctly metropolitan has taken so firm a hold of the affections of the travelling public, nor become so thoroughly a household word, as has the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot, New York City. At present, thousands upon thousands are daily recommending their friends to accord their patronage to the Grand Union, regarding it as they do an next to their own home. Its more than 600 rooms, at $1 and upwards per day, are the cheapest to be obtained in any strictly first-class hotel in New York; while its restaurant, cafe, lunch and wine rooms are without rival. In stopping at this hotel the traveller not only saves the expense of baggage transfer, but carriage hire, while the accommodations secured are strictly first-class and at moderate prices.

Our friends on the other side are beginning to talk about their possible candidates for the next Presidential election. There is no one on either side with very pronounced claims. But this is all the better, for in general it is a race of nobodies and the darker the horse the greater the likelihood of his ultimate triumph.

Women's Fan.

After suffering "the bigamies of death" from an attack of "inflammation in the borax," Mrs. Partington threw herself back in her easy chair and remarked: there's no blessing like health, particularly when you are sick."

A little girl's essay on a cow: "A cow is a big brown animal. It has four legs, one on each corner, and a tail behind. It is a very beautiful animal, the cow is. It gives us milk, butter, cheese and knife-handles. The cow is a woman animal."

Considering the public way in which ladies carry their purses, it is strange that thieves do not snatch them oftener. Perhaps, though, the thieves have found out that the purses are like human heads—the higher they are carried the less there is in them.

"Do you fear lightning, Miss Fitzroy?", inquired De Maurice tenderly, as he saw the gathering storm in the west. "Y-e-e-s, I am somewhat frightened. But the lightning never seems to strike me, although most of the girls of my very set are engaged.

When a man is escorting his wife to the depot, where she will bid him good-bye for a month or so in the country, he should be careful not to sing "tum-te-dum-tiddy" above his breath, or she may conclude to remain at home. This is given to you straight under the shoulder.

"Never say 'Mrs. So-and-So's young ones,' said a Philadelphia lady to her young hopeful; "rats have young ones, people have children." "That may be all right about Mrs. So-and-So," answered the boy; "I don't know her; but Mrs. Smith has young ones, for I heard her call one of them a 'little rat.'"

"How is it," asked Mrs. Fogg, "that you take so much interest in other women's faces and dresses, and none in anything that belongs to me?" "When you go to a strange city," replied Fogg, "you run about to see all the places of interest; but you never think of visiting the lions of your native town."

Supporting our Friends.

There is no limit but ability to the obligation upon parents to care for their children, or upon children to care for their parents, while such assistance is necessary. Brothers and sisters are under similar obligations as regards each other. But how about more remote relations—cousins and uncles and aunts—who are connected with us by consanguinity—stepfathers and stepmothers, brothers' widows and sisters' widowers, and the host of others with whom we have no kinship, and who yet seem to "belong" to us! Have they any special claim upon us? Are we under any greater obligation to interest ourselves in their affairs, to sympathize with them in their misfortunes and to extricate them from their difficulties, than we are as regards other people, not in any way connected with us, under similar circumstances? Has any improvident uncle a right to draw when he is "in a pinch" on the purse of his thrifty nephew! Or a scallawag of the Montague Tigg or Dick Swiveller stamp to reproach his cousin with heartlessness when the latter declines to be squeezed? Have all one's wife's relations a rightful claim on our means? Does the mere accident of blood relationship—to confine ourselves to that—entitle one to make requisitions at his convenience or pleasure, upon those so connected with him? We hardly think it. It does not very clearly appear that any one is bound to do more for relations, outside the family proper, than for chance acquaintances or strangers. If we are disposed to help them and have opportunity, well enough; but if we are able to help any one who is in need we are bound—equally bound—to do it. These remote relations come under the general obligation of benevolence, not under any special obligation arising out of their connection with us.

California not so Golden.

Prolific as are the vineyards and orchards of Southern California there are many drawbacks to the prosperity of farmers and fruit-growers in that region. The market is limited, and any surplus must be disposed of at ruinous rates. A shrewd and careful merchant of Chicago, John A. Tyrrell, after an extended tour through the state, makes some statements that sound strangely in comparison with the roseate experiences of other tourists. Mr. Tyrrell says: "The best fruit farms have bankrupted many of the owners and nearly bankrupted the remainder. The cause of this is the very high freights that have to be paid before the markets are reached. The owners of fruit farms are always on the watch for strangers—every man wanting to sell out. Cultivators of the vine, he says, look forward with gloomy forebodings to the future fearing that the phylloxera, which has appeared in Southtrn California, will work a destruction similar to that which it has effected in France. Besides this Mr. Tyrrell adds, "the commerce of the coast is dying out. The population of San Francisco has not materially increased for seven years. When the mining is done the state is doomed." A deficiency of rain, with the consequent necessity for irrigation, renders the cultivation of the sandy soil unprofitable, and there is discontent and suffering among immigrants and colonies of settlers who are without substantial capital to rely upon in case of need. This is a sad and unsatisfactory reverse to the metallic splendor with whose glittering obverse the public has become familiar through years of bonanza mining and boasted prosperity.

Steel Nails.

At first the extra cost of steel nails was one and a half cents per pound, or $1.50 per keg, but it has now been reduced to $1. The great advantage of the steel nails is that they can be driven into hardwood as easily as an iron nail will go into a pine board. Steel nails have been driven into a white oak knot without bending. Nothing else is now used in laying hardwood floors, as they require no boring, but are driven readily. For all kinds of finish they are especially adapted, and as so much hard finish is now employed, their use must be on the increase. They are also used largely by builders, and box makers are increasing their demand for them. Box makers have been using the better grade of iron nails, as they desire those that can be drawn and redriven.

LORD ELPHINSTONE ON THE NORTH-WEST.

Its Future Assured.

At the recent meeting of the shareholders of the Canada North-west Land Company in England, the chairman (Lord Elphinstone) said:

"I may perhaps be allowed to draw a parallel between the Canadian North-west and the neighboring state of Minnesota. Five or six years ago the northern part of Minnesota was less thickly populated than Manitoba is now, and again I turn to the railway returns as a proof of the prosperity of that country. The principal line of railway through the State, one in which I am myself interested, was a single line of rail running from St. Paul northwards towards the Canadian boundary. It has now a line along both banks of the Red River, and many branches and has not only been able to pay large dividends to its shareholders, but it has been able out of its surplus receipts to construct some hundreds of miles of branch lines during the last year or two. No, gentlemen, I ask you is it to be supposed that the prosperity which exists, and incontestably exists, in Minnesota, is to stop short at the boundary-line of posts between that State and the Province of Manitoba; and that the line of iron posts, that alone mark the division between the two countries, is to bar the road to progress? (Hear, hear.) It is impossible that it can do so; the prosperity that exists, the energy that is displayed on one side of the line, must extend, and is extending rapidly on the other. And now, gentlemen, I will not detain you longer, I have touched upon the past, the present and, as far as I have dared, I have ventured to lift the veil and look to the future of this great company in which we are all so much interested. I have shown you that the country is rapidly filling up; I have shown you that trade is increasing; I have shown you that railways, the great pioneers of trade and wealth, are in rapid progress throughout the country. The picture I have endeavored to draw is undoubtedly a bright one, and I intended it should be so; but I speak from no hearsay evidence, from no reports given me by visionary enthusiasts. I speak from my own personal knowledge of the country. (Hear, hear.) If any one has any doubt upon the matter let him do as I have done. I have been out there every year for the last four years, and I intend to go out again this year. I have watched the growth of the country, and I have seen with an almost bewildered astonishment the marvellous development that year by year takes place. None can form the slightest conception of what is going on. If any one doubts I say to him, "Go and do likewise," and I am satisfied he will return convinced of the truth of what I state, and he will return a wiser and a happier man. (Cheers.) Depend upon it that what he will see is but the bud, the germ, of the prosperity that he will see in the not distant future. A cloud, of course, may pass over the landscape; we may receive a check—no man can say, but depend upon it that if the cloud does pass over it will be but a passing shadow. It will pass away, and the landscape will be brighter than ever. But looking soberly, and judging by plain facts as they stand revealed before us, we have every reason to feel confidence in the success of the enterprise in which you have embarked your money. (Cheers.)

The Wheat Crop.

The August Report of the Bureau of Industries on the wheat crop is not, we regret to say, as satisfactory as could be desired, the crop, both as to quantity and quality being in a great degree inferior to last year's crop. Last year's crop, however, was an unusual—indeed an extraordinary—one, and no fair comparison can be made. Last year, according to the statistics collected by the Bureau, the area under wheat was 1,775,337 acres, the produce 40,921,201 bushels, and the average yield per acre 23 bushels. This year the area is 1,691,603 acres, the produce (as estimated by correspondents) 27,398,393 bushels, and the average yield per acre 16 bushels. For the two years the average would therefore be 19·7 bushels per acre. It is possible, however that the results of the threshing season may modify to some extent the figures for this year. The uneven character of the crop makes it difficult to estimate the yield of Fall Wheat, and Spring Wheat is liable to be affected by rust and the attacks of insects. The crop of Fall Wheat in the eastern portion of the province is not much below that of last year. In the western counties, where there is a great depth of alluvial soil, the rust has produced its worst effects, and the grain is considerably shrunken. Insect pests are not numerous, but the presence of the midge and the Hessian fly is noted, in some localities. With the favourable harvest weather of the past three weeks the crop will no doubt be housed in good condition. The breadth of Spring Wheat is nearly the same as last year, although seeding operations were hindered by rainy weather. On all high or well-drained lands it made fine progress throughout July, and unless injured by rust or insects it promises a larger yield than last year's crop. The recent cool and bright weather has been very favourable to its maturity, but the midge, the weevil and the Hessian fly are reported in all the best Spring Wheat districts. The extent of the damage done by these pests, however, cannot be fully known until the grain is ripe.

It is scarcely worth while to dwell on the folly of violence and assassination as a means of promoting liberty and political enfranchisement, for it is scarcely within the range of possibility that there is one of our readers who has the slightest doubt on the subject, or would raise a finger in support of the wild schemes either of the Nihilists or the Invincibles. No man of any sense would hesitate about declaring that the murders in the Phœnix Park were huge blunders from the liberty point of view. They wrought beautifully into the hands of the coercionists and oppressors, and if it had been the intention of the plotters and executors of the infamy to discredit the Irish cause and to discourage the friends of freedom, a better or more effectual course could not have been pursued. Neither civil or religious liberty has ever advanced a single step by such means and the sooner all hot-headed unenlightened zealots take a note of this and regulate their conduct accordingly, the better for all concerned.

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There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

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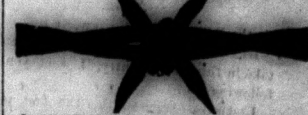

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HAMILTON, ONT.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

FIVE MINUTES' SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy, and Pointed.

DOMESTIC.

W. H. Cummins, Kingston, Ont., has been drowned at Lorette.

An almost sudden death from Canadian cholera is reported from Quebec.

Lumbermen in large bodies are leaving the Ottawa district for the States.

The Mennonite settlement in Manitoba has raised 150,000 bushels in grain.

Thieves dock the cattle in the Montreal live stock yards of their tails for the hair to sell.

H. M. S. Canada, with Prince George on board, has sailed from Halifax to Newfoundland.

The fast New York weeklies will not be permitted to enter Winnipeg through the mails.

The police of London, Ont., have been instructed not to interfere with the Salvation army.

Across the Narrows of Halifax harbor a combined railway bridge and wharf are to be built.

The national fete of the Acadians was celebrated at Buctouch, N. B., in great style.

Kingston firemen went to Cape Vincent, met no competitors, received $100 and returned.

Geo. Lauder, of Hamilton, has been punished for assaulting Thos. Stout, a Salvation army warrior.

Judge Alleyn, resident county judge for Rimouski, died suddenly from heart disease recently.

Harry Aikman, 23, fell off a load on his father's farm in Ancaster and was kicked to death by the horses.

Hamilton people are indignant with their city council because it does not hasten to appoint a food inspector.

A petition has been circulated asking that the Great Western division authorities put a stop to the constant whistling of engines within the limits of London, Ont.

The London Junction Railway is making rapid progress and the Credit Valley will soon be running into the Forest City.

An unknown woman between 70 and 75 years of age fell from a train at Hamilton, in an apoplectic fit and died.

Roger Baker, a telephone boy at London, Ont., was given a holiday, went out shooting, and returned home with a bullet in his leg.

The Halifax bricklayers are protesting against the importation of English bricklayers to work on the new sugar refinery building.

A. B. Sheraton, carpet dealer at St. John, N. B., has assigned with liabilities of $100,000. The creditors are principally in England.

Arthur Curtain found a Spanish half doubloon near Windsor, N. S., last week. It bears date 1769. The young man was offered $18 for the coin but refused to part with it.

The hotel-keepers of Montreal intend testing the validity of the Quebec License Act of 1879, it is said with good prospects of success.

The Saved Army, a rival of the Salvationists, has attacked Napanee. It has been in existence six months, and claims to have done great work.

The Franco-Canadian Colonization Company have bought the Hall estate from Mr. Senecal for $2,500,000. Mr. Senecal's profit is $500,000

The Victoria School of Medical declines to obey Archbishop Taschereau's letter, and will continue in operation, and enter a civil suit against Laval.

Mr. McShane, M.P.P., of Montreal, has entered into a contract with the French Government to ship fifteen thousand head of Canadian cattle to France.

An inaugural excursion trip was made over the Selkirk branch of the Canadian Pacific railway the other day. The branch is 52 miles long and cost $10,000 a mile to build.

The by-law appropriating money for the erection of a town hall in London East has been declared invalid owing to the necessary thirty days' publication of notice not having been observed.

F. B. McNamee & Co., have received the contract for building the link line connecting the Grand Trunk with the North Shore Railway, a distance of seven miles. The price is $250,000.

The Quebec Courts hold that the Legislature was not acting *ultra vires* when it passed the Act under which Montreal passed a by-law against the smoke nuisance. Notice of appeal has been given.

A committee has been appointed at Niagara Falls, Ont., to try and induce the Canada Southern to build yards, shops, etc., there. A meeting of ratepayers disapproved the action of the town council against the railway locating its works within the town limits.

Mr. McTaggart, a bailiff of Fergus in company with Peter Wenger, started in a buggy from Elmira to Elora, and at about midnight McTaggart was found dead in a barn near Floradale. He had a severe gash in his head and had his neck broken. There are suspicions of foul play, and an inquest will be held.

UNITED STATES.

A case of yellow fever is reported at the navy yard, Pensacola, Florida.

Heavy rains have fallen throughout Virginia, and the crops are greatly benefitted.

The Builder's Union, of New York, have induced all non-unionists to join and avoid a strike.

Fish Bros. & Hall, of Duluth, Minn., lumbermen, have failed. Liabilities unknown.

Sixty shoe lasters have struck in St. Louis and thrown 300 other workmen out of employment.

Frederick W. Maullin, a grain broker of New York, failed yesterday. The liabilities are small.

The opium duties at San Francisco for the last fiscal year were over a million dollars in excess of the previous year.

The railroad passenger war between Chicago and St. Louis has ended and the competing roads have formed a pool.

The Farmers' Bank of Richmond, Ind., has not re-opened and will probably be wound up and depositors paid in full.

A Prohibition State Convention met at Eaton Rapids, Mich. Over 300 delegates were present. A scheme was devised to raise a campaign fund of $100,000.

The Clan-Na-Gael association of Chicago, is proud of the man who killed Carey. Congressman Finerty said so. He further said they wanted no interference from Cardinal or Pope.

At Oakland, Miss., Joe Payne, a negro who murdered Thomas Tayles for the object of robbing, and mutilated the remains horribly, was hanged by the unanimous vote of the citizens.

Through Augustus Schell and Cornelius Vanderbilt as trustees the Canada Southern has offered in New York $6,000,000 in second mortgage bonds at 5 per cent. to raise money to build a line from Welland to the Niagara river.

The general feeling among New York business men is that the liquidations now in progress will ultimately have a beneficial effect.

THE OLD WORLD.

Don Carlos is in Paris.

The workshops at La Seyne, France, dockyard have been burned.

The Agricultural Holdings Bill passed its third reading in the Commons.

The assertion that Mr. Gladstone subscribed to the Confederate cotton loan is untrue.

Cardinal Howard is at Kissingen for his health, and not to confer with Prince Bismarck.

Rev. Robert Knox, one of the leaders of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, died at Belfast recently.

The chief of the Austrian staff is making a tour of inspection of the forts on the Roumanian frontier.

A portion of the Italian squadron has been despatched eastward from Gibraltar under sealed orders.

Berlin despatches state that China will not hesitate to defend her suzerainity over Annam with the sword.

There has been a two-days' battle between Cetewayo's followers and Usibepu, and the latter was defeated and fled.

The *New Era*, a Nihilist paper, has appeared in St. Petersburg. It says the Nihilists are deliberating, not weakening.

The French Government has decided to expel Boland, the Belgian journalist who declared that he bribed two deputies.

The frequency and magnitude of the riotous demonstrations against the Jews in Austria cause the authorities great alarm.

The Khedive visited the hospitals in Alexandria and spoke words of encouragement to the cholera sufferers.

Serious riots have been caused by the posting of notices at the Government buildings, Vienna, offensive to the Croatians.

The express train running from Paris to Amsterdam met with an accident between Malines and Vilvorde, and several passengers were killed.

The London *Telegraph* states that M. Waddington, French Ambassador, has received more conciliatory instructions relative to the Tamative affair.

For the first seven months of 1883 there was an increase of fifty-eight million francs in the imports into France, and a decrease of fifty million francs in the export.

Redmond, the National League representative in Australia, denies that his mission has failed, and expects to send five hundred pounds to Ireland every week.

At a banquet at which twelve hundred persons were present speeches were made in favour of Prince Victor, son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, as Chief of the Bonapartists.

Female Recreations.

Says the New York *Mail and Express*: Several women followed the hounds in the first hunt of the Newport season yesterday, and horseback riding is rapidly increasing in favor as a feminine pastime. It is said that dancing was never so little in vogue at the summer resorts as during the present season, and fashionable women affect a preference for tennis and the tricycle, while even the dudes declare their devotion to manly sports. It is not difficult for persons who believe that whatever is fashionable in England is sure to become fashionable in the United States to understand this condition of things, for since Queen Victoria purchased a supply of tricycles for her grandchildren that vehicle has become a favorite with the young girls of England, and the popularity of lawn tennis among Englishwomen is well known. So excellent are the results of healthful outdoor recreations for women that it is desirable to have the present fashion made permanent. It is a common boast that American women are more beautiful than those of any other country, but it is to be feared that the foundation for the boast will soon disappear unless our women can be induced to take more exercise in the open air. The good health of Englishwomen is attributable to their practice of walking several miles with daily regularity, and it would be a national benefit if the custom were adopted by the women of the United States. Among the indications of a growing taste for out-door recreations for females in this country is the fact that more good feminine swimmers are to be seen at the ocean beaches than in previous seasons.

The eighth commandment was all very well at the time it was written, but it is altogether too narrow for these days. It should be withdrawn, to read something like this: "Thou shalt not steal; neither shalt thou embezzle, purloin, commit grand or petit larceny, or obtain money by false pretences; thou shalt not be guilty of breach of trust; thou shalt not indulge in shoplifting (unless you are respectable enough to prove that kleptomania is hereditary in the family); thou shalt not duplicate thy pay accounts."

THE UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT.

The Story of Fate an Arkansas Man Told.

Some time ago the writer visited Prof. Gallnet, of Little Rock, Ark., and while sitting in the library, engaged in conversation with the entertaining gentleman, observed a roll of manuscript tied with a strip of black cloth. We asked him if it were something designed for publication.

"It will never be published," he said, and began to unroll it. "See how it ends," and glancing at the bottom of the last page we read the following: "While he sat alone, deeply musing, a hearse passed the house, and—" here the sentence broke off. Requesting, almost imploring, the Professor to tell us the history of the curious manuscript, he finally consented.

"I came to Arkansas when I was a young man. One night I sat in my library writing a story for a magazine. I was in good health and had cause to feel elated over the success I had just attained by the publication of a small volume of sketches, but still I felt the heavy weight of melancholy depression. I arose and walked out, but soon returned, not experiencing any change. I bent myself to the work of writing a dreary story and worked with surprising rapidity until I wrote 'A hearse passed the house and—' Here I stopped. A strange presentiment told me that I would never finish the sentence. Next day I took up my pen to finish it, but I had not touched the paper with the pen when a piercing shriek caused me to spring to my feet and rush from the room just in time to see a horse, attached to a buggy, dashing wildly toward my gate. A frightened woman was in the buggy and I rescued her. I put the manuscript away and devoted myself to my new acquaintance; our friendship grew into love and finally we married. Then followed ten years of happiness. I did not tell my wife of the unfinished manuscript, but one day she found it and begged me to finish it. I did not like to confess my foolish fears, and finally I told her that I would. The next night, after my wife had gone to bed, I took down the story and read it over. I would finish it for her sake. I took up the pen and was just in the act of touching the paper when my wife called me. I ran to her and found her in a dying condition, having being attacked by rheumatism of the heart."

"Have you ever attempted since to finish it?"

"Yes. After my wife had been dead for several years I determined one night to finish the story. I went to the desk, but had no sooner dipped my pen in the ink when a noise in an adjoining room attracted my attention. Hnrrying into the room I found my son on the floor dead. He had always been in wretched health and had committed suicide."

"Do you ever expect to finish the story?"

"I expect to try again. It is impossible for me to remain superstitious, even though I may have a powerful cause for doing so. Of course, all this would have happened even if I had not begun the story. I think that next Tuesday night, if I feel like it, I shall devote myself to the completion of the work, for I desire to see it in print. Come up and see me start off."

We were busy when Tuesday night came, and—cowardly confession—were not sorry when something kept us away. Early Wednesday morning we hurried to the house where for years the professor had lived. The horrible thought seized us that he had taken up his pen to finish the story and had fallen dead. Some time elapsed before we had the courage to knock at the door. At last we rapped.

No answer.

Another rap.

No answer.

With blood almost at freezing point, and with hair standing erect, we shoved open the door. The old man sat leaning back in his chair, eating pie.

"Come in," he said cheerfully. "You see I have just finished that story, and it gave me an appetite for pie. Pie's a good thing to eat after you finish up a story, but you want to wait until you are through writing."

"Did you hear any strange noises?" we asked "when you began to write."

"Well, yes. A calf over in the adjoining yard bawled for a while. Oh, yes, you are thinking about that story I told you some time ago. Why, my dear fellow, you should not have been so foolish as to have believed me. I never was married, you know. Have some pie."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Mineral Riches of Tonquin.

Its gold mines, says a writer in the Paris *Figaro*, can rival those of California and Australia. The natives use that metal for exchange; the females of the Muongs of the Black River, on their way to and from market, gamble with thousands of francs' worth of it, without caring whether they win or lose. The mines of Talan, near Yuen-Kiang, on the Red River, were visited by the Commission of the Meikong, who found gold there in bars as well as dust. Still higher near the source of the Red River, the precious metal is obtained in large quantities. Silver also is not rare, and copper is found everywhere, all the domestic utensils of the people being made of this metal. The tin mines are not worked for want of capital, although those worked near Mong-tsza, in Yunnan, near the Red River, are the most valuable known to exist. Zinc, lead, iron, and bismuth are also known. The coal mines, however, are the most important of all. Tonquin produces also musk, tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl, wax, silk, peacocks' feathers, as well as those of the blue pheasant, and other birds of brilliant plumage. "In short," concludes the *Figaro*, "it is a rich country, and worth the trouble of occupying it."

An exchange says that a few nights ago, while a Baptist minister was attending divine service, a negro boy and two women took the preacher's horse and buggy and drove them nearly to death. This account illustrates the extreme of refined cruelty. How that buggy must have suffered! What agonizing screams must have been wrenched from that poor buggy as it jolted over the hard-pan roadway! We seriously object to lynching on general principles, but in extreme cases like this—well, we could willing see lynch law take its stern, relentless course. No fate is hard enough for the fiend who drives a buggy to within an inch and a half of death's door and leaves it exposed to the fury of the elements.

LIFE IN LONDON.

Sunday in Petticoat Lane.

After entering the great thoroughfare of St Mary Axe, E. C., by Leadenhall street, keep straight ahead, leaving the old Church of St. Mary at the Axe on your right, and you will set foot in the land of Israel. St Mary Axe—"Simmery Axe," according to the pronunciation of the natives—is built on the site occupied in mediæval ages by the good monks of Bury's Abbey. It early became a favorite resort of Hebraic commercial activity. Two old rhymes describe the Jews of the period:

Jews from St. Mary Axe for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary.

At the end of the street is a mart, or rather a labyrinth of marts, or clothes exchanges. On week days hawkers, purchasers and loungers have access to it on the payment of one penny per day. Wholesale buyers and dealers pay three pence. On Sundays admission is free. The place is unprepossessing, indifferently roofed, and not savory. Noisy activity prevailed at the booths when I first visited it on a week day. There was not a Christian in the market. Strong men with big bags, sharp youths with distorted parcels, and bearded enchantresses with doubtful bundles were incessantly coming in and emptying their loads. Little gentleness was displayed in the proceedings, which reminded me of the manner in which scavengers discharge their wares. Lots of hats, bonnets, boots, dresses, coats and uniforms were shuffled out on the pavement, raising clouds of dust. The sorting was quickly done. Even the most wretched rags, magically handled, soon got stretched out in a marketable shape. There are sly contractors in those regions who drive a first class trade by giving an artificial lustre to the most shabby articles, and by freshening those most crushed.

The day was hot. I saw many hands on the threshold of the small houses lining the narrow streets and lanes bordering the marts, all needles, hair pencils, brushes, paints, and dyes. In the middle of one street, leading out of the celebrated Petticoat lane, the most famous track of the rag fair, two artists with paint brushes and pots of black paint feverishly moved around a tottering trestle. They were giving a final touch to an incredible lot of forlorn garments which were prospering under the treatment. The cloths were reviving, the buttons rallying, and the silky materials were renewing their youth.

But Sunday is the day on which the great rag fair is to be seen. The best time is in the morning, when Christians ought to be at church. I was there a little while ago. The heat was almost intolerable. The bells had just begun to ring for the morning prayers at St. Botolph in Bishopsgate, where is buried the great merchant, Sir Paul Pindar, the celebrated money lender of James I., Charles I., and Charles II., who lived hard by. A bevy of children and of flower girls were buzzing about the streets selling, at a penny apiece, roses which would have adorned a queen's table. "Good luck to you," sweetly said a rosy little girl, with remarkably loving blue eyes, of whom I had bought a rose. Poor little darling, she was as grateful as though she had received a ten shilling piece.

The marts and streets are full. The rag fair is in all its glory. "Buy, buy, buy!" roar hundreds of husky and panting voices. "Won't ye 'ave the bloody lot for five bob and a tanner? This his no second 'and rot. Come to the hold fine gents. Hall stunners, hall!"

"Buy, buy, buy! Hask for Aaron's braces my boys. "Ere his a two years' wear for sixpence. Buy, gents, buy!"

"Buy, buy, friends! Look 'ere—a coat of Saville row. You will 'ave it for a dollar honly because I want to give hit away and to go to my mother. Well, 'pon my word and 'onor, the lining halone is worth twenty bob."

"Buy! 'Ere is a sock for a kick, three pairs for a tanner, hall new. The hunrivalled firm. None of your miserly habatements and discount tricks."

"Buy, buy! 'Ere is a new suit complete for fifteen bob. No shickery shoddy with hus. Don't be bashful. Tell me where yer 'onor can present 'imself with a sit-upon for three bob like this 'ere harticle. Come on; close hit; shell out; friend. Don't let this 'ere gent take ye for a sweep."

"Buy, buy! Cawn't ye stop for 'alf a second? Gaze at that 'ere new topper, and if ye meet with a masher in the park with a more haristocratic harticle, my name ain't Abealom. It's honly four and six. None of your fibs of tanner and flatch."

"Buy, buy! 'Ere is a silk 'andkerchief for a kick; the best flannel shirts never hoffered for sale for two bob; a pair of drawers as worn by the royal princes and the late John Brown for a twelfer."

Here is a short woman, with the waist of a lifeboatman, ready for action, with an ugly wig, a terribly hooked nose, a rancid complexion, and eyes that a duchess would give her dukedom for. She calls me "my friend" first, and then more affectionately "my dear." She would feel better if she could sell me some of those jewels to take them to "my darling" at home, who, she is sure will be much disappointed if I don't. Although I resist her entreaties, she does cease to be agreeable.

But what is that tremendous uproar hard by? It must be a violent quarrel, for voices are fierce, and their unharmonious strains mingle with the sounds of hard blows. Not a bit of it. This tumult simply proceeds from a dozen or so of self-sacrificing men engaged in disposing, as they say, against their own interest, of an unprecedented bargain in clothes. Nothing beats the intenseness which immolation kindles. The philanthropists are getting quite mad about it. More than partially undressed, screaming as for life, the water running down their swollen faces, stamping and fuming, entirely pumped out, now and then they fold up with rage and beat with fury the articles they have praised the most, as the acrobat lashes the child that misses a trick.

Petticoat lane is so full that I am forced to the contemplation of a display of variously sized sausages sold by Abraham, who claims the invention of no less a boon than the celebrated German wurst. I am so long pinned there that I fall into fruitless reflections as to how the Hebrew reconciles the commands of his faith with the commerce in pork. However, a brisk trade is going on there also, but it is only fair to add that unprejudiced Christians considerably swell on Sundays the crowd of Jewish purchasers.

The middle of the street is occupied by a long line of trunks full of cheap articles. A man selling gingerbread is using ungantle language to a boy who cries and protests that he has given the costermonger a shilling. The Jew denies it. The majority of the crowd sympathize with the child. Nothing daunted the Israelite pledged himself by the "bloody" life of every one of us that he shall never return to the boy what the boy never gave. There are symptoms of a free fight. A tall police officer rams through the crowd, inquires, and the Jew breaks his oath and hands over the disputed coin. This is the only quarrel I witnessed in the fair.

The locality seems doomed to be transformed. Half of Petticoat lane has already abandoned its popular name, and is called Middlesex street. At the corner of this section of it and of Tripe yard, an unengaging spot, I suddenly beheld, but only for one second, one of the most perfect faces of women the imagination can conceive. The admirable creature had eyes and hair blacker than nature, with a divine mouth and a complexion of marble. She was tall. She must have been twenty years old. She made for the tavern at the corner of the yard and of the street, a dull saloon with a loan office attached. I hastened to see more of her, but she had disappeared. If her soul is as refined as her person, what a horrible life must be hers in those parts!

A few yards off another loan office loans money daily from £3 to £300. If you want money you can easily obtain it, provided you have quite overcome the prejudices you may have been reared in with regard to big interest, for money lenders are not scarce in the rag fair.

But here is something cheaper—a glass of sparkling, but not intoxicating, champagne for a penny. The crowd is not thin around the booth, and its noise sounds queer with the voice of an old cripple mournfully bawling, "A poem in memory of 184 little ones who died by a sad calamity at Sunderland."

"Aye a look at these ere beautiful jewels," says a young woman to her companion. "They ain't dear—a lot of unredeemed pledges." It is at the corner of a street leading out of Petticoat lane. The shop is small and low. The wares are of a mixed kind. There are hams, biscuits, cheese, all descriptions of salt and oiled fish, and other goods. The window of the shop is raised. On a table placed inside against it is an assortment of gems, watches, chains, and medals. Business is transacted on both sides of the window. An old Jew, with a thin and remarkably fine face, dressed like a man ready for a call in Mayfair, is effecting the sale. In many shops there are to be noticed men of the same well-to-do aspect, giving you the idea that many of the old, black, rickety stores are rented by men who generally dwell in a different hemisphere.

Jews from all lands have established themselves on this spot. Lazarus, Breslau Israel, Abraham, Fernandez, Solomon, David, Rodriguez, Tarina, Ismael, Aaron, Nathan, Samson, Moses, Cassel, Naberro, Jacob, and other Biblical or geographical names, of which many repeatedly appear on houses often marked by the Hebrew characters, testify to the fact. Everywhere you meet them—in White Rose court, an ugly narrow passage; in Baker and Bull courts which are not an inch better, and in Cutler, Ellison, and White streets, the rivals of Petticoat lane. The interior of the squalid houses in which the members of this curious settlement live is mostly well kept and comparatively clean. The race certainly does not fear the water. Indeed, it has made the article an object of trade. I saw in an unlovely lane, where vegetables, meat, and fish were sold at fabulously low figures, the following words written on the wall:

Hot water sold here from 6 A. M. to 12 P. M.

Not many yards from that spot resided at Crosby Hall Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III., the cruel murderer of the children of Edward IV., his nephews

Talking.

Why is it that women have generally so much the advantage over men in the matter of talk? Not, of course, over all men, for there are some of the tougher sex that can talk and talk and talk any one woman both blind and dumb. But as a general thing the women have it. What is the use of that man in Tennyson's "Brook" telling what he suffered for "Katy's sake?" We are bound to believe that a great many have suffered a great deal more from Katy herself, or from some of her sisters. Just let them get started and they go on forever and a day. It does not matter what the subject is. A girl fresh from a fashionable boarding school, a "superior party" in the common room of a country hotel that keeps boarders, a successful whiskey seller's wife, or the "lady" of a man that has made his pile dabbling in bank stocks or land scrip, a woman that is first cousin to a Church of England clergyman's wife, or the very pronounced authority on theatrical matters and church socials. Indeed, anything or any one. How loud to be sure they talk! How they do lay down the law! How they do dwell upon charades and *tableaux vivants!* How solemnly they think that in these days professing Christians cannot be too careful! How they proclaim on the house tops that when they were about to be married their inexorable papa required them to make "one shirt each!" How private theatricals "with a religious turn" are exceedingly useful in "church schools" and colleges for giving the "young lady pupils" ease in ordinary life, etc., etc.! Oh, dear, to be sure! And all the while it is as impossible as it was for Captain Webb to swim the whirlpool to convince these women that they are ridiculously vulgar talkers all the same.

At the seaside; "Why, dear, we must have a nurse; the baby is teething, and will cry all night." "Well, let him yell; those stuck-up neighbors of ours, the Joneses, are in the next boarding-house. If they hear him they will recognize his voice, and know that we are at the shore, too."

A case in point: "You know, love," said an elderly maiden at Mount Desert, "it makes one look from six to ten years younger every time one crosses the ocean." "Why, aunty," hereupon ventured a pert young minx, sitting by, "you've crossed so often, I wonder you don't look immensely young."

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 30, 1883.

METHODIST UNION.

This week virtually decides the subject of Methodist Union. The Quarterly Boards of the Methodist Episcopal Church have almost unanimously passed the basis. It only remains for the Canada Methodist General Conference, now in session in Belleville, to pass it, and the Bible Christian Conference in session at Exeter, to decide what they will do with the action of the Home Conference in advising them to wait a year before they decide to enter the proposed union. The eyes of Methodism throughout the world are looking with anxiety on Canadian Methodism this week.

A CHANGE NEEDED.

Something must be radically wrong with the management of this end of the Midland Railway, so much so, in fact, that if an improvement is not soon made we may feel called on to "put something in the paper" about it. We have several times *hinted* that the people of this village and vicinity were treated to very scanty accommodation, but a trip over the line yesterday between Madoc and Belleville revealed the naked truth to us in all its disgracefulness. From Monday evening until the time of writing this, the passenger accommodation to and from Madoc has been confined to a combined smoking-postal-and-baggage car. Wednesday morning some Madoc ladies got on at Belleville, and had hardly seated themselves in this *first class* smoking crib when in rushed a half-drunken crowd of between 20 and 30 shanty men who filled the place to suffocation. Through the kindness of Conductor Kerr the ladies were rescued and allowed to ride to Madoc in the postal department, but were obliged to listen to the blasphemous conversation of the men all the way out. If passengers paying first class fare are to be treated to such tenth class accommodation, the public will have to know who is responsible.

Another grievance presented itself this week when the afternoon mail train was timed to leave here at 4 o'clock instead of 2 o'clock as formerly. By this arrangement the management have admirably succeeded in fixing it so that both passengers and mail for the Grand Trunk miss all connection for the day, and are obliged to lay over in Belleville all night. Comment is unnecessary.

RAT PORTAGE TROUBLES

THE "GLOBE'S" CORRESPONDENT CHASTISED FOR VILIFICATION.

Rat Portage, Aug. 25.—An altercation took place to-day between Mr. McKenzie, of this town, and W. H. Williams, the *Globe* correspondent, respecting assertions which appeared in the *Globe* affecting McKenzie's character. He wished Williams to withdraw the assertions. The latter refused, when McKenzie gave him a slap across the mouth. They then closed upon each other and had a scuffle. A Manitoba constable laid information against McKenzie before the Manitoba magistaate, and he was fined $1 and costs, Williams laid information against McKenzie in the Ontario Court, and after a long argument and evidence being taken, although McKenzie produced a certificate of his having been fined by the Manitoba police magistrate for the same offence, he was at last discharged. McKenzie has laid charges against Williams for assault.

During the recent anti-Jewish riots at Ekaterinoslav, Russia, 346 houses were wrecked and plundered, the loss being estimated at 611,000 roubles. Eighty houses belonging to Jews were wrecked at Berchadi, their unfortunate inhabitants being left without shelter. Three days' rioting against the Israelites is also reported to have occurred in Hungary, where a mob of 2,000 peasants wrecked the shops, shouting, "Murder all Jews!"

Testimonial to Mr. Agar.

The following correspondence explains itself and needs no introductory remarks. We congratulate Mr. Agar on retaining through so many years the esteem of a large circle of acquaintances and friends; and we also compliment our fellow citizens on the possession amongst their number of men of such worth and character as Mr. Agar. May he long live to enjoy their affectionate regard:—

MADOC, 25th August, 1883.

MR. THOMAS S. AGAR,
Madoc.

DEAR SIR,—A number of your friends, scattered throughout the county of Hastings; some of them in former years teachers under your inspectorate, some of them your pupils at a still earlier day, some of them your co-workers in the cause of intellectual progress; and ALL of them familiar with your moral worth, your amiable disposition, and your many excellent social qualities, are desirous to mark their appreciation of your valuable services to the cause of Education in this County, both as a Teacher, Superintendent, and Inspector of Schools; and to show their regard for your upright and consistent character as a Friend of Learning.

With this object in view they beg your acceptance of the enclosed cheque, together with their best wishes that you—and your partner in life—may long be spared to see good results from the labors you have undergone in the cause of Education, and that in your declining years you may enjoy, along with all other comforts and consolations, the satisfying recollection of a well-spent life, and of a useful career not unappreciated by your many friends.

I enclose a list of your friends on whose behalf I am now speaking and trust you will permit me to inform them through the public press—they are mostly strangers to me personally—that I have discharged my duty to you as their treasurer and spokesman. I have aimed to express their sentiments by endeavoring to give utterance to my own, and now remain

Yours very sincerely,
FRED. E. SEYMOUR.

REPLY.

F. E. SEYMOUR, ESQ.,
Madoc.

DEAR SIR,—I had the unexpected pleasure on the 27th inst. to receive your letter, enclosing a cheque for $191.00, contributed by a large number of friends "to mark their appreciation of my services to the cause of Education as a Teacher, Superintendent, and Inspector of Schools."

I am now nearly 76 years of age, and looking back upon my official career, and reading the names of the contributors on the list you sent me; I feel that my old valued pupils, and co-workers, could not have adopted a more pleasing manifestation of regard to me than by their kind and thoughtful expressions of esteem. Age and infirmities have not diminished my love for the kindly smile of those who were years since my pupils.

All public officers connected with schools are constantly brought into contact with parties of different local interests, and entertaining different political and religious opinions. Inspectors and Teachers have to act upon the broad principle of doing their duty, fairly and honestly, upon the merits of any dispute—thus I endeavored to act; and I thankfully acknowledge the kindness with which I was treated by all parties.

It is now 51 years since I landed in Canada, living almost continuously (49 years) in Hastings. From my connection with the schools, I became personally acquainted with an unusually large number of inhabitants. During the seven months of my residence in Belleville, in the winter of 1882-3, I met great numbers of my old pupils, teachers and friends, and noted most anxiously their conversation, conduct and manners—they varied in ages from the grandfather to youth, and of them all, I saw but a solitary example of intemperance. I thank GOD I am able to make this statement, and do so to encourage all in working for a good object.

Mrs. Agar and I unite in sincere thanks for the kind hopes you express (on behalf of all our old friends) for our health and happiness. I remain,

Yours most sincerely,
T. S. AGAR.

Madoc, 29th August, 1883.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY MODEL SCHOOL.

THE annual session for the training of teachers will commence on September 11th, at 9 a. m. To be admitted, candidates for Third Class Certificates must have passed the regular non-professional examination for District Third Class Certificates (for poor or remote schools), or who have passed the Intermediate Examination, will be admitted as students-in-training for District Third Class Certificates. To be admitted, males must be 18, and females 17 years of age. Applications for admission are to be sent without delay to

WM. MACKINTOSH, Madoc, } Inspect-
JOHN JOHNSTON, Belleville, } ors.

Madoc, Aug. 28, '83.

THOS. ROBERTS'

CASH

BOOT and SHOE

STORE,

WEISS' BLOCK,

MADOC.

Aug. 28, 1883. 332.

Dr. Clauston, in the annual report of the Edinburgh insane asylum, says that in very acute cases of depression and maniacal exhaustion he has substituted milk and eggs for stimulants with remarkable success. A bad case of acute delerium was cured by a diet of four quarts of milk and sixteen eggs daily for three months. He says: "I preach the gospel of fatness as the great antidote to the disease we have to treat."

VOTERS' LIST, 1883.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, in Madoc, on the 23rd day of Aug., 1883, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediat proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

CHAS. GREAM,
Clerk of said Municipality.

Madoc, August 23rd, 1883.

Grand Excursion!

—TO—

BELLEVILLE,

—ON—

Wednesday, 5th Sept.,

—BY—

SPECIAL TRAIN.

Madoc to Belleville and Return 60 CENTS,

Tickets good for SIX days.

MADOC DIVISION.

FROM	FARES	TIME TABLE.
Madoc (dep).....	60	7 10 a. m.
Moira Lake	55	7 25
Crookston.....	50	7 37
Ivanhoe	45	7 42
West Huntingdon....	40	7 57
N. H. Junction....	35	8 05
Holloway	30	8 13
Foxboro	25	8 28
Cannifton	20	8 40
Belleville (arr).....		9 00

Departing will leave Grand Trunk Railway Station at 6:45 p. m.

JUST | ARRIVED!

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug, 23, 1883.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

BEST GRADES OF

MACHINE OILS,

—ALSO—

CARBON SAFETY COAL OIL,

—AT—

BOTTOM PRICES.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

—x—

Farmers patronize home industry and avoid the vexatious delays that you have to put up with when you purchase foreign machinery. We are turning out a superior class of

STEEL | AND | IRON | PLOUGHS

for the fall trade. Our

Stove Department

is complete. We manufacture all kinds of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

Madoc, August 28th, 1883. .103mg-

Remnants! Remnants!

For the next few weeks the undersigned will hold a sweeping

CLEARING - OUT - SALE!

of Remnants and summer goods to make room for fall stock. Goods marked down to cost. Call and see for yourselves.

M. McLEAN, & CO.

Madoc, August 8th 1183. 329

Latest Local News.

New Boot and Shoe Store.

Mr. Thomas Roberts will open a new boot and shoe store in the stand lately occupied by Mrs. W. T. White, Weiss' Block, next week. We have no doubt he will be able to make such a business successful in this village.

Cheese Contract.

We learn that the following cheese factories have just contracted for the sale of the August, September and October make for 10c per pound, viz: Allen Settlement, Bay State, Spring Hill, and Alexandria. Considering the steady decrease in the cable for the past month, we think the managers of the above factories were wise in contracting at the above figure.

Entertainment.

The congregation of the Church of St. John the Baptist in this village have announced an entertainment to be held in the Masonic Hall to-morrow (Friday) evening, in aid of parsonage fund. The programme will consist of vocal and instrumental music, readings and tableaux. Talented singers from a distance have been invited to assist. Admission 25 cents; children 10 cents.

Notice to Trustees.

We have been requested by the Madoc township Council to remind School Trustees that the estimates for the current year must be handed in not later than the next meeting of the Council, which will be held on Saturday 8th September. The negligence of Trustees in the past, in regard to this matter, has caused much delay and trouble to the Council, which they wish this year to avert.

A Sudden Call.

Last Saturday Revs. Messrs. McAmmond and Baker returned by noon train from the Thousand Island, leaving their families behind to enjoy another week's pleasure. An hour or so after their arrival Mr. McAmmond received a telegram that his little boy Freddie had been taken suddenly ill, and calling on him to return at once. He was obliged to drive to Belleville to catch the midnight train, and so reached the camp grounds again early Sunday morning. A telegram received here this week contained the pleasing intelligence that the little fellow would be able to be brought home to-day.

A Forger Captured.

On Monday a man named Richard Lorbey presented an order from the Central Ontario Railway to Mrs. Norman, of Millbridge, for a $20 suit of clothes. Soon after he left Mrs. Norman found out that the order was a forgery, and knowing that the man had left for Madoc, she immediately started in pursuit. Chief Sills was roused up about 3 o'clock Tuesday morning and going to the Windsor House he found his man, who had just arrived. He laid the heavy hand of law on him to such an extent that the forger was glad to pay over the $20 and $5 for costs. The man was then allowed to go.

An Excursion to Belleville.

Our advertising columns contain an announcement which many will be glad to see, viz:—an excursion by train to Belleville. The train is to be a special one leaving Madoc at 7:10 a. m., arriving at Pinnacle St. Station, Belleville, at 9 a. m. The day of the excursion, 5th September, will be a memorable day in Belleville, as on that day all the probabilities point to the Union of Methodism being consummated, and many of our readers will like to participate in the first session of the United Methodist Church; in addition to this, for those who prefer that kind of enjoyment, a lacrosse tournament is to be held. With those, and Belleville's usual attractions and extraordinary low fares—60c to Belleville and return—tickets good for six days—there ought to be and doubtless will be a large excursion, for which the committee who have charge promise plenty of accommodation.

Civic Holiday.

Since our last issue Mr. Reeve O'Flynn has proclaimed to-morrow, Friday, 31st inst., a civic holiday in this village. In consequence the Firemen and Lacrosse club have united on a monster picnic, to be held on the lacrosse grounds and grove adjoining the Model School, on this date, instead of the 5th prox. as we stated last week. The sports and amusements mentioned, however, will be carried out to-morrow, in addition to which it is expected two lacrosse matches will be played during the day, the first between junior clubs of Madoc and Belleville and another between the Sioux seniors and a first class visiting team. No. 4 company will parade on the grounds for drill about 10 o'clock, after which the programme for the day will be opened by a grand "Tug of War" between members of the above company and Alert Fire company. The public is invited to bring baskets and have dinner on the grounds, where refreshments will also be served. The admission to the grounds to-morrow is only 15 cts. for the whole day. We hope to see a large turnout.

PICNIC NOTES.

Regarding the picnic on the lacrosse grounds to-morrow, our reporter has come into possession (how, it is not necessary to explain here) of the following startling, but attractive events, not mentioned on the programme. These alone ought to "draw" a crowd:—

Mr. E. Langman, of Belleville, issues a challenge to run a foot race against any horse in the township of Madoc, one mile, and back, for $25.

Lon. Maybee is going to give his champion feat of eating twenty quarter pies in twenty quarter minutes.

The hash slingers of the Windsor House challenge the mince eaters of Moon's Hotel to a huckleberry pie contest. [Our "devil" will look after the pies on the ground.]

George Conley and James White are to undertake the not difficult feat for them of talking a man to death in five minutes. Bets of two to one are freely offered on George. No takers.

Lou. Weiss is getting his fishing tackle aired, and is not likely to attend the picnic.

James Whytock, the coming Mayor of Madoc, says he is going to be one of the boys on Friday. Look out for a speech.

Charlie Wellington says there is no truth in the rumor that he bought a jews harp with the intention of playing the same at the picnic. He bought it for his own amusement.

The village council, led by the worthy Reeve, will sing an original version of "Beautiful Snow," and one of the members will also read a few lines about the "last rose of summer."

Chief Sills will look after baskets during the day. We won't guarantee, however, that any pies will be left after he leaves.

The REVIEW man had been asked to explain how a barrel of lemonade could be made from one lemon. This problem has been solved for years, however, at every church festival. This event is therefore cancelled, to give the firemen a chance.

A Handsome Present.

On Monday last Mr. Hugh Ketcheson was considerably taken by surprise on being presented by Robt. J. McNeill, of the Windsor House, with a fine gold stem-winding watch. Mr. McNeill made the presentation simply as a mark of his friendship, and in recognition of the distinguished position Mr. Ketcheson occupies in the Orange Order, being Master of No. 2 District, Master of Royal Scarlet Lodge, Master of Royal Black Knights, as well as Secretary of lodge No. 1133, and also for the services rendered on the last 12th of July in this village. Mr. Ketcheson thanked the generous donor in no stinted terms. Hugh is to be congratulated on being the recipient of such a beautiful present, and he will no doubt highly prize both it and Mr. McNeill's friendship in the future.

Everythings.

—Civic Holiday to-morrow.

—Fishing is reported good now.

—Duck shooting is now in order.

—Heavy frosts have been experienced in this section during the past week.

—Farmers are reminded of the free fair to be held in this village on 11th of September.

—Mr. R. J. McNeill, of the Windsor House, contemplates visiting Ireland in a few weeks.

—A party of French Canadian navvies passed through this village yesterday to work on the C. O. R'y north.

—Farmers who have thrashed in this vicinity report the crops as yielding much better than was expected.

—T. P. Pearce, Esq., Reeve of Marmora, has removed to Belleveile, having leased the Hon. M. Bowell's residence.

—Napanee has some swell young ladies. This fact was only discovered after they were seen smoking cigarettes on the street.

—The Rev. Wm. Ross, D. D., of the C. M. Church, Hamilton, will occupy the Rev. D. Wishart's pulpit on Sabbath morning.

—It was rumored last week that a murder had been committed at Sharbot Lake but no authentic confirmation has yet been received.

—The Salvation Army is attacking Napanee, Belleville, and other "abodes of wickedness." There is no work for them to do in Madoc.

—The arbitrators in the case of Jenkins and Chambers *vs.* Central Ontario railway, are back north this week viewing the property in dispute.

—The "Oka" Lacrosse club of Belleville were defeated in three straight games by the "Maple Leafs," of Kingston, in the former place on Tuesday.

—The Napanee *Beaver* had no less than seventy-six "personals" in its last week's issue. The Napanee papers chronicle the arrival of almost every farmer and his wife into that town.

—Messrs. G. A. Cox, of the Midland, and H. B. Rathbun, of Deseronto, have secured a controling interest in the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec railway, which they will now push to completion.

—Last week we asked for a copy our issue of July 26th, to complete our file. We beg to acknowledge the receipt of copies of the same from Messrs. G. W. Sine and John Sagar, both of whom will please accept our thanks.

—The thunder storm last week did a good deal of damage throughout the district. Several barns, houses and other property, were destroyed. Mr. Rawe, of this village, informs us that the whole of his plums are destroyed in consequence of the lightning and storm.

An Improvement.

Capt. Volume, has secured a large marquee tent for the use of No. 4 Company, while in camp at Cobourg. The tent is large enough to seat the whole Company at one table.

Teachers Examination.

An examination for District Third Class Certificates was held here on August 23rd and 24th. The examination was held, by the authority of the third section of the School Act of 1882, by a Board of Examiners composed of F. E. Seymour, M. A., and Inspectors Mackintosh and Johnson. There were nine candidates, of these six have been successful, viz:—

Robert Broadworth.
Eliza Picket.
Maggie Jackson,
Lily Miller.
Thomas Hart.
Daniel Carnel.

All but Mr. Broadworth, (who has had several years experience in teaching), will be required to attend the Model School for a session and pass the Professional Examination before certificates are granted to them. These certificates will be valid for two years for schools in poor and remote sections.

—Machine Oils at G. A. Rollins.

—Very finest quality of Dutch Madder, only a york shilling per pound at Deans' Drug Store.

—Finest quality Madras Indigo, only one dollar per pound, at Dean's Drug Store. 329 2m.

—The Seasons' Dye Stuffs of fine quality and cheap, have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

FARM FOR SALE.

PART of lots 11 and 12, 14th concession of Huntingdon, containing about 88 acres, a portion of which is in the corporation of the village of Madoc, all cleared but about 12 acres, which contains valuable mixed timber. Would make a valuable dairy farm. Terms moderate. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to the undersigned on the premises.

JOHN BAILEY

Madoc, August 14th, 1883. 330-2m.

—Madder, Alum, Madder Compound, Indigo and Indigo Compound, sold at cheaper rates by the single pound than anywhere in the county, at Deans' Drug Store.

—Coal Oil at G. A. Rollin's.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:OXO:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.
Please give me a call.
(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

A LARGE STOCK OF

Rixford's Celebrated

SCYTHES

just to hand at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, July. 1st, 1883.

Crompton Corsets

IN ALL THE

LATEST STYLES,

AT THE

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE.

STELLA;
OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY HONORIA.

Lady Honoria Rosett had arrived, bag and baggage, at Barfield House.

She was what is called a thoroughly "jolly" woman; indeed, that expressive, if slightly inelegant adjective, is the only one that can fitly be applied to her.

She was tall, dark, and large-framed—everything about her was big and pleasant. She had big black eyes, that were always wide open and always full of merriment; a big mouth that was perpetually laughing, two shiny rows of white teeth that were white and regular. She rode well, she danced well, she talked rather loud, and laughed louder still. She did not care very much what people thought of her; but she was decidedly popular for all that. She was full of energy and life; she was never sick or sorry; nothing ever vexed or tired her; she had an inexhaustible fund of good spirits and good nature, and never flagging vitality.

Such was the woman whom Lady Dyson had selected to efface from her son's mind the sweet, gentle image of low-voiced, soft-eyed girlhood, that was, however, more deeply impressed upon it than she had any idea of.

He was, however, exceedingly polite to his mother's guest. The first day of her visit he was seemingly quite delighted to go with her out riding, and he took the greatest pains to select a horse for her from amongst his own, which she would like. It took, it must be confessed, the strongest-backed animal in his stables to carry her comfortably; but when once mounted, nobody could have looked better or managed her steed with greater grace and dexterity than did this large-framed Amazon.

Sir Edgar, who admired beauty in any form, could not help thinking her very handsome, and she was so good tempered and easily pleased, and could talk so well on any subject, that he was guilty of no treachery to Lily in owning to himself that he really enjoyed his ride with her very much indeed.

As to poor Lily, when she appeared as usual after dinner that evening in the far-off corner of the drawing-room, where she was accustomed to sit silently with her needlework until the clock struck ten and released her from her weary bondage, she felt her heart sink within her as Lady Honoria, followed by her hostess, entered the room from the dining-room.

Lady Honoria was dressed in black satin with crimson roses in her dark hair, and at her bosom—it would have been impossible to imagine a finer made or more striking-looking woman.

She came in with an easy air of self-possession which is natural to a woman whose position in the world is undoubted, and who is certain that she is popular and beautiful.

"How pretty your room is, dear Lady Dyson, it reminds me so of Hallerton Castle. I do envy people who have taste; I myself have none whatever, not in furniture at least. But this room is so beautifully arranged, anybody can see at a glance that the taste is your own, and not the upholsterer's."

"Indeed, Lady Honoria, you flatter me too much, for if I chose the furniture, it is Edgar who arranges everything—it is he who has the taste."

"Ah! really," looking slowly about the room. "By the way, how altered he is! Do you know it is seven years since we last met; I think it was at the county ball; I was just out, I remember."

"Surely not so long ago as that?" demanded her hostess, politely.

"Oh, indeed, it is quite that—I am twenty-five and look every hour of it," she said, laughing merrily; "and your second son was there too—by the way what has become of him?"

"Curiously enough, I have just had a letter from Walter by the evening post. He is coming home almost directly, so you will see him; he has been in Paris lately."

"I am glad I shall see him; I think I liked him the best of the two in those days," she said, with blunt frankness, and Lady Dyson murmured something about his being of course a "dear fellow," but not equal, she feared, in steadiness and good conduct to his brother.

"I always like the black sheep of the family," said Lady Honoria, unabashed, and then for the first time she perceived Lily.

"Dear me! who is that young lady?" she asked, quite aloud, whilst Lily bent low over her work.

"Oh! it is only Miss Finch, my children's governess," answered Lady Dyson, carelessly.

Lady Honoria immediately walked into the corner where Lily sat and held out her hand.

"How d'ye do, Miss Finch? I did not see you when I first came in," and to Lady Dyson's intense vexation, she sat down by Lily's side and asked to look at her work.

"What are you making?—a woollen quilt is it? Oh! I wish you would teach me that stitch, I do so want to learn it, and I have never met any body before who could do it; do let me try—you pass the wool over this finger and take two stitches with the right pin;" and when Sir Edgar came in he found the two girls seated thus on the distant sofa, with their heads close together over the knitting-pins and the scarlet wool, and he felt that he liked Lady Honoria better than ever.

"I hope you will give us some music, Lady Honoria. Will you not play or sing?" said Lady Dyson, who naturally was astonished, but pleased by the lesson in knitting, and inwardly determined that there should be no recurrence of it.

Lady Honoria rose smilingly—of course she would play or sing—was she not always ready to do anything that anybody asked her to do? She went to the piano, and Sir Edgar followed her, whilst Lily was left again in the solitude.

"She is everything that is perfect!" said the poor child sorrowfully; "beautiful, clever, and oh! how kind and good-hearted! Yes, she is a fit wife for him, I can see that; she is worthy of him if anybody is, in every way. How insignificant and dull I must seem to him by the side of her! But he could never mean to marry me, and now I see that this is the kind of wife he ought to have; I ought to be thankful that she is so nice, and so likely to make him happy."

And then, as she sat in her distant corner, there fell unseen a silent tear or two down upon her bright-colored wools, whilst she made up her mind to sacrifice her love in all unselfishness, and determined not to stand ever so little in the way of this story of fitting and appropriate affection, which was about to be played out under her eyes.

"It is better so," the poor child said to herself; "he would not be able to marry me; and he will never know how much I love him."

The following morning she lingered a little in the hall on her way to her daily task in the school-room, to watch Lady Honoria and Sir Edgar ride off again together across the green slopes of the park.

Lady Dyson came up unperceived.

"You are watching Sir Edgar and Lady Honoria, Miss Finch? Do they not make a handsome couple?"

Miss Finch started, but answered quietly in the affirmative.

"I really don't think Sir Edgar could have done better," continued Lady Dyson. "I am sure you will own, Miss Finch that she will make a charming wife."

"Are they—is Sir Edgar—engaged to her?" faltered Lily, turning white and faint in spite of all her brave resolutions.

"N—no—not exactly yet, but something very near it, perhaps. Of course this is a secret, Miss Finch, you will let it go no further; of course I treat you as one of the family—you will not mention this?"

"I should not think of doing so," she answered gently.

"Thanks—I am sure you will not. Oh, by the way, Miss Finch. I dare say it is very dull for you to come into the drawing-room after dinner, unless I am quite alone and can talk to you. I think, whilst we have company, you will find it more amusing to stay in the school room with your books. You can always borrow any of the novels out of the box from Mudie; it can't amuse you to sit by while other people are talking."

"Very well, Lady Dyson;" and Lily went her way meekly to the school-room. But she felt it hard that she might not even be on friendly terms with the happy girl who was to be Sir Edgar's wife.

The next morning came Stella and all her troubles about her sister; and Lily made that little expedition into Sir Edgar's library, on her friend's behalf, of which mention has already been made: and when she came out of it again, back again to the school-room, Lily was not quite so certain that Sir Edgar would marry Lady Honoria as she had been when she had gone in.

"You are doing very wrong, Sir Edgar," Lily had said to him, in answer to some indescribable proceedings on his part; "it is not fair to Lady Honoria, who seems so honest hearted and good."

"What has Lady Honoria to do with me?"

"Everything, I should say."

"Really, Miss Finch! What a remarkably clever woman you are becoming, and how much you seem to know about everything!"

"You ought not to laugh at me, Sir Edgar. I can see how nice and beautiful she is; and it does not make me unhappy—no, not at all."

"You stony-hearted little wretch!"

"Please, Sir Edgar, don't hold me. I must get back to Miss King. Please let go my hands."

There was an undignified little scuffle, and then Lily effected her escape, very red in the face, but not so unhappy at her heart.

Lady Honoria was the sort of person who never did things like anybody else; when she found that Lily did not come into the drawing-room in the evening, she invaded the school-room by day. She disturbed the current of the lessons considerably; she made Miss Finch teach her the knitting stitch; she helped Willie with his French translation, and Tommy with his sums; she cracked jokes with the little girls, and made herself as popular in the dingy little back room as she was in the drawing-room.

Lily became more and more convinced that she was the one woman in the whole world who in every way was worthy of Sir Edgar—it would break her heart, of course, whenever and whoever he married—but it would be the best and happiest thing for him to please his mother and to marry Lady Honoria, and she told herself that she would resign him to her patiently and even thankfully.

It was in the evening of that day—the same day on which Cecily startled her sister by suddenly appearing at the windows of Wrexham Hall—that Maud came running late into her governess's room.

"Walter has just come home!" she cried excitedly; "did you not hear him arrive, Miss Finch? and he says he has brought presents from Paris for each of us, that he will give us to-morrow. Oh, I wish to-morrow were here! Good-night, Miss Finch."

"Good-night, Maud," said Lily, unconcernedly. She did not know Walter Dyson or care that he had come home.

CHAPTER XV.

CECILY'S VIOLETS.

"Are there not some people named Dyson in this neighborhood?"

"Certainly; they are our nearest neighbors. Why do you ask? Have you not heard of them?"

"No; only that grandpa said something about some Dysons this morning," answered Cecily, carelessly.

The sisters were wandering up and down the garden walks together on the second morning after Cecily's arrival at Wrexham.

"Are they nice people?" questioned Cecily, presently.

"*Nice* is a comprehensive term," said Stella, laughing. Lady Dyson is certainly not 'nice;' she is rather disagreeable. Sir Edgar is—well, oh! nothing that could be described by that much-abused adjective, and as to the children——"

"Never mind the children. I meant, of course, they are in a good position in the county?"

"Of course; how odd of you to ask!"

"I don't see why it is odd—it is mere curiosity. By the way, is there not a second son?"

"Yes; a very black sheep, I have heard. But how stupid I am! Of course that is how you have heard of them. Mr. Walter Dyson has been in Paris; you must have met him there?"

"As if I were likely to know every Englishman in Paris! What a childish idea, Stella! What makes you say he is a black sheep? Who told you that?" she added, rather shortly.

She had stooped down to gather some early violets, and Stella could not see her face.

"Mrs. Finch said so, I think."

"Mrs. Finch is an ignorant, ill-natured woman. I wonder that you listen to her, Stella!" said Cecily, quite viciously, putting her violets together in a little bunch.

"I don't listen to her oftener than I can help," said Stella, laughing, "for I do not like her at all; you can't think how different her daughter is from her. By the way, it is Lily Finch who is governess to the young Dysons; you are sure to like her, she is so gentle, and lady like, and pretty, and——"

"Pretty, is she?" interrupted Cecily, quickly—"do you really mean that she is pretty?"

"Yes, certainly," answered Stella; and she was a little bit surprised at the eagerness in her sister's manner. "Have you any objection to her being pretty?" she added, smiling.

"It is a mistake for a governess to be good-looking," answered Cecily, vaguely, as she stuck her violets in the front of her dress; and Stella could not help fancying—although she could not imagine for what reason—that she was decidedly annoyed to hear that Lily Finch was anything but plain and uninteresting.

Just then Mr. King opened the window of his library, and called out to Stella.

"Come here, Spitfire!" it was his favorite name for her. "I know you like arranging books."

"How can you know anything about my tastes, grandpa?"

"Well, I don't know much, I confess. I know that you are rather fond of contradiction, at all events. Do you like arranging books?"

"Not much. But I don't mind arranging yours, if that is what you want me to do."

"Come in, then, and help me."

"Will you wait for me, Cecily," said Stella, turning to her sister.

"Selfish old man!" grumbled Cecily. "Why can't he leave you in peace? No; I'll go for a walk by myself in the shrubbery; you won't be free for an hour, I dare say."

Stella went in. There was a whole pile of dusty volumes on the floor.

"I have turned them all out," explained the grandfather; "there are all sorts of odd volumes that have got mixed up together. Get a duster, and wipe them all, and then sort them and put them all back again in the order of the volumes."

"It is like the task that Fairy Crabtree set to the Enchanted Princess," observed Stella, as she sat down on the floor by the side of the heap of volumes; "as intricate, and nearly as insurmountable."

"What task was that? Was it to keep her temper?" said the old man sharply.

"No, it was to sort colored straws in a tub," she answered, beginning her task amongst the books. Presently she said to him, "Do you think me bad-tempered, grandpapa?"

"I am told that you have the temper of a virago!" he said, with a sort of a chuckle.

Stella colored deeply, but bent over her task. She knew very well who it was that told him that, and she felt deeply hurt and wounded that he should have done so. Why did he try to injure her in her grandfather's opinion? He must hate her, indeed!

"There is such a thing as righteous anger," she said, in a low, pained voice.

Mr. King glanced at her sharply.

"Was yours righteous, Stella?"

"I think it was deserved."

"Hum—I should not be surprised if it were," he answered, half to himself.

"I hope *you* don't think I have this dreadful temper that—that——" she said, timidly.

"I have never seen more temper about you than I like," he answered kindly. She looked up at him gratefully, but Mr. King's face was turned away.

There was a long silence. Stella worked away at her dusting and sorting, and the heap of books gradually diminished under her hands. Mr. King leaned his chin on his hand and seemed plunged in thought.

At last he turned towards her, looking at her steadfastly several minutes before he spoke.

"Stella, do you think it is quite hopeless for you and Norman to make it up?" he asked almost entreatingly.

She turned scarlet; there rushed rapidly through her mind the recollections of her last interview with her cousin. She remembered that she had spoken harsh words to him—words such as no man, she felt sure, would forgive. He had thought her violent and ill-tempered before—he must think her ten times worse now!

"Yes," she said sadly; "it is quite hopeless."

"Then it must be, Cecily," he said shortly; and again there was a long silence.

"It is a pity, a sad pity! I would have liked to have dealt justly to them all," he broke out again presently. "It would have been better to have been just to them; but I cannot let her suffer." He spoke more to himself than to her, and in a tone of such deep regret, and almost of sorrow, as filled her with surprise and distress.

With a sudden impulse of affection towards the strange-mannered old man, whom she had really learned to love and understand, Stella flung her arms around his neck.

"Grandpapa, dear grandpapa—don't be vexed about the future; let Norman and Cecily fulfil all your wishes. I know all that you have settled, and believe me, I am more than grateful for your goodness and generosity towards myself. It is far, far more than I deserve or even thought of."

He put her from him quietly, almost coldly.

"Go back to your tub and your colored straws, child," said this strange old man. "You are like all your sex, foolish and ignorant, and you jump at conclusions. You know nothing about my will, or what I am going to do for you, although you think yourself so wise."

She went back to her books hurt and wounded by his repulse, and spoke not one single word more to him. For nearly an hour she worked silently at the task set her, and he, all unknown to her, lay back in his chair and watched her—she thought he was asleep. When she had finished she rose, and would have left the room but his voice arrested her.

"Stella!"

"Yes, grandpapa."

"Give me a kiss, dear." He had never asked her to kiss him before—had never spoken to her so gently and affectionately. She bent over his chair and kissed him, and the orphan girl's eyes filled with sudden tears as she did so. But wisely she forebore to speak to him, and slipped away silently and gently out of the room.

Meanwhile Cecily was no longer either in the gardens or the shrubberies. At the precise moment that Stella was leaving her grandfather's presence on her way to seek her sister, that sister was standing in a distant corner of the park, sheltered by a small clump of trees and bushes, with her head upon a young gentleman's shoulder, and his arm disposed about her waist.

"This state of things is dreadful, Cecily! You really cannot expect me to stand it long," the gentleman was saying to her; "how am I to go on like this?"

"I thought you promised to do as I told you?"

"Yes; I suppose I should have promised anything *then*," significantly, "but I feel it hard to bear now."

"You *must* bear it, Walter; just think of what there is at stake! After all, it cannot be for long—he is very old and feeble. I don't believe he can live many months."

"And what are you going to do meanwhile?"

"Why, of course, I am to be engaged to my cousin Norman!" she answered laughing,

"Good Heavens!" he said below his breath; "how do you expect I am to stand it?"

"Oh, you—you can flirt with your sister's governess; I hear she is pretty."

"Take care you had not better thrust me into that kind of a temptation. I have not a very constant disposition. If you were to be open and honest, and let everything be known at once——"

"Yes, and starve with you upon two hundred a year ever afterwards!" sneered Cecily; "you don't suppose I am such an idiot as that, when, with a little patience and ingenuity, I shall be able to command wealth. It is as much for your sake as my own."

"Am I never to see you alone?" he said piteously.

"Oh, yes, we can meet sometimes by appointment; but don't make me jealous, Walter, or I warn you, I will turn the tables upon you, and make love to my cousin in right down earnest."

He looked very black as she said this; but there was no time for more.

"Good-bye," she said suddenly in a whisper. "I hear somebody coming." And they parted hurriedly and quickly.

Five minutes later Stella, wandering hither and thither in quest of her sister, was very much surprised in a narrow path through a wood, to meet a young gentleman whom she had never seen in her life before. He was tall, and rather handsome, and his face was very much flushed. Stella had not time, however, to remark this; all she did notice, as he stood aside to let her pass, was that he wore a bunch of violets in his button hole.

Not many minutes later she came across her sister leaning against a tree.

"Oh, here you are, Cecily; I have been hunting for you everywhere."

"I had lost my way," said her sister, going slowly towards her.

"Did you see a gentleman just now," inquired Stella. "I came upon a perfect stranger five minutes ago."

"No, I have not seen any one at all," answered Cecily, uninterestedly. "I wish I had: one might as well be in a desert as here. I have been horribly dull whilst you have been away."

"Cecily," said Stella, as they walked towards the house, "your violets are gone."

"So they are," she answered carelessly, putting up her hand to her bosom. "I suppose I must have dropped them."

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

"You have now been nearly a week in the house with your cousin Cecily; if you and she get on together you may as well speak to her and settle the matter," said Mr. King to his grandson.

"Yes, sir, if you wish it," said Norman, listlessly.

"You like her, I suppose—you have no objection to her?"

"None whatever. She seems a charming girl. I am quite ready to do as you wish, sir."

"You don't seem very keen about her," said the old man, unreasonably.

"I suppose one doesn't care so much when things are arranged in this practical manner," answered Norman, carelessly.

"You ought to be very thankful to have things practically arranged for you," said Mr. King, testily.

"Yes, sir, I know that, and I assure you I am not ungrateful," said Norman, earnestly; for, after all, he could make no objection to marry a pretty girl and to be made rich in consequence.

"Of course you know that I shall provide for you both?" said Mr. King, and Norman smiled. It struck him as odd that his grandfather should mention such a sumptuous disposition of his worldly goods as Wrexham Hall, and two thirds of his large fortune as "provision."

He was about to leave the room, when a sudden thought struck him.

"You will excuse me speaking of it, sir, but there is Stella. I hope you will be good to her."

"What do you mean?" rather sharply.

"You will, I hope, not forget to give her the share you spoke of. It would be sad if she were left unprovided for."

"Go and find Cecily, my boy," said the old man, waving his hand with a short, angry motion; "that is your business, and pray don't bother me about Stella."

Norman retired discomforted, fearing that his kindly remembrance of Stella's interest might have done her more harm than good.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Society of Friends has repealed the prohibition of the marriage of first cousins; and now for the first time in nearly two hundred years a bashful young Quaker can enjoy the placid and unexciting stimulation of marrying one of the family. Young man, no matter how much the law may permit it, don't do it. Think of an aunt for a mother-in-law.

THE FARMERS' CORNER.

Farm Work for September.

The fitting of the ground for any crop is of the most importance. Wheat and rye, sown this month, require a rich mellow soil. Well-rotted manure should be liberally applied, either before or after ploughing. The more thoroughly this plant food is mixed through the soil, the quicker the young grain will obtain a vigorous growth. The harrow and roller need to be used until all the clods have been reduced to small size. The roller should not pass after the seed is sown, leaving the surface packed hard, in which state it will crust over after the first rain. The somewhat ridged surface left by the grain drill also helps to hold the snow, and prevent winter-killing. Only the best, plump grains of a superior variety of wheat should be sown. It is profitable to pay three times the market price for a fine quality of seed. The amount to be sold per acre depends much upon the thoroughness of preparation and the strength of the seed. Under the best conditions, only a few quarts of seed are needed, but, as a general rule, a bushel is sufficient, if sowed with a good drill. A light coat of rich and finely-divided manure may be placed on the surface after sowing, with excellent effect. A heavy rain may closely follow upon the seeding, and therefore plough out the courses for the water at once.

The work in the root field consists in keeping the ground free from weeds, and pulling the superfluous roots for the cows. The great error in growing turnips, beets, etc., is in not thinning them sufficiently. White turnips may still be sown if the ground is rich. Potato stubble, treated with fine manure, will usually yield a paying crop. Early-sown beets and mangels may be harvested this month. Place the roots in long heaps, with straw over them, and afterwards take them to the root cellar, or cover the heaps with earth, to protect the roots from freezing. The roots should not heat at any time while stored.

Cut Buckwheat before the frost injures it. The grain shells easily, therefore the crop should be cut when the dew is on. After curing for a few days, the corn is ready to be threshed. Buckwheat, as it comes from the threshing machine, will heat badly if placed in large heaps; therefore spread the grain over the barn floor or other surface to dry. Beans are injured by heavy rains, and should be pulled and stacked so soon as they are ripe. In pulling, leave the vines in rows for a time to cure, and if a storm approaches, they can be placed in stacks around poles driven in the ground. A straw cover should be placed over each stack.

The earliest varieties of field corn will be ready for cutting this month. Corn should be cut so soon as the grain is glazed; the stalks are the best for fodder if cut at this time. Seed corn should have been selected before this, but if not, let some of the best stalks stand uncut with their ears of corn for future planting. The shocking needs to be done with care. If the stalks are poorly set and improperly tied, the shocks fall, the grain and fodder both suffer, and the husking is more difficult. Willow or other twigs may be used for securely tying the shocks of corn.

Potatoes are best dug so soon as ripe. If left in the earth, they may start into growth or become affected with the much-dreaded rot. It is well to sort the potatoes as they are gathered, excluding all unfit for the table. —*Am. Agriculturist.*

Aerial Navigation.

A certificate of incorporation has been filed in the office of the Secretary of State of Illinois for the "Aerial Navigation Company of Chicago," the object of the incorporators being "the transportation of passengers and freight through the air." It is asserted that the machines to be manufactured by this company are a perfection of the one tested at Hartford, Conn., several years ago, which, at the time attracted considerable interest. Probably this refers to several trials of a balloon made by Mr. E. F. Ritchel, of Bridgeport, Conn., who exhibited in Hartford, in June, 1878, a balloon with propelling apparatus attached by which the upward and downward movements of the balloon could be governed, and by which in calm weather its course could be directed.

The balloon was a horizontal cylinder of silk, twelve feet long and twenty-four inches diameter, capable of containing about 3,000 feet of gas. Suspended to it by cords and steel rods was a flat frame of brass pipe, pointed at each end, and having a seat for the operator. In front of the seat was a gear wheel with two cranks, connected by a vertical shaft and a horizontal shaft to two propeller wheels, one at the lower end of the vertical shaft under the frame, and the other in front of the operator, and this wheel was attached to the shafts by a universal joint so that it could be turned a distance of about thirty degrees from a shaft in a horizontal plane by the feet of the aeronaut. This wheel was the propelling power and also the steering device. The levitating power of the balloon was barely sufficient to raise the apparatus and its load, the vertical propeller assisting if a rapid rise was desired, and bringing the balloon down without emitting any of the gas.

At one trial, on a calm day, the balloon rose from the baseball grounds at Colt's Meadows, Hartford, passed over Colt's factory, and nearly over the Connecticut River, turned about and returned, descending to the ground at the place from which it started, the distance being probably half a mile and return, the balloon's height after rising from the earth varying from 300 to 400 feet, or thereabout.

At another trial, on the succeeding day, with quite a stiff breeze blowing, the aeronaut was unable to turn his balloon around, or to stem the wind, and was forced a distance of nearly nine miles, when he descended and came back, with his balloon, by carriage. But on this occasion he descended once on his trip to the dooryard of a farmer, procured a glass of water from the well, and rose again, hoping to make a return trip.

No accurate test was ever made of the propelling or lifting power of the two fans, but they were sufficient, as proved by the repeated experiments, to raise, lower, and steer the balloon except in a strong wind, the operator rotating the cranks at the rate of 120 revolutions per minute, producing, by means of pinions, a revolution of the fans of 3,500 turns per minute.

BRITISH SAVAGES.

Life in the English Iron Region—Scenes of Misery and Despair.

A Birmingham, England, letter to the New York *Tribune* says: I never think of my travels in the "iron region" of South Staffordshire without recalling *Punch's* famous cartoon of the two wretched little English street boys saying to the passing missionary: "Please, sir, ain't we dirty and heathenish enough to be taken care of, too?" If a few of those honest British zealots who are so eager to "convert the heathen" by adding the vices of civilization to those of barbarism would only take the trouble to walk across the "Black Country" —as I did some time ago—from the border of Warwickshire to that of Cheshire, and to keep their eyes open on the way, they would see quite enough to convince them that its gloomy title is amply deserved, and that there is a plenty of the heathen in "Christian England" who stand in need of help and teaching fully as much as the idolators of the Ganges or the fanatics of the Nile.

The long war of labor and capital has been fought out upon many diverse fields, but never has it chosen a spot more grimly appropriate than the scene of the recent labor riots around Birmingham and Wolverhampton. The line of the Great Western railway from the Mersey to the Thames, though beginning and ending with true English scenery in its most charming form, passes midway, like Bunyan's pilgrim, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. At first starting you are among green Cheshire meadows, dotted with grazing cattle and tall hedgerows and clustering trees, and a passing glimpse of ancient Chester looking down with its grim old ramparts and dark-red cathedral tower upon the broad smooth curves of the Dee. Then come the grassy slopes and dark woodlands of the Welsh border, and the houses of queenly Shrewsbury, the city of the "proud Salopians," massing themselves along the heights that overhang its winding river, on whose banks, nearly five centuries ago, Prince Henry charged, and Falstaff jested, and Douglas battled, and Hotspur died.

But as soon as you begin to near the fatal border all the freshness and brightness and beauty dies out of the landscape at once, just as the reeds and grass whirled down into the Dead sea by the Jordan shrivel up and perish the moment they touch the deadly smoothness of the lake. Even the glorious July sunshine can not pierce the leaden-broad veil of smoke which is the standard hoisted by the iron king over his own chosen capital. The whole fifteen miles between Wolverhampton and Birmingham make one huge, sooty, filthy, hideous town. Bilston, Dudley, Tipton, Smethwick, West Bromwich, Wednesbury, form a continuous chain of outposts, so to speak, between the two great central camps, and from first to last you never once escape from the endless labyrinth of blackened bricks and mortar. Sorely changed indeed is South Staffordshire —and this particular district of it most of all—since the far-off days when this mighty town, with its roaring fires and clanging engines, was only the quiet little village of Bromwickam, whose name still lives in that of the suburb of West Bromwich, and in the popular corruption of Birmingham into Brummagem.

The old joke of the ill-favored man who was "mighty good-looking in the dark" is but too sadly true of this dismal region. The only time to see it to advantage is at night, when all the filth and disorder are hidden, and when the transformed panorama assumes a ghastly picturesqueness worthy of Dante himself. The midnight sky is all ablaze with countless furnaces, against the red glare of which the tall factory chimneys stand out black and grim, while the stagnant pools around are changed to lakes of blood, and the weird, misshapen figures that pass and repass, look quite unearthly, beneath that infernal splendor. But by day the dreary landscape lies unredeemed in all its savage deformity. Huge, unsightly buildings, grimed with soot and dirt; great black chimneys, outlined in all their gaunt ugliness against a smoky, sunless sky; masses of broken timbers, rotting in pools of filth; black dust and cinders covering the earth and filling the very air; green, slimy ditches festering under the shattered windows of tumble-down hovels; hideous clefts and rents scarring the earth in all directions; cranes and pit-scaffolds starting up amid mountains of rubbish like the half-buried skeletons of primeval monsters, and everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, smoke above and ashes below, till the whole scene looks (as its ragged children will tell you with grim, unconscious poetry) "like hell with the fire burnt out."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.—*Coleridge.*

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.—*Addison.*

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.—*Swift.*

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a silent prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature, and Ovid, alluding to it, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods. —*From the Italian.*

Of all vanities and fopperies the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from nature, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—*Burton.*

"Now, boys," said a Sunday-school teacher who was trying to impress the doctrine of repentance on the class; "now boys, Judas, as I have told you, betrayed his master and then went and hanged himself. What was the best thing he could have done before hanging himself?" "The very best thing that he could have done," said the worst boy in the class "was to change his mind." A fact.

The True Home.

The truest home is often in houses not especially well kept, where the comfort and happiness, rather than the preservation of the furniture, is first consulted. The object of home is to be the centre, the point of tenderest interest, the pivot on which family life turns. The first requisite is to make it so attractive that none of its inmates shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end, and no effort spared that can contribute to the purpose. Many houses called homes, are kept with waxy neatness by painstaking, anxious women, who are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home-feeling from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything else subservient thereto. Many housewives, if they see a speck on the floor or wall, or even a scrap of thread or a bit of paper on the floor, rush at it as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends upon the maintenance of perfect purity and order. If there be any failure on their part, or any combination of circumstances against them, they fall into a pathetic despair, and can hardly be lifted out. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful to home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war upon maculateness of any sort increases until they become slaves to the broom and dust-pan. Neatness is one thing, and a state of perpetual house-cleaning quite another.

Out of this grows by degrees the feeling that certain things and apartments are too good for daily use. Hence, chairs and sofas are covered, and rooms shut up, save for special occasions, when they are permitted to reveal their violated sacredness in a manner that mars every pretense of hospitality. Nothing should be bought which is considered too fine for the fullest domestic appropriation. Far better is the plainest furniture, on which the children can climb, than satin and damask which must be viewed with reverence. When anything is reserved or secluded, to disguise the fact is extremely difficult. A chilly air wraps around it, and the repulsion of strangeness is experienced by the most insensible.

There are few persons who have not visited houses where they were introduced to what is known as the company parlor. They must remember how uncomfortable they were while sitting in it; how they found it almost impossible to be at ease, and mainly for the reason that their host and hostess were not themselves at ease. The children were watched with lynx eyes, lest they should displace or soil something; so that the entertainment of friends became very much like a social discipline. They must recall, too, how sweet the fresh air seemed out of doors, and they inwardly vowed, in leaving the temple of form and fidgettiness, that something more than politeness would be required to incite them to return.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not, and cannot, make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine, from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.

An Aquatic "Marquis."

How small a world this is to be sure! In our early youth a roving disposition and a love for manly sports and exercises—look out ye scribes who throw off big words from small stomachs—used to take him, amongst other entertainments, to a sheet of water named "Hollingworth Lake," near Manchester, England. The lake is some mile and a half in length, and mighty proud Mancunians and other residents in its vicinity are of this (to them) big aqueous expanse. In it and on it we have passed many happy hours in the lang syne, and on several visits was highly entertained with a clever ornamental swimmer named Marquis Bibbero. Our readers must not surmise that this was a scion of the British aristocracy. Nothing of the sort. He was a weaver, or spinner, or something of that sort. It is quite common in rural Lancashire for illiterate and foolish parents to christen their children "Marquis," "Squire," and even "Duke," just as Americans bestow post-baptismal handles upon children of a larger growth. Well, in pursuit of pabulum for the intelligent reader, we the other day made enquiries into the antecedents of Bebriel, the latest man who has expressed a determination to court death at Niagara, and lo! Bebriel and Ribbero prove to be one and the same person. Why, if Bebreil-Bibbero is not an old man he must have discovered the famous elixir, for it must be fifteen or twenty years since we saw him—then approaching his prime. Anyway, he is old enough to know better than attempt, or rather "tempt," Niagara's whirlpool, and, between us, reader, we do not believe he ever meant to. Advertising has been reduced to a fine art in this new world of ours!

Here are some figures which may interest Temperance reformers and others: During the year 1882 there were 38,377,820 gallons of proof spirits distilled in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of which 19,206,892 gallons were distilled in Scotland, 10,124,467 in England, and 9,046,461 in Ireland. England, however, consumed 16,811,494 gallons, Scotland 6,502,955, and Ireland 5,239,815. It has been so commonly taken for granted that the average Irishman is never without a bottle of whiskey under his arm—an idea founded chiefly upon the typical stage Irishman—that it will doubtless be a matter of surprise to many to find that there is really less drinking done in Ireland than in either England or Scotland. Of course if one comes to make comparisons based on the relative populations of the three countries, it may possibly be found that Ireland drinks more than is good for her; nevertheless the fact remains that there is less whiskey distilled and drank in Ireland than in England or Scotland. Pat has faults enough, Heaven knows; but a propensity to drink whiskey is no more characteristic of Pat than it is of John Bull or Sandy. They would all three be better, doubtless, were they to rid themselves of the propensity which exists.

Fruit in Summer.

Lightness is the first essential alike in the food and drink taken in warm weather. There is then less work to be done, less waste of tissue, less need of the pre-eminently muscle-forming and heat-producing substances meat and bread; and fruit, as being both palatable and easily obtainable, is much in use. Its advantages are that it provides a seasonable change of diet, light and wholesome if well chosen, and a palatable tonic and stimulant of digestion with aperiens properties. There are few who cannot enjoy it in one form or another. For diabetes the only least desirable kinds, as certain nuts and almonds, are available, all others, as containing sugar, being forbidden. Sufferer from acid dyspepsia must select carefully and limit their consumption to the least irritating—a few strawberries and a few grapes. Diarrhœa and dysentry preclude the use of all fruit. On the other hand, for constipated persons it is sometimes the only reliable remedy which they can use coutinuously with comfort; it is also of benefit in reneal diseases, by its action on the bowel. Atonic persons generally take it well, and feel the better for its digestive property. Those in normal health may eat almost any ripe fruit. The bland varieties are the most wholsome and nutritious—strawberries, apples, pears, grapes and gooseberries. The last named, however, with currants and raspberries, are less wholesome than the others. Stone fruits are apt to disagree with the stomach; but the more watery, as peaches and large plums, are better than the smaller and drier, as apricots and damsons. The pulp of oranges renders them heavy. Among other foreign fruit bananas are wholesome. Dried fruits, and the skins of fruit in general, are indigestible. Nuts, the edible part of which is really the seed, contain much albumen and some fat in a condensed form, and are particularly difficult of digestion. Fruit may be taken with a meal or on an empty stomach. In the former case it promotes digestion by it gently irritating effect on the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestine. If an aperient effect be desired it had better be taken in the morning before breakfast or between meals. A succulent and pleasantly acid variety is best for both of these purposes while it is also a food. The quantity of fruit which should be taken depends on the kind. If it belong to the bland nutritious class, a healthy person may now and then partake of it as freely as of any other wholesome food; but he will gain most benefit if he take only a little and take it regularly. The same may be said of the invalid with whom fruit agrees. Cooking removes much of the acidity from crude fruit and renders it lighter as well as more palatable. So treated, it is productive of good and at harm: but it is a fundemental principle th whatever fruit is eaten uncooked it must be fully ripe and not over ripe. This may sound trite, and, indeed, the principle is commonly admitted; but not, it would seem, by all, for we still find people, and not a few, who will themselves deliberately take and worse, will give to the children, green gooseberries, green apples, &c., the very hardness of which, apart from their acid pungency, suggest their unfitness for digestion. Such people use as food an acid irritant poison, whose necessary action is to cause excessive intestinal secretion, with more or less of inflammation. Hence arises diarrhœa. On the other hand, fruit, which is overripe, in which fermentation has begun, is a frequent cause of this disorder and equally to be avoided, and perhaps also more difficult to avoid because the insidious beginning of decay is not easily recognized. It should never be forgotten by any who incline to follow the season in their feeding, that the want of such precautions as the above may produce that dysinteric form of diarrhœa. "British cholera," which is occasionally as rapidly fatal as the more dreaded Asiatic type of that disease.—*The British Medical Journal.*

The Latest Bonanza in California.

BIEBER, CAL.—Mr. Thomas P. Ford, editor of the *Mountain Tribune*, of this place, publishes that the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, has worked wonders in his family, and that he would not be without it. He states that among all the people St. Jacobs Oil is the most popular medicine ever introduced.

Wool batistes in checks and white and black mixtures will be much worn this fall.

In the summer and the fall, the urchin climbs the garden wall,
For green apples; in his frolic:
He will eat his fill, till, very ill,
He's doubled up with Colic.
The antidote is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing remedy for Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. (30)

Heads, wings, breasts, and crests of birds are the favorite ornaments for fall hats.

The most elegant French dresses, made of the richest India, changeable Venetia, and Lyons silks, have blouse bodices and cutaway over-jackets.

A good head of Hair is a crown of glory to a woman and will hide many defects of feature, therefore use carboline if you want to be handsome; it is cleanly and as pure as spring water and the perfection of Hair renewers.

The London *Queen* reports a departure is the style of skirts of young ladies' ball gowns the hitherto indispensable waterfall drapery qeing replaced by skirts of tulle and net arranged ballet fashion in flounces of unequal length, which are trimmed with perpendicular rows of satin ribbon fastened lightly upon them, producing a pretty and novel effect.

The interest of most modern fiction turns on the joys and woes, the trials and triumphs of love. The novelist delights in episodes in which the tender passion is active. And yet, strange to say, no romancist has ever tried to put before us what—the experience of all who have passed through a period of amatory ecstasy will bear us out—is the most delicious, tender, rapturous part of the billing and cooing of the smitten. They can describe their gestures and reproduce their whispered nothings which mean so much, but they cannot give us their *silence*; which is the best part of the whole thing. Why do they not indicate in some way—by a row of dots or stars, say, or a blank space—these intervals of Beulah stillness!

General Debility and Liver Complaint.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., *Dear Sir*—My wife has been taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets" for her liver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from Liver Complaint, Sour Stomach, and General Debility. Yours fraternally, N. E. HARMON, Pastor M. E. Church, Elsah, Ill.

A velvet and velveteen season is predicted.

Bed-Ridden and Cured

W. E. HUESTIS, of Emporia, Kansas, says that his wife had been sick nearly seven years, and for the last four months bed-ridden. She has been treated by a number of physicians and only grew worse. Her attention was called to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," which she commenced using. In one week she could sit up, and in three weeks could walk about. By druggists.

Copper color and mignonette are again fashionable.

Young, midde-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A dress entirely of silk is no longer correct for street wear.

CORNS! CORNS! CORNS!—Discovered at last a remedy that is sure, safe, painless. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of many cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. See that it is made by Polson & Co., Kingston.

English jackets and jockey cap bonnets will be much worn.

In future every business and professional man will need to know shorthand, and perhaps telegraphy, if he wishes to succeed in life. Many business men employ shorthand writers paying them as high as $100 per month. The Collegiate Institute at Kingston, Ontario, of which A. P. Knight, M.A., is Principal, includes these subjects in commercial course of study, and every young man and woman should make a note of this, and obtain its prospectus before selecting a college in which to get a business training. This same school has long had an excellent record as the preparatory department of Queen's University.

Bright woollen braids trim bathing and yachting costumes.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the cit .

French women wear bathing stays under their bathing dresses,

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

Felt and velvet bonnets will be worn to the exclusion of plush.

Cholera in Canada.

The best medical authorities state the cholera is making rapid strides towards this continent. We strongly recommend as a preventive Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters, which cleanses the system, leaving no foothold for disease. 50 cents per bottle. All chemists have it.

Pointed or tapering crowns for bonnets are no longer fashionable.

Mrs. Partington declared the Neuralgia to be worse than the old Rheumatism; but however bad either may be, Burdock Blood Bitters will conquer it. It also makes pure blood, regulating the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and eradicating scrofulous humor from the system. 25,000 bottles sold in the last three months. (25)

New round hats have stiff high crowns and straight and rolling brims.

The well-known drug firm of Ormand & Walsh, Peterboro, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a good sale." An unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaint. (26)

Small shoulder capes or collars with full pleated ruffles are among late novelties.

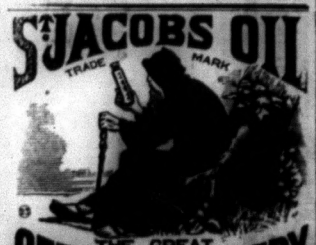
The fruit merchants strawberries may not fill the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirements for an unfailing remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints. (27)

The long Newmarket coat and Newmarket bonnet, a jockey style, go together.

Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newbury, informs us that he has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and adds that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and speaks of it in high terms of praise. It is the great system-renovating tonic that cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, acting harmoniously with Nature's laws, 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months. (28)

The newest yachting costumes are made of white flannel, with a loose blouse bodice, a sailor collar and cuffs of some bright hue, and a deep kilted skirt, finished at the edge with many rows of narrow braid, to match the collar.

"A. P." 139



From Mr. EDWARD MITCHELL, Manager of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, Ont.

Hamilton, January 18th, 1883.

J. N. SUTHERLAND, St. Catharines.

My Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favor of yesterday's date, asking my experience with regard to RHEUMATINE, and I have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it a success in my case, and in heartily recommending the remedy to those suffering from Rheumatism. I suffered for months with that trouble in my right arm and shoulder, and often was unable to use my hand, and at night the pain was frequently so great as to render sleep an impossibility. I must confess that I entertained a repugnance to "patent" medicines, but some of my friends persuaded me to try "Rheumatine," and although it may be true that *I might* have got well without it, *one thing I do know*, that after taking four bottles *the pain took its departure*, and *I have now the full use of my arm*. I heartily wish you unbounded success, as I fully believe your remedy is all that you advertise it to be.

I am, my dear sir, yours most truly,
E. MITCHELL.

Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream, There is naught to excel strawberries and cream.

Neither is there any remedy known to mortals that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints. (29)

Grays, browns, and indefinite shades of blue or blue-green bid fair to be very popular.

Practise economy by using the Triangle Dyes. Perfect in both dark and light shades. Ask for three cornered package. 10 cents.

Crushed strawberry is no longer fashionable, shot-blue and plum color having taken its place.

ROOFING.—CHEAP, DURABLE, FIRE-PROOF, easily put on, composed of 3 ply Felt cemented together for Flat or steep roofs. H. WILLIAMS, Manufacturer and dealer in Felt roofing materials, 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

STOCK FARM FOR SALE. THE FINEST Stock Farm in Missisquoi County, Que., situated at Dunham, consists of 500 acres. Sugar Bush of 2,000 Trees, 100 acres in Woodland, 150 in Meadow; balance in Plough Land and Pasture. Buildings worth the price asked for the farm. Never failing supply of water Send for circular giving full description. R. K. THOMAS, Real Estate Agent, 131 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

A FORTUNE.

Any one who will return this slip to the address below, with 50 cents in stamps or coin, will receive 4 articles worth 10 times 50 cts., which will enable them to clear from $5 to $20 per week. Money refunded to any one dissatisfied.

JAMES LEE & CO.,
MONTREAL, CANADA.

BEAVER S. S. LINE.

WEEKLY BETWEEN
Quebec, Montreal, and Liverpool,
CALLING AT
QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST
For lowest rates and all particulars apply to
Sam. Osborne & Co., 40 Yonge street, Toronto.

IRON.—*Bar, Pig, Sheet, Hoop and Band.*
FIRE CLAY *Bricks, Drains and Tiles.*
OILS.—*Linseed, Castor and Seal.*
WIRE BRUSHES, TUBE CLEANERS, BOILER PURGER.
For Sale by COPLAND & McLAREN
Cor. Wellington & Grey Nun Sts., Montreal.

Dominion Line of Steamships

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—

Montreal, 4th Aug.	Dominion, 25th Aug.
Ontario, 11th "	Toronto, 1st Sept.
Oregon, 18th "	Sarnia, 8th "

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $90, $108, $117, $144 according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal

Professor Lispinard's
SKIN BEAUTIFIER.

This elegant Medicated Cream is warranted a Sure Cure for all Pimples, Black Spots, Blotches, and unsightly Eruptions on the face, neck and arms. It positively removes all such imperfections in a few days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. It will cure the worst case, though all other means have failed. For beautifying the complexion it is unrivalled. It makes the skin soft and white, and removes Tan, Freckles, and Sallowness. This is the only preparation recommended by physicians, warranted perfectly harmless and its use cannot be detected. One package lasts a month. Price, ($1) one dollar. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail in plain wrapper, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Sole proprietors for Canada. Address,
THE LISPINARD COMPANY
Box 285, St. Catharines, Ont.

38th Provincial Exhibition
OF THE
Agricultural and Arts Association
OF ONTARIO
TO BE HELD AT GUELPH
ON THE
24th to 29th of September, 1883.

Entries must be made with the Secretary at Toronto, on or before the undermentioned dates, viz:

Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Agricultural Implements, on or before Saturday, August 25th.

Grain, Field Roots and other Farm Products, Machinery and Manufactures generally, on or before Saturday, September 1st.

Horticultural Products, Ladies' Work, Fine Arts, etc., on or before Saturday, September 8th.

Prize Lists and Blank Forms for making the entries upon can be obtained of the Secretaries of all Agricultural and Horticultural Societies and Mechanics' Institutes throughout the Province; or to
HENRY WADE, Secretary, Agricultural and Arts Association, Toronto.
D. P. McKINNON, President, South Finch.

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

GIRLS WANTED,

THREE apprentices to learn tailoring, also one pants hand.

Apply to

JOHN MOUNCEY.

Estray.

CAME into the premises of the undersigned, lot 12, 14 concession of Huntingdon, in May last, a DARK RED HEIFER. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

JOHN BAILEY.

Madoc, August 20th, 1883.

Farm For Sale.

LOT No. 13, 4th concession Madoc, a good farm of 200 acres, of which about half is cleared and in workable condition; well watered, well fenced and for Dairy purposes, excellent. For further information apply to

GEORGE ADDISON.

Madoc, Aug. 20, 1883.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

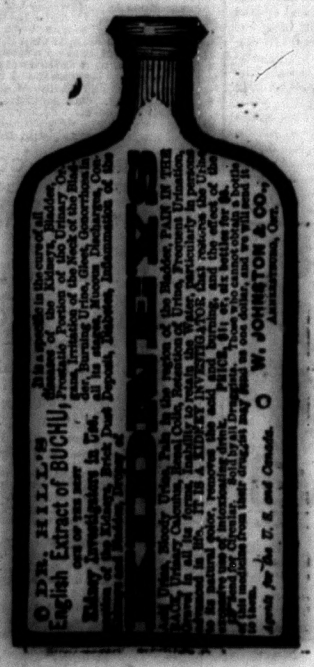
Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.



PHOTOGRAPHER,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

A call solicited.

J. H. FORD,

FRONT STREET.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,

CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,

$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE—Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:--A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Constantly Arriving at

JOHN ROBERTSON'S

(St. Lawrence street, Madoc.)

JOHN DALE & SON,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

MADOC.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision, Wine & Liquor STORE,

Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858, and now carried on by Mrs. Wright, on the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of first-class

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.

—FRUITS IN SEASON.—

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Porter!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers, also

—CROCKERY, | GLASSWARE, | &C.—

Wholesale and Retail at Lowest Cash Price.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, June 7th, 1883.